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A TRIBUTE
TO
The Memory of
MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS:

BEING AN ATTEMPT TO RELATE,
SIMPLY AND TRULY,
THE HISTORY OF HER LIFE.

BY J. B. ROSE AND E. M. ROSE.

[FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.]

LONDON:
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Gift of
William Endicott, Jr.

"And if you tell the heavy story right,
Upon my soul the hearers will shed tears."

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MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

THERE are in historic literature points which may be called open points of controversy, where evidence fails, and the subject-matter is left to opinion rather than to facts: such, for instance, as the passage of Hannibal across the Alps, or the origin of the Round Towers of Ireland, where a sort of literary see-saw exists, and the last commentator holds the ground until an adversary appears to take the opposite side, and controvert opinion by opinion.

Conspicuous amongst such themes has been the history of Mary Stewart, and widely adverse the opinions of the historians and commentators on the career of that ill-fated lady—gifted almost beyond the power of description with the bounties of Providence in wit, beauty, form, and strength both of mind and body, conjoined with royal birth, position, and rule, which have caused her reign and her fate to be so keenly canvassed, and have elicited judgments diametrically opposite in a controversy of three hundred years.

The last two historians—Froude and Burton—have adopted the view hostile to the Queen of Scots, and uphold the Queen of England and her policy. Froude is a passionate partisan, and commences the discussion by denouncing the followers of the cause of Mary as deficient in intellect. This fact is not overwhelming in a contro-

versial history extending over so long a space; neither is the question so sifted and calmly reviewed by him as it is by Miss Strickland, who espouses the other side. It is deserving of mention that Sir Walter Scott—no mean authority—was a decided partisan of the Scottish queen, and that he has delineated her character and history in ‘The Abbot’ in a masterly manner, and also that time has erased in Scotland the momentary Calvinistic opposition to Papistry which was so hostile to Mary during her life; and that her memory is greeted in her native realm under the sobriquet of the “Bonnie Queen.”

The bonnie Queen of Scots may be more properly designated as the child of misfortune. Like her descendant Charles Stewart, she appears to have been marked from her birth as a lamb for the slaughter; and that eternal truth of Holy Scripture, that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, rears its everlasting head as grim and grey as a granite tor.

The state of Scotland under her sires was as debased as a state ruled by a noble race of highest capacity could devolve. The Scots are amidst the most favoured of God’s children in the gifts of intelligence, bravery, and determination; but gone wrong, the state of such a people is dreadful to contemplate. The atmosphere of Scotland was one of murder, divorce, rapine, wrong. Amidst the strifes of clans and families, the sword and dagger arbitrated the quarrel, and divorces made way for new matrimonial alliances to bolster up the reigning system until it fell again into a fresh discord, when the same scene was re-enacted by fresh murders, other divorces, and new alliances. Life appeared to be held as lightly by the possessors as by those who took it away; as though they all and each had set their life upon the cast and stood the hazard of the die.

England meantime was ruled by the despots of the House of Tudor, crafty, far-seeing, and far-plotting, and awaiting the time to incorporate the coveted Scotland with England.

The marriage of Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., to James IV. of Scotland, eventually effected this, but through a century of ills and wrongs inflicted on the unhappy descendants of that lady, whilst again the vices of the father descended upon his children. The divorces of Henry the Eighth, and the declaration by him, one by one, of the illegitimacy of his daughters, which was also by the ecclesiastical law the fact, threw difficulties in the paths of his successors which otherwise had never had an existence. Thus Elizabeth was held by the Roman Catholic body as having no right divine to the throne of England, which right divine pertained to Mary, the descendant of Margaret, Henry's sister. The false position of Elizabeth during the lives of Edward VI. and Queen Mary of England, educated her in craft and cunning, which when she ascended the throne devolved into falsehood and despotism. Elizabeth had not a bad nature by birth, but by education; it grew with her growth, and strengthened with her necessities. She ruled with the curb of despotism; she cajoled, as much as she herself was cajoled, by fulsome flattery; the position of the Parliament at her death was at the lowest ebb of every sentiment of independence. They grovelled at her knees, when the intolerable grievances of her monopolies urged them to remonstrate with her. When the list of the monopolies was read in the House of Commons in 1601, a member cried, "Is not bread in the number?" The queen then consented to cancel the most grievous and oppressive; and the glad tidings were received by our debased ancestry with tears of gratitude, astonishment, and

admiration at this extraordinary instance of the queen's goodness and condescension. The state of England under the Tudors cannot be conceived save by the statement as given by the impartial Hume—how the Speaker and members of the Commons flung themselves on their knees until she thought proper to bid them rise; how they acknowledged in all duty and thankfulness her preventing grace and all-deserving goodness, more ready to give than they could desire, much less deserve. The historian continues: the queen heard very patiently this speech, in which she was flattered in phrases appropriated to the Supreme Being, and she returned an answer full of such expressions of tenderness towards her people as ought to have appeared fulsome after the late instances of rigour, from which nothing but necessity had made her depart; and the grateful Commons granted her an unprecedented supply, "four subsidies and eight-fifteenths;" and they were so dutiful as to vote the supply before they received satisfaction in the business of monopolies—that is to say, they purchased up the monopolies with an unheard-of grant of supply.

Whilst this was enacting and enacted on earth, the divine judgment was descending as it did on Herod, when he sat and received the adulation of a god—worms were eating him, and he was dying miserably. So with Elizabeth, whilst she listened to attributes of divinity applied to her by slaves upon their knees, and purchasing their rights with unheard-of subsidies,—she fell into the sickness of mind and body which is now pilloried on the walls of the Louvre, where for long years the queen will be seen with attributes of a hag grovelling on the ground, and rending the coverlet on which she lies, on the point of falling into a lethargy brought on by collapsing power and offended love. Thus went out, in most

offensive fume, the Tudor despotism, and it paved the way to the scaffold of Charles Stewart, which was the rebound of freedom from the depth of slavery, equally bad in its unjust cruelties.

Such was the state of England, and such the dear sister queen, who was the most bitter of foes and most unscrupulous of despots, pending the difficulties of Mary Stewart.

The difficulties with which Mary Stewart had to contend were caused mainly by her Roman Catholic religion at a time when Scotland was merged in the hardest Calvinism. 2nd, the immorality of the time, which inflicted her as an infant with illegitimate brothers—James, afterwards Murray; John, and Robert Stewart, Lord John of Coldingham and Robert of Holyrood—falsest of friends, for friends she deemed them to be—but who carried out the spirit of the Edmund of ‘Lear,’ or Faulconbridge of ‘King John;’ the world was not their friend nor the world’s law, and they avenged their own wrongs in the misery of their fathers’ houses.

Mary’s evil fate commenced with the battle of Pinkie, when she was five years old. She was then contracted to Edward VI. She would have been brought up in Protestantism, and legally conjoined that political necessity, a junction of the realms; but the battle of Pinkie was lost by the Scots, which turned their hearts and souls against England. Mary of Guise was made Regent, her popery included, and our bonnie Mary was sent to France to be contracted to the Dauphin, and educated in the strictest school of the Roman Catholic faith. The battle of Pinkie was the first cause of her misery.

Queen of France, that is, wife of Francis II., head of the Roman faith, held by that faith to be heiress to the throne of England, the claim to the throne was set

forth by Francis, and in her name the title of Queen of England was assumed, and money was coined in usurpation of the Royal prerogative.

The challenge was thus thrown down to Elizabeth and Protestantism, by Francis and Mary Roman Catholic sovereigns, with Mary of Guise Regent over Calvinistic Scotland.

But a new era and new position were falling upon Mary. Mary of Guise, Regent of Scotland, having embroiled that country with Papistry, and given rise to a Protestant conspiracy, and called into existence John Knox, died. Francis, King of France, her husband, after embroiling her with Elizabeth, by claiming the title and coining money as King of England, also died. And now we approach the short reign of Mary. Francis and she had begun to conciliate the Protestants of Scotland in time of need; for, aroused by the persecution of the Protestants by Mary of Guise, John Knox thundered, and the spirit of Calvinism, which was blind obstinacy personified, arose and demolished the churches as a commencement of troubles: at which period, 15th August, 1561, baffling the English fleet sent forth to make prize of Elizabeth's rival, Mary landed at Leith on the 19th. Escaped the hands of Elizabeth, she fell into those of Murray, her illegitimate brother, whom she constituted her counsellor, whilst he was of the faction of John Knox the Calvinist, and Elizabeth, her sister queen; for, be it at once remarked, toils on every side beset the youthful queen of eighteen years of age, and it was the intention of one and all—from which they never swerved, nor in action flagged—to carve their own career to their own minds at the cost of their allegiance and their queen.

The evil fortune of Mary immediately beset her in the destruction of her friends. The Scottish lords holding

the Catholic faith were true to her cause and person, and the head of the Catholic party was the Earl of Huntley, the Gordon family of Inverness. James Stewart, created Earl of Mar and of Murray, was checked in the latter title and estates by the Huntley or Gordon House. Murray conquered the Earl of Huntley, 28th October, 1562, and entered into the Gordon and Murray possessions, not sparing his enemies, and arising himself a potentate equal, if not territorially superior, to any Scottish noble.

Thus Mary created her 'Frankenstein,' who in the end deposed and handed her over to imprisonment and death, and who shared his sister's fate, falling by the assassin's hand after he had acquired the Regency and the favour of Elizabeth. He was a man of capacity, but he was false in his charge, and a traitor to his confiding sister and benefactor Mary. He fell 1571.

And now I propose to consider the conspiracy, or the conspirators and enemies of Mary, who may almost be counted upon one's fingers, for conspirators must needs be few. A triumvirate sufficed to overthrow the Roman Commonwealth, and a council of three hundred converted the monarchy of France into a pandemonium. So here a small knot of conspirators, with fortune to aid, or rather carrying out preordained and inevitable events, worked unwittingly to that end, and the ejection of a Roman Catholic rule from Scotland.

Next after Murray comes the Earl of Morton, one of the many hostile Douglasses, a man of talent both in the cabinet and field. He was in the first conspiracy against Mary, but was pardoned, and returned to prove a chief conspirator. He first leagued with Darnley against Rizzio; and another George Douglas, his natural brother, struck the death-blow. Morton next conspired with Bothwell to compass the death of the king Darnley. Another

Douglas, Archibald, personated Morton at that tragedy, the repetition of names being one not the least of the difficulties involving these intricate conspiracies and murders. When Bothwell proved false, and, wheel within wheel, conspired against the conspirators, and seized on Mary's person, Morton fought against Bothwell, and after beating him fatally at Carberry Hill, became a forger, and initiated the plot of the Silver Casket, of which we must have more hereafter, only be it now remarked, as gross a piece of imposition as ever was used or imagined; but it never was used nor saw the light—it was solely a bugbear to frighten men's souls. Morton became Regent on the murder of Murray. He was arraigned in 1580 by James the Sixth for the murder of Darnlèy, and condemned and executed. He was the tool of Bothwell in that murder, and was deceived by the assurance of Bothwell that Mary was an assenting party to her husband's murder. The grossness and folly of his credulity is only to be explained that men lose their senses when they break the commandments of the law of God; and Morton, the wise and politic, was overreached by the ruffian and drunkard Bothwell.

Bothwell comes next. He was in reality a coarse ruffian, ugly in aspect and blinded of one eye, drunken and rude in his deportment. He had nevertheless been a true and tried partisan both of Mary of Guise and of Mary. He it was who intercepted the first 3000*l.* sent by Elizabeth to the rebel Murray. No doubt his manners were disguised and tempered towards his queen, and that he was as respectful in her presence as he appeared to be faithful in time of need. His first escapade was to win Mary, by kidnapping for Arran, and he was obliged to flee in consequence; but when Murray raised the standard against Mary and Darnlèy in 1565, Bothwell was the first to return and rush to their rescue.

When Rizzio was murdered, Bothwell was offended at it; when Mary and Darnley escaped from the Protestant barons and Holyrood, and fled to Seton, Bothwell collected a force to aid the queen; when Darnley quitted her, and she found herself isolated, he appeared as her truest vassal, and was created Warden of the Borders, which with his post of Lord High Admiral made him the most powerful of the barons. We find him supplying the place of Darnley at the baptism of the Prince James, and when he was wounded and lay at Hermitage incapable of transacting business in Edinburgh, she and her court attended him, apparently on matters of sovereignty. Hitherto he had been a true knight, but he became the tool of the conspirators; he banded against Darnley, and was urged by the rebel lords to think himself a proper person to succeed him, and to uphold the throne to which his overweening vanity impelled him. Here he failed in his allegiance, abducted his sovereign with details of brutality and offence almost incredible, and brought speedy retribution upon his own head. By whose hand Darnley personally fell is still unknown; but when the Regent Lennox took Dumbarton Castle, then the version ran that he was strangled by the Hamiltons, and the archbishop of that house was instantly executed by Lennox as the murderer of his son. The subordinate part of blowing up the house had also plot within plot. The buttresses had been mined, but not by Bothwell; whilst Bothwell and his servants had laid the loose powder which became the train to the other mines, of which he was ignorant. And whilst he was thus duped and made a tool of, he practised the deepest deceit to keep Mary in ignorance of his art and part in the murder; he retired to his bed at Holyrood, where Mary knew him to be at the time of the explosion. She believed what she knew of her own knowledge, which deceived her equally

with the practices of others. So Bothwell was in bed, and Murray was absent in Fife, and Mary was deceived into their innocence by these arts. Mary was in reality a prisoner; she knew nothing except what the conspirators chose she might know, and when Bothwell had been acquitted of the murder by the voice of the peers, it is most unjust to believe that Mary did not thoroughly believe in his innocence. Bothwell and all his servants dying avouched the non-participation of Mary in their deeds; and I draw the conclusion that Bothwell would never have been the traitor to Mary that he proved, save by the machinations of the rebel clique who lured him on to crime and ruin.

The Earl of Mar was another conspirator. Uncle to Murray and his illegitimate brothers and sister, Mary had fondly confided in his fidelity. He held Stirling Castle, and to him she entrusted the person of the prince. He held Stirling and the prince for his own advancement. After the death of Lennox he became regent, to yield criminal compliance to Elizabeth, and die by the hand of Morton.

The Earl of Argyle was a conspirator in right of his wife Jane, sister to Murray; but he was as often found on the royalist as upon the rebel side, and Jane was almost constantly the friend and companion of Mary.

Sir James Balfour was one of the murderers of Darnley. The Regent Murray had hunted Bothwell to slay him, so he in reverse manner bribed Balfour to his side by a full pardon and remission of his share in that deed, with five thousand pounds in money, a pension to his son, and the Priory of Pittenween from his own personal property; and so Murray purchased Balfour, and obtained the hold on Edinburgh Castle and its regalia and mint. Murray wished to be rid of him in 1569, and caused him and Maitland to be

arraigned as principals in Darnley's murder. Kirkaldy, who then held the Castle of Edinburgh, outwitted Murray and saved them both. Balfour does not appear to have fallen by a violent death.

Archibald Douglas, another principal in the murder of Darnley, survived to urge the death of Queen Mary in 1587. When the colleague of Gray he urged her execution so fiercely that it was said in the court of Scotland that "he had now compassed the death both of the king's (James) mother and father." He died nevertheless a prosperous nobleman.

Kirkaldy of Grange was sometime her enemy, but ended by seeing the error of his ways, and leaving the bands of the conspirators. He was a most gallant knight, but we find him, after the manner of his day, forging Murray's signature, whilst he was master of Edinburgh Castle, which fell to the English forces under Drury in 1573. Then he fell on the scaffold, having written a poem in rugged and honest rhyme in favour of his abused queen. The castle was filled with royalist ladies when captured by means of famine of bread and water.

William Maitland, commonly called Lethington, was one of the choicest spirits of the rebellion, one whose private feelings appear to have been ever with the Queen Mary, but whose public feelings were in favour of the Reformation and its party. He was a party to the death of Darnley, and he was amidst the commissioners on the part of the rebels when he manfully thwarted Elizabeth; he was captured with his wife (one of the Maries) in Edinburgh Castle, fighting for the queen, and he died by suicide or the practice of Morton on that occasion. He deeply deplored the futility of their human endeavours to stem the tide of events, and died oppressed with grief.

Lord Ruthven and Lord Lindsay represent the rough

and rude spirits of the time, typifying the reforming element of the Scottish people,—fierce and unrelenting, disregarding all ties which appeared to militate against their purpose, which may be described as hatred of popery and any settled rule of government which should interfere with their feudal rights to raid and maraud at pleasure.

England in her queen and rulers was the great enemy of Mary. The Roman Catholic party, and the illegitimacy of the queen in their eyes, the infirm seat of Elizabeth with a hostile continent in face of her, combined to force the ministers to a decided policy. They are regarded as the pilots who weathered the storm, who planted Protestantism upon the realm, and defended her from foreign Catholicism and invasion, but by a policy so tortuous and so wrong-headed towards them that it may be doubted whether the difficulties which beset the nation were not of their own creation. They fostered rebellion in Scotland by subsidies and by affording constant refuge to her rebels in distress. They irritated and stirred up the Catholic element at home and abroad to active enmity, when otherwise it would have slept in peace. It is assuredly dishonourable and disreputable to act by dishonest means: nor can I believe that the welfare of a nation can be forwarded by such means; but that the honest straightforward dealing is ever the best. The parsimony of Elizabeth was the main cause of the laudations heaped upon her. She spared the pockets of her people, whilst indirectly she checked the tide of prosperity by granting monopolies to her minions. Her history is a paradox. Providence appears to have cast its ægis over England whilst her queen misruled the land. Monopolies, favouritism, despotism, detestable personal vanity, and an insatiable spirit for lovers and their adulation, a coarse mind, and a rough—almost Billingsgate—tongue, alienating one by one all who approached her. Yet

England prospered, for "Cecil was by her side" at the peril of his life and fortune; but hypocrisy was met by hypocrisy, and possibly no monarch was ever more systematically deceived by her ministers than was Elizabeth: she struck the key note, and they all played in accordance with the master spirit,—which was deception. So far as Mary of Scotland was concerned, she might have been made a sure friend by straightforward means. It was the first wish of her heart to stand well with her good sister, but her good sister preferred to treat her with unparalleled disloyalty and cruelty, which brought down upon Elizabeth's reign half of the difficulties that beset it, and which retarded the material progress that England made during her long reign, which progress would have been threefold what it was under the unchecked rule of Cecil, and freed from her vagaries of love and abominations of minionism.

Cecil and his satellites cannot be considered as free agents in the unworthy course they followed towards Mary and the royalist party in Scotland. They were shackled by the queen and her favourites, and forced upon a course of action they would not have originated. The Protestant religion was the palladium that he guarded.

Whilst such were the enemies of Mary, let us take a glance at her friends, and at the want of a bond of union such as united the rebels.

Huntley, the house of Gordon, was her chief stronghold, and she inaugurated her reign under the guidance of Murray, by destroying that house to transfer its revenues and powers on Murray; but Scottish clans are not transferable, and a few years after the Huntley clans were again united and led by Lord John Gordon.

The Duke of Chatelherault, of the House of Hamilton, never energetic by nature, was rendered apathetic to her

cause by her marriage with Darnley. Lennox stood next to him in right of succession to the Scottish throne, and between the Houses of Hamilton and Lennox existed a death feud. When Mary, of her own will and by her illegal act, placed Darnley in the succession before Chatelherault, he withdrew from the council, and let the rebels work their will. The clans led by Lord Claud Hamilton were nevertheless always foremost on queen Mary's side.

The Earl of Lennox was diverted from her side by the death of his son, and his belief in her being accessory to the murder; he, too, was a man of no capacity.

Bothwell, the man of capacity, turned traitor to her for his own behoof.

Lord Fleming, who held the fortress of Dumbarton, Lord Herries, Lord Seton, and others of her staunch friends were baffled in their warfare on her behalf by her generosity of spirit, refusing to shed the blood of her subjects. The self-same causes appear to re-enact the like effects in all revolutions: pity and clemency on the part of the king, and dogged resolution on that of the insurgents. The chivalry of England a century later availed not against the Roundheads in possession of the national purse; so the chivalry of Scotland availed not against the greed of the illegitimate offspring of James the Fifth of Scotland, backed by the spirit of Calvinism, and enriched by the estates of the fallen church and its supporters; as the chivalry of France succumbed to the Jacobins, and as in this our day the Southern States of America fell to a Northern clique backed with the revenue. Active valour fails before the determined passive resistance, which bides its day and hour, and assumes the rule regardless of clemency and forbearance, which smites "hip and thigh with the sword of the Lord and of Gideon" the men who had spared them in their own hour of adversity.

And whilst Mary had thwarted her own loyal friends, she trusted her disloyal unfriends, Murray, Mar, Balfour, and Bothwell: she was misadvised by Sir Robert Melville; nor did she know their defection, save as one by one they fell off to act hostilely towards her.

CHAPTER II.

WE now commence the career of Mary, extending from the 15th August, 1561, when she quitted France to resume the throne of Scotland, to the 16th May, 1566, when she landed in Cumberland and became a state prisoner from that hour.

The Reformation possessed the Scot populace heart and soul, and with it the ejection of the influence of France went hand-in-hand. Elizabeth entered fully into that policy, and banded with the Protestant barons Lord James and Maitland, &c., although the people of Scotland feared an English alliance equally with a French. Without loving England, they detested France.

Mary of Lorraine died 18th June, 1560. Sequent facts are stated to be a great relief to the new Protestant party dominant in Scotland; where on the morning of the 25th August, 1560, the Romish hierarchy was supreme,—on the evening of the same day Calvinistic Protestantism was established in its stead. Francis II. died 15th December, 1560.

It is stated by the poet that, in our tribulation, a scornful jest is the very bitterest of ills—one such scornful jest in the first days of Elizabeth's difficult reign had been the assumption by Francis in behalf of Mary of her *de jure* title of Queen of England and the use of the royal prerogative of stamping coin. That bitter jest rankled ever in the mind of Elizabeth, and bore bitter fruit to Mary, and it caused the first of her troubles.

Bedford and Throckmorton were sent to Paris to induce Mary to acknowledge Elizabeth as rightful queen of England, where they pressed her to rudeness, and even to cruelty. Mary reminded them that Henry VIII. had tried to kidnap her on the seas as an infant, and she asked a safe conduct from Elizabeth, now on her return to Scotland; but, as she foresaw and predicted, Elizabeth tried to intercept her on her journey, and failed through the mist and fog which favoured her.

Poor Mary on her arrival was greeted by the feast of Unruly then celebrating. The rude state of Scotland is utterly inconceivable; whilst France was the seat of elegant refinement and polished vices, Scotland had "fool-feasts," travestying, with low and brutal jests and mummery, the ritualistic rites of the church. The Feast of Asses greeted Mary on her arrival; also a serenade of vilest discord, which brought tears of regret to the young queen's eyes. Again there was a riot in Edinburgh, sequent on the feast of misrule: John Knox resolved that a rioter should be hanged for travestying Calvinistic worship, and the mob swore he should not be hanged, and the mob conquered.

Imagine, also, a young girl of eighteen, brought up in Augustan France, entering the dismal corridors and cells of Holyrood, in a land where her tongue was unknown as their Scotch tongue was impracticable to her. These were the outward scenes and beginning of sorrows—their bitter enmity to her Romish Church, or papistrie as it was termed, struck a deeper and bitterer pang to her heart. The gallant spirit of her race impelled her to compete with Knox himself in argument; in the presence of the Lord James only did Mary encounter the rough tongue of the Calvinist. In what tongue they intercommunicated thoughts and arguments is not stated; though Knox knew French his record is in Scotch, and the record of that chivalric encounter

is recorded only by his pen. Even in this hostile record the dispute is nobly managed by the girl; and it is remarkable that the similar scene should have been enacted by Elizabeth with her prelates on behalf of Protestantism, and Mary with Knox on behalf of Romanism. There is this difference, that Elizabeth found friendly chroniclers to report to posterity her victory over the bishops, whilst Mary has only the record of Knox to tell of his own prowess over the royal girl.

Another insult quickly followed. At a public banquet given by the city of Edinburgh to the queen, her court and the French attending on the queen, a mystery of misrule was enacted, and the actors parodied the Mass and burnt a priest in effigy in full canonicals. Huntley suppressed it, "audaciously," says Knox; and the last of the series of insults I shall note, is a permission granted that the queen may have private mass in her own chapel, "she and her household what they list."

This state of things was as black and discouraging to a young and ingenuous mind as can be conceived. "Small joy have I in being Scotland's queen," might have been ejaculated by Mary equally as Margaret of Anjou had so expressed herself in respect to the crown of England; but youth and a noble spirit induced Mary to action, and her first act was perhaps the most fatal of all she committed.

The Earl of Huntley was the greatest potentate of Scotland: had Mary followed the advice of her friends she would have landed at Aberdeen beneath his wing, and probably the Reformation had awaited another age, and fallen on the head of Mary's son. Providence decreed otherwise. God, who rules the hearts of princes, induced her to side with her illegitimate brother, the Lord James; and Mary and her brother made a royal progress to Strathbogie Castle, the fortress palace of Huntley. In the interim a quarrel

had been contrived in Edinburgh with Sir John Gordon, a relative of Huntley, who fled from justice. The Lord James took a sufficient force, and they declined the courtesies of Huntley whilst Sir John Gordon was at large eluding justice. The royal progress was opposed by Huntley in his turn; but some of his own clans revolting in the hour of battle, Huntley was conquered, and died on the field. Sir John Gordon was taken and beheaded for treason; and the House of Huntley was broken, and its possessions were given to Murray. So fell the defender of her faith, and so rose the champion of Protestantism and rival of herself in the realm: this is called by some a mystery of history—it is the way in which Providence works out its ends; the thought of the heart rules the head and hands to the destruction of one system and the setting up of another. This occurred October, 1562.

The Roman Catholic Mary was now in the hands of Calvinistic Protestants, but she was merry and lighthearted, and snubbed Randolph and state affairs, and danced the "Purpose" with Chatellar, and roused the rough tongue of Knox, and she spoke only the French tongue fluently and stammered in the Scotch.

But, whilst these things are passing, the Reformation is making head. Recusants were prosecuted, the power of Huntley was broken. Knox reappears, not challenged, but the challenger, and again records in Scotch the dialogue which had taken place in French. It was probably this facile speech in French which induced Mary to seek his friendly aid in the matter of the Lady Jane Stewart, wife of Argyle, her illegitimate sister, and for a moment Mary and Knox worked in unison, Knox takes the lady and her husband in hand. But on further persecution of the Papists, in 1563, Mary challenges Knox for a third encounter of wit and argument. Knox assailed her on her marriage, also inter-

fering with what she considered her private life. He composed and used a most offensive form of prayer : " O Lord, if thy pleasure be, purge the heart of the Queen's Majesty of the venom of idolatry, and deliver her from the bondage and thralldom of Satan," &c. ; and so, even so, Mary reigned.

We will now bestow a paragraph on another pest of Mary's life—her suitors from all parts of Europe. It reads like an ancient ballad of romance, for Spain proposed Don Carlos, and Austria the Archduke Charles. The King of Denmark and the King of Sweden were suitors ; France proffered the Prince of Condé, the Duke of Anjou, and the Count of Orleans, and Savoy the Duke of Nemours, and Italy the Duke of Ferrara—these suitors may be called political. Cupid smote the hearts of Henry the King of France, Sir John Gordon of the house of Huntley, and the French Chatellar who suffered death for treason and his too daring and ambitious passion. The two Scottish houses next in succession to the throne, Arran and Lennox, proposed a scion of their race ; and in England Elizabeth followed her tortuous policy in proposing her own lover Leicester—with stained hands in the blood of his wife. Whilst honester and Roman interest proposed the Duke of Norfolk and Mr. Carew of the house of Hunsdon, whose father, Lord Hunsdon, retreated from the perilous position which brought Norfolk to the block. How many other hearts beat for her peerless grace, which has found speech in Professor Aytoun's verse which will endure for aye—

" O lovelier than the fairest flower
That ever bloomed on green,
Was she, the lily of the land,
That young and spotless queen !
The sweet, sweet smile upon her lips,
Her eyes so kind and clear,
The magic of her gentle voice,
That even now I hear !

And nobles knelt, and princes bent
Before her as she came ;
A queen by gift of nature she,
More than a queen in name !”

That the young queen was affrayed by her suitors, and the irregularities of feudal power, is evident from her terrible dream that she was borne away by the crazy Arran ; which alarm frightened the midnight calm, and was the cause of a nightly watch being set. It is pleasing to point out this ; for, although Mary emulated manly courage with wonderful fortitude and endurance, yet still we admire the feminine spirit of solicitude which prompts to seek and to hold fast to a protector, that she felt instinctively the fragility of woman’s position in a state of society so unbridled as that of Scotland in the 16th century.

The dream of Mary was not without a cause. This episode of Mary’s reign is marked strongly with the prevailing lawless manners of the time. Bothwell had conspired with Arran to carry off the queen from Holyrood by force. Chatelherault having heard of this intention of his kinsman, confined him in Hamilton Castle. Arran escaped and rushed to Knox, who took him to Murray, who took him to the queen, where he rambled in a lunatic story that he had been bewitched by Lady Douglas, the mother of Murray ; another version, that it was the plot solely of Bothwell. Bothwell stood forth and denied it as a fabrication. Chatelherault wept, and asserted his own innocence. Mary perceived the volcanic soil on which she stood.

The name of Bothwell is conjoined in history with abductions. Bothwell’s father had aspired to Mary of Guise ; this Earl, his son, twice plotted, and once too successfully, the abduction of his queen. The Earl, his nephew, son of Lord John of Coldingham and Jane Hepburn, his sister, tried to kidnap James the Sixth ; he left a son, last of his race, who died a trooper in a horse regiment.

But this crowd of suitors were only so many birds of prey swooping upon the dove for their own ends and purposes. It was not Mary's beauty or grace which was the lure—it was the rule and throne of Scotland which allured this golden fry around her. It was Catherine de Medicis and Elizabeth of England—Roman and Protestant powers—who pulled the strings which moved these puppets, and who would have sacrificed Mary to their ends with no compunction whatever. To enumerate all the political powers which surrounded her—the Calvinism at home, the female jealousy and false faith of Elizabeth, the Machiavellism of Medicis, &c., could not but strike extreme solicitude, if not terror, into a young queen's soul, seeing herself the object of political intrigue urged by female despotism. It was amidst such moving principles of action that Mary met Darnley at Wemyss Castle in February, 1565, and finding an object worthy apparently of herself, took her own matters in hand, and here assuredly committed a great political fault. Instead of convening the Estates and proposing the marriage duly and formally to them, fearful possibly of the successful intrigues and oppositions to which the proposition was sure to give rise, she cut that Gordian knot; but in severing one knot she tied many another—the sequents to her deed. Princes and queens may not, like village maidens, wed for love. Monarchs, at least female monarchs, may not set their realm at naught, if not defiance, by matrimonial alliances. Mary, perhaps, thought not at all upon the point; probably, in her daring and hopeful soul, she saw in the union of Darnley—a co-religionist with herself, young, handsome, apparently gifted, and very near the Scottish throne in order of succession—a stroke of policy, a *coup d'état*, which might defy results, and leave machinating powers behind whilst they spread to favouring gales the purple sails of the painted galley. But in illegally, on

her own responsibility, bestowing on Darnley the succession to the crown, which belonged to Chatelherault and the House of Hamilton, she alienated that nobleman; he, never over-daring, took advantage of his wrong to withdraw himself from the strife, and left Murray master of the council when he ought to have striven for his queen. A death-feud also existed between the houses of Hamilton and Lennox, which increased the rancour with which he regarded the wrong.

Not to the eyes of Murray did the matrimonial pageant appear alluring; he immediately perceived the necessity of instant action to break the power of the Queen's party. Already he had swept off the Huntleys of the north and possessed their power; his next step had been against Bothwell, whose outlawry he had procured, and who had fled to France, from whence he now returned, to wed the Lady Jane Gordon, sister of Huntley, with hope of reassembling the northern clans.

The Queen and King of Scotland summoned the nobles for a raid for the 23rd July, 1565, when Murray and the barons fell off and retired to Paisley. Bothwell returned from banishment and joined the queen and king's party, and strengthened by the Catholic Seton and Lord George Gordon, now re-created Earl of Huntley; and the barons retreated to Dumfries and over the border to England. This placed Elizabeth in a dilemma. Her continental policy did not suffer her to espouse openly the Protestant cause, so Murray was rated in public and before the foreign ambassadors, whilst Elizabeth privately found the rebels money and encouraged them in their rebellion; this was one of the dangerous periods to Elizabeth, for there were signs of a great continental league to crush Protestantism, while the northern nobles, Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland, were inclined to Mary and might have

joined her party had she then crossed the border. It was a juncture of peril to the Protestantism of England which Elizabeth bent to, and publicly cast the exiles off with rough words, as was her wont.

And now Darnley comes out in his true colours of a vicious and presumptuous fool, opposing the queen's power and desiring to assume it himself, and claiming the "crown matrimonial," whatever it meant; but it served as a butt for his shaft. Darnley was moreover false in his wedlock vows to Mary, openly and notoriously; and the form in which his discontent revealed itself was in taking hatred to Rizzio, the secretary, who, also a vain, conceited, idiotical old man, went bragging and boasting because his knowledge of French and Italian was requisite to his mistress in her foreign correspondence and relations. A legal bond was drawn in duplicate to take off Rizzio. Darnley's indenture is preserved; the counterpart, signed by the conspirators, is lost. Another legal bond of larger pretensions was also drawn, signed by Murray, Argyle, Glencairn, Rothes, Boyd, and Ochiltree, to uphold the quarrel of Henry, King of Scotland.

On the 9th March, 1566, Rizzio was murdered by Darnley, Morton, Ruthven, George Douglas of Edinburgh, Lindsay, and Kirkaldy of Grange, in Mary's presence, and under gross abuse of Darnley's ribald tongue. The personal conduct of Mary appears to have been noble on the occasion. Her disgust to her husband's conduct is recorded in the words wherein she renounced his board and bed, and justly remarked that the shame of the deed was on their heads, and the injury done to the unborn babe she travailed with would be on their own heads. Words uttered on such an occasion were the honest and true expression of the feelings of the heart, and were honourable to Mary's character and noble nature; but what concerns

us here is to remark that Bothwell, Huntley, and Athole, then in attendance at Holyrood, were offended at this murder. This point is of the utmost consequence for us to bear in mind, as the relations of Mary and Bothwell are the chief accusations against her.

We shall find Bothwell ever chivalrous and by her side in hour of need, no doubt disguising in her presence his native brutal nature, and only appearing as a faithful henchman, ever ready and first to do battle in his mistress's cause; which was met on Mary's part, not by erotic love, for he was ill-favoured in person and uncourtly in his address. He was to Mary what William of Deloraine was to the Ladye of Branzholm—"good at need," until the demon possessed him to strike for the sovereignty himself, when his devotion became disloyalty and treason.

The sequel of this revolution for the deposition of Mary, and the establishing her husband in her stead, resulted in the recall of the banished lords. Bothwell and Huntley fled in turn. Two proclamations were issued by the conspirators,—one proclaiming Darnley king, and the other addressed to the inhabitants of Edinburgh, to suffer none to be seen out of their houses save Protestants. Mary bent to the storm. She was powerless to act; she was a prisoner in Holyrood. The barons returned, and Knox re-thundered applauses.

The queen altered her tone to Darnley, and it was agreed they should share the matrimonial couch. It was not so, for Darnley got drunk and fell asleep. The queen regretted it not, but he raved and scolded at his own act. The next day, Monday, the 11th, she received the barons. Morton harangued her; and she took Murray aside, and talked with him in her chamber for one hour. That evening the barons were preparing a bond of indemnity or "security" to themselves; whilst Darnley

and the queen at midnight escaped from them by the cellarage, found her captain of the guard and horses in waiting, and fled to Lord Seton, who conducted them by daybreak to the fortress of Dunbar.

Thither the gallant Bothwell led the first force to the aid of his mistress. Had she no right to deem him good and true?

The barons retreated in their turn to Linlithgow. Mary and Darnley returned to Edinburgh, and the barons were pushed no further than that they received orders to retire to their estates.

The first act of Mary was to summon Morton, Ruthven, Lindsay, Douglas of Edinburgh, and Kirkaldy, for the murder of Rizzio; and as they fled they were outlawed. A few subordinates in the murder were tried and executed.

Darnley's conduct was hateful. He denounced and captured his fellow-murderers, and said what was equivalent to—it served them rightly. But we must now consider Mary's conduct at this juncture with regard to Darnley. Wherefore did she not denounce and reject him? And the question comes, How could she do so? As they stood, the pyramid of the constitution was complete. He and she formed the headstone. He was Romanist, and belonged to the faithful party. He had been trepanned into the deed of the confederate barons. With Darnley's aid she might have proceeded under the old auspices, and without him was a prospect of a second chaos. With that indomitable spirit of hope within her, she would have set to work and righted the vessel of state again. But the wretched boy king was the cause of the wreck of these hopes. He was now hated and despised by all. He walked up and down "alone, and none durst bear him company."

On the 19th June, 1566, Mary having retreated to the Castle of Edinburgh for safety, bore the prince James.

The barons were again received into favour, and Murray and Morton again worked in unison with Bothwell and Argyle.

Darnley meantime, as crazy as Arran, resolved to depart to France. In vain Mary reasoned with him, and in vain the council opposed his intention. "Adieu! Madame, thou shalt not see my face for a long space. Gentlemen, adieu!" was the farewell of this petulant idiotic boy.

Poor Mary! to whom was she to turn, and whom was she to trust? She was isolated; but a young female sovereign, nursing her child in Edinburgh Castle, must needs have hands and heads to help. Murray was hostile; her false brother was her foe. Bothwell was the chief of the Roman and the faithful party; and to him she turned. He was a wedded man, wedded to the Huntley House. The historians hostile to Mary here dwell on his brutality and vice; but this was hidden to her eyes: she saw it not, she knew it not. She only saw and knew her gallant warrior in the hour of need; the first and truest by her side. The idea of love between them is far as the poles asunder, in my judgment and opinion. Mary is charged with loving the decrepid and fearful Rizzio: she had loved Darnley, graced by nature with a person second only in grace to her own, and with mental powers which, had they been regulated, would have been above the average. She is now accused of being besotted by and enamoured of a rough coarse one-eyed soldier, married as well as he could have desired to be. The first blush of the case shows it preposterous. The relations of Mary with her warden of the Border were military prowess, power, and protection, ample causes for their mutual relations without imagining a besotted passion. Bothwell had not a point to recommend him as a lover, whilst as a captain of her forces he had all to recommend him, and it was in that

capacity only that he was useful to Mary. He was powerful, wealthy, energetic, and appointed Lord High Admiral and Warden of the Border; he was the most powerful man in Scotland. Was it not then natural that Mary should turn to him, without the notion of love being the moving cause? The succeeding period of convalescence at Edinburgh Castle was replete with trying scenes. Darnley grovelled before his royal wife; and Murray and Bothwell quarrelled in her presence on some lands taken from Maitland and granted to Bothwell: the consequences of which were such that Bothwell withdrew himself from the storm. Mary's position was really pitiable. In the various intrigues between the Murray party and the Bothwell she had no aid, no help, no adviser. Lennox and Darnley conspired to withdraw. All, all, without exception, saw the *throne* open to the most daring and fortunate, and all played for that prize.

She still trusted Murray, Mar, and Argyle, her secret foes, and would never have quitted their party had they been honest and true to her; or had Darnley been true to her and himself, all might have gone well; but all pulled different ways; there was no patriotism, but all selfishness in their actions.

The infant prince was committed to the care of the Murrays and of Mar, and lodged in Stirling Castle; when apparently Mar left Edinburgh Castle, and Balfour held that fortress thenceforth; for Mar had held it during the residence of Mary and the birth of James.

In the mean time Bothwell is nearly slain by an Elliott on the Border. Mary, who appears to be overwhelmed with regal duties, determined with her court to visit Hermitage on the affairs of business. Murray, Maitland, and her council accompanied her, October 16th; the council sat for two hours there. Returning, her horse

got into a morass, and the queen was in danger. The day after she had a dangerous illness at Jedburgh; and no wonder. Toils, mental and physical, brought on a typhus fever. It was intermittent, but on the 26th it was at its height, and the queen was given over. Her return to consciousness was marked by the goodness and greatness of her character. Her duty to God and to man engrossed her words and thoughts. She besought Murray by her side to be good to those of her religion; and care for her son was the other thought uppermost in her heart.

All the nobles of note stood around and entered into conventions and agreements as to what should be the course in case of her death. No doubt they all and each hoped the regency, and the deposition of Darnley was held as a natural consequence. But on the 27th Mary rallied; on the 28th Darnley reappeared in her presence, and was coldly received and coldly dismissed. Mary progressed to convalescence, and on the 9th November continued her royal progress to Kelso, and visited the English border, where she was met in state by Sir John Forster. She visited Halidon Hill, and received a severe kick from Sir John Forster's horse. Again she behaved with great courage and courtesy; "but," says Melville, "she was very evil hurt," and compelled to stop two days at Lord Home's ere proceeding to Coldingham; and she returned to Craigmillar 20th November, and held a court and state reception to the French ambassador, representing Charles IX. as godfather of the Prince James. Thither Darnley followed on the 26th November, and tarried until the 4th December. He went to quarrel, and indeed his position was pitiful—not piteous. Everybody shunned and hated him. Had Mary died, he would have been thrust aside for ever; indeed, a conspiracy was then going on in his disfavour. The conspirators were Murray, Morton, Maitland, Argyle,

Athole and Huntley, which *bond* Bothwell joined under the following promise and lure,—that Darnley should be divorced from Mary, and that Bothwell should wed her. Bothwell fell into the snare and added the power he possessed to that of the conspirators.

Though Bothwell, rash and vain-glorious, fell into the snare laid for him, not so Mary. The confederate conspirators waited on her to propose the divorce with Darnley, for they dared venture no further, “for he troubled her Grace and them all.” She objected, or I should put the case more hostilely to her—she replied, “If it could be done lawfully and without prejudice to the rights of her son.” Bothwell replied,—instancing his own case, who had succeeded to the patrimony of his father, notwithstanding the divorcement of his mother,—that such divorce might be made without prejudice to the Prince James. Maitland followed, prompting with devilish speech the same suggestion. “Peradventure he may change,” ejaculated Mary on his behalf. And again, “I will that ye do nothing whereby any spot may be laid to my honour or conscience; and therefore, I pray you, rather let the matter be in the estate it is, abiding till God of his goodness put remedy thereto, and ye, believing to do me service, may possibly turn to my hurt and displeasure.” Murray, Maitland, and Bothwell were all at this temptation, playing their Satanic parts.

So far as the marriage rites were concerned, there was nothing in matrimony or divorce which need have affrighted any one in that era. Divorces were universal on the smallest wish of either side, and Mary herself was married to Darnley by dispensation of the pope, on account of consanguinity. Although the Roman religion holds marriage nominally as an indissoluble sacrament, yet in reality it was one of the feeblest cobweb nets that ever was

weaved. Whilst Henry VIII. of England, and nobles by the hundred in Scotland, married and divorced at pleasure, the feminine instinct and honour of Mary preserved her from the contagion of those times. It was the barons and their tool Bothwell who entered into this *bond* to rid, not the queen—the queen they hated equally with Darnley,—but the throne of the king consort, for that was the prize for which they played and machinated.

The petulant Darnley was living in lodgings at Stirling, which suited his abandoned nature better than the decency required by the residence in the castle.

On the 7th and 8th December, 1566, Mary was at Holyrood. These were the birthdays of Darnley and herself, and woefully they passed to the young and isolated queen. She then proceeded with her infant prince to Stirling, December 10th, where, Melville records, “she ate not;” and “the many and great sighs that she did give.” Partly at Melville’s instance she pardoned Morton, and the outlawed traitors, “and for her part she intended to proceed with such a gracious government as might win the victory over herself and all her competitors and enemies in times coming.” Murray and Mar were her companions at supper, where she could not eat, and Darnley was absent.

Then came the baptism of Prince James. England and France were represented at Stirling. The English ambassade of eighty persons entered Stirling 14th December, but their mission was perplexed by the trickery of Elizabeth, who refused to Darnley the title of King of Scotland, which apparently was the main reason that Darnley was absent from the ceremonial. “His bad deportment,” said Du Croc, the French ambassador, “is incurable;” whilst Mary charmed every one with her sweet deportment and winning grace.

The Earl of Mar is here mentioned as captain of the

castle, where for henceforth we shall find him the trusted custodian of the infant prince. He was the maternal uncle of Murray; and Balfour succeeded to Edinburgh Castle. All these were trusted to the last by Mary—how unworthily, time will show.

Mary now conciliated her petulant husband. He apparently really was penitent; he had suffered a severe punishment for his foolish and brutal behaviour, and promised “to live as a good husband ought with a good and faithful wife, and never again to listen to those who had given him evil counsel.” They were now, as princes ever are, very low in finances, and they consulted on their means, and agreed to convert some of the plate to money. This was probably on the 23rd December, and the reconciliation and renewed affection lasted till the morrow—no longer. The act of grace for Morton and the rebels was published, and Darnley left Stirling in dudgeon at that act, without taking leave of Mary. Mary went to Lord Drummond, at Drummond Castle, probably to beguile her misery, and returned on the 28th to Stirling, where until the 30th she was deeply engaged in regal duties of church and state; she then visited Tullibardine, and returned on the 1st January, 1567, to dismiss Bedford to England. Darnley had retreated to his father’s at Glasgow, and, from excitement and predisposition probably, took the smallpox. Bedford ere departing records, “The king is now at Glasgow, with his father, and there lyeth full of the small pockes, to whom the queen hath sent her phisicion.”

On the 5th Darnley sends affectionately to the queen, and asks for her physician; and the record of Bedford to Cecil, dated the 9th January, shows that he was so sent.

On the 6th occurred at Stirling one of those marriage feasts where Mary always appeared to fascinating advantage; but from this she was absent,—the marriage of

Maitland and Mary Fleming—ill-omened match! Ill-health, low spirits, and treasonable rumours, oppressed Mary. On the 18th January she summoned a privy council at Stirling:—the reports were that Darnley and Lennox were arming to carry off Prince James and create him king. Mary consequently quitted Stirling, and re-entered Holyrood on the 14th, when the like reports again assailed her ears.

Murray and the conspirators earnestly urged Mary to anticipate Lennox and Darnley by a march to Glasgow and capturing them. They did all they could to exasperate Mary against Darnley, but Mary refused; she simply remarked that their power was not equal to their aspirations to do her harm. Whilst Mary was thus conducting herself with moderation and charity, and in the hands of the Protestants, we are called on to believe that she was writing the letters of the silver casket,—as unlike anything she ever wrote, or spoke, as the poles are far asunder.

Morton, who died in 1580, dejected and repentant, declared in his confession that Bothwell and Archibald Douglas were the sole conspirators to the death of Darnley, but the bond was signed by Maitland. Morton required the queen's assent, which Bothwell promised to procure; so Morton fell the dupe to a craftier conspirator, for Mary had nor art nor part in this murder. That Murray was a consenting, though not participating party, is doubtless the fact. The conspirators were Murray, Maitland, Morton, Bothwell, and the chief actor was Archibald Douglas. In vain did they try to entrap Mary. She would hear no speech of it; and when they desired her signature for his arrest as a state prisoner, she refused to sign it. "As to the follies of my husband, he is but young and may be reclaimed," and attributing to bad company and his weak

temper this estrangement, she added that "God would in his own good time put remedy and amend what was amiss in him." And Darnley was worth reclaiming, if he had been reclaimable; except his petulant pride and obstinacy, he was of a gentle mind, wrote verses to his wife, read with her and had a large share of the good gifts of nature so lavishly shed on both. Besides, with him as her help-mate and consort, she could hope to go on and find better days; without him all the fearful intrigues of the past would be thrown again in the arena for the world's contention to her hurt.

The 23rd or 24th January appears to be the date of Mary's departure for Glasgow. She signed a document at Edinburgh, bearing date the 24th; she slept that night at Callander; Huntley attended her as Lord Chancellor, and Bothwell as sheriff of the Lothians; she slept at Lord Livingstone's; on the 25th she was convoyed by Lord Livingstone, the Hamiltons, and five hundred horsemen; near Glasgow she was met by Captain Crauford, in the service of Lennox, excusing his absence on account of indisposition; on the evening of that day she reached Glasgow, and saw Darnley at once by night. The fairest of the fair did not hesitate to embrace a man on whom the pustules of small pox were in full eruption, who had lost his hair, and who recommenced querulous complaints. "His illness had been caused by her unkindness; and that he had been punished by making his god of her." He had, be it remembered, quitted Mary without leave-taking when he heard of her pardon of Morton. Notwithstanding this petulant outburst their interviews were very affectionate, and Darnley complains that Mary "would never abide with him more than two hours at a time." How Mary could get two hours from her regal duties and routine is the marvel. It was arranged that Holyrood, in its confined

and low situation, was not so good a place as Craigmillar for the invalid so long as the contagious disease infected him. Darnley did exhibit fear; but it was fear of the confederate barons which inspired him. He truly saw the danger and the dangerous ones, but he added "that he had such confidence in the queen's promises that he would put himself into her hands, though she were to cut his throat." However, he positively refused, for some unknown reason, to go to Craigmillar, and it was in consequence of that refusal Kirk-of-Field became the chosen place.

The homeward journey commenced 27th January to Callander and Lord Livingstone's. The attachment of Lord and Lady Livingstone to Mary, prompting them to share her captivity in England, is complete exoneration of any improper behaviour on the part of Mary towards Bothwell on these journeys,—thence to Linlithgow, where they stopped to the 30th. The dates of the Privy Seal Register prove these dates. Two years after, Murray's journal was produced, falsifying all these dates, to corroborate his forgeries. On the 30th, having been four days on the journey, Darnley in his two-horse litter was carried to Kirk-of-Field, —chosen by the conspirators for its isolated position, and belonging to Robert Balfour, brother to Sir James Balfour, who were now added to the conspirators and were chief perpetrators in the murder. The powder by which the deed was to have been effected was deposited in vaults and "derne places," and in the foundation walls of the building. Sir James Balfour was the person who provided it, for Bothwell was not until the 7th February a party to the plot. Archibald Douglas also contributed his share by his servants; lastly, Bothwell contributed more from his fortress of Dunbar.

On the 30th January the royal party left Linlithgow, attended by Bothwell in his duty as sheriff of the Lothians.

The queen knew not that Kirk-of-Field was the appointed resting-place, and was prepared to go to Hamilton Palace, when Murray prevented her, and Murray conducted them to the fatal house prepared for the slaughter.

Here a "velvet bed" of "violet brown, passamented with silver and gold," was appropriated to the use of Darnley, which in the royal wardrobe inventory is stated to have been furnished "to the king in February, 1567, and tint (lost) at his lodgings." Such parade is made of the fact of some exchange of bed—on Nelson's, the sole survivor's, deposition—that it is requisite to remark that Mary made Kirk-of-Field as cheerful as she could by substituting the above-mentioned bed for a sombre black one, and otherwise with other articles all duly registered as "*tint* in the king's lodgings" in the wardrobe inventory. The condemnors of Mary, fishing for straws, catch hold of this circumstance as very suspicious: happily for us they were reduced to such pleas for lack of better.

Mary's conduct at this time is whatever the medium through which it is viewed construes it to have been,— "pure with the pure, and froward with the froward." It is a matter of judgment and opinion, and my verdict is that in pursuance of her womanly faith and fidelity, of her political hopes and her religious duty, she was a sweet, devoted wife, sincerely weaning her husband to reformation and reason. Her intellectual power was so infinitely superior to his, that it was only his acquiescence she needed. She ever must and would have been the ruling spirit which invariably follows the stronger minded of the two.

During this time occurred a remarkable scene recorded by Melville. Lord Robert—another illegitimate brother of Mary's—told Darnley privately that "there was a plot against his life, and unless he found means to escape from the house he would never be permitted to leave it alive."

Darnley straightway informed Mary, who expressed her opinion that Lord Robert was a mischief maker, and summoned him into their presence, and desired him to explain his meaning, whereupon he point-blank denied having told Darnley so, who, enraged at the falsehood, told him he lied, and both laid hands on their daggers. The queen summoned Murray to part them and take his brother away. This partial betrayal of the plot necessitated the hastening it on.

We now, about Friday, February 7th, arrive at the beginning of the end. Bothwell appears for the first time to have learnt and approved the plot by powder; before that he had intended "slaying him in the fields." The confessions are all deathbed confessions, or tortured, as in the case of Nicholas Hubert the Frenchman. Enough, the queen is never implicated in the story, and universally exonerated from being a party in those dying confessions.

Bothwell distinctly states that on the Sunday the deed should be done, and he affrighted Hubert out of his senses by his rough usage and coercion. Murray's cunning part was already settled,—“that he would neither help nor hinder them.”

On the fatal Sunday, February 9th, there was a marriage at Holyrood,—Margaret Carwood and Bastian. Margaret was one of the most faithful of her many faithful friends, proof against all adversity. Mary had promised to be at the ceremonial of breaking the cake, drawing the curtain, and throwing the stocking,—into which remnants of paganry kings and queens vouchsafed to descend and bear a part. Mary sent to Kirk-of-Field for a “coverlid of marten fur,” probably to grace this ceremonial.

On the day previous Murray had quitted for Fife, in despite of her request to stay one more day to grace the Savoyard ambassadors; but that crafty bad man chose to

be in Fife, and far away from that which "he would neither help nor hinder."

The numerous duties of Mary are shown forth at this period. At four o'clock on that Sunday she assisted at a banquet with the Bishop of Argyle, to bid farewell to the Savoyard ambassage; then the queen visited Darnley, attended by her court, and whilst they were there Hepburn and Hay, Bothwell's men, were bringing in powder in pokes or bags, and deposited them in the queen's chamber, making such a din that Bothwell hurried to them to say, "My God, what a din ye make! they may hear above all ye do." At eleven o'clock Mary remarked that it was later than she had thought, but she must not break her promise to Bastian and his bride. They kissed and spoke endearing words, and so they parted, never to meet again. And the scene of murder was enacted which baffles attempts at elucidation. Mary was attended on that night by the countesses of Mar, Athole, and Bothwell; these three noble ladies were ever after her staunch friends. The Countess of Bothwell never reproached her with her earl's scandalous behaviour. The Countess of Mar educated young James in the love and honour of his mother. The Countess of Athole requested Elizabeth to suffer her to join the captivity of her royal mistress. But sequels like these follow each act of Mary's life. Her servants and friends knew well her innocence and martyrdom, and her enemies, dying, all avouched her fair fame. No doubt Mary's demeanour at the wedding was royal and with a happy soul, or we should have heard of it. We quit her now until after the deed was done.

Mr. Froude indulges in a melodramatic frenzy in describing the supposititious last hours of Darnley. Mary left at eleven on the 9th; three hours after, two o'clock on the 10th, the fatal explosion took place. Only one survivor

escaped the catastrophe, and his evidence is in his deposition (Thomas Nelson). Mr. Froude paints the unhappy boy as repentant and penitent to the last degree, and he prints *in extenso* the first five verses of the fifty-fifth Psalm, which he makes him recite from our present English version. When I read that passage in Froude my mind was perplexed in what tongue all these proceedings were uttered, but my mind positively rebelled against this English version. Darnley had heard mass that morning, and the penitential Psalm most assuredly would have been read in the Latin,—the concise, easy-to-be-repeated, Latin version; but as Mr. Froude deigns not to give an authority for this act in his drama, surely one is justified in considering it imaginary: imaginary where we want no subjects to perplex us; for the very mode of Darnley's death is enveloped in doubt and mystery. That he fled from the house, and was arrested in his flight and strangled, and his lifeless body was found side by side of his servant William Taylor, eighty yards distant, without bruise, fracture, singe, or blackening by powder. It is evident, if he was blown up, no concurrence of events could have lain him and Taylor side by side. No man blown up eighty yards in the air ever came down whole and un-lacerated in limb. An English contemporary ballad imagines him aware of the danger, and escaping by the window; seen by the confederates in the act of escaping, and hanged on a pear tree, by which he and his servant were lying. The ballad runs—

“Two of them took the king straightway,
And bound him foot and hand;
On a pear-tree in the orchard,
This noble king they hanged.”

It appears incredible that the enactors of the deed should never have boasted or confessed it. But if it were the two

Douglasses or the chief conspirators they would have held their peace. The inferior actors would have divulged it under that immutable moral law which prevents murder from being concealed, save in the very strongest and sternest minds.

Two grooms of the chamber and two boy attendants were crushed and enveloped in the ruins; one Thomas Nelson is said to have been taken out alive, and lived to give his deposition.

The enactors of the tragedy appear to have been Powrie, Dalgleish, Wilson, and Hubert, Bothwell's servants; Archibald Douglas, John Benning, and Thomas Garnier, his servant. Hepburn and Hay fired the train; these were the deputies of Morton, Bothwell, Maitland, and Archibald Douglas.

Morton, in his dying confession, if the few words wrenched from him may be called so, refused to say in what way Darnley died. Sir William Drury, Marshal of Berwick, wrote to Cecil: "The king was long of dying, and to his strength made debate for his life." An Italian father, Edmonds, wrote that the king was heard to cry, "Ah fratelli miei! have mercy on me for love of Him who had mercy on us all." It is stated also in a state document that nineteen persons were concerned in the murder, divided into three bands. It seems pretty clear that more of the truth was known, but not having been legally investigated by Murray or Bothwell it assumed the shape of uncertain reports; but it is very evident the real perpetrators were well known, and unhappily Cecil himself is not free from suspicion of being a consenting accessory before the fact to this murder, which they all attempted to shift on to the innocent queen.

We return to our subject—Queen Mary.

Bothwell carried the intelligence to her, and feigned

great agitation in communicating it. The queen, overwhelmed with grief and horror, and weeping bitterly, withdrew to her own chamber, and having been up almost all the night—we may say, between the wedding, the explosion, and the suspense as to her husband's fate, she had been up all night,—and was forced by her ladies to her bed, the best place for her to have been. Bothwell had another interview at nine or ten A.M., whilst her governess and attendants were bringing her breakfast. Bothwell coming forth spoke to Melville, who writes that "Bothwell told him her majesty was sorrowful and quiet."

The body of Darnley was taken to the mansion adjacent to Kirk-of-Field. Bothwell invited Melville to visit the body, for he represented his state to be "the strangest accident in the world." Melville remarks "he was lain within a chamber and kept by one Sandy Durham, but I could not get the sight of him." The surgeons were diversified in opinion, some reporting that he was strangled. He was then conveyed to Holyrood. The queen remained in the seclusion of her darkened room, stretched on her bed in a state of mental stupefaction; but the letter that she wrote to the Queen-Regent of France is a model of concise writing in its English translation. She visited the corpse also; long and steadfastly she gazed on his lifeless form in silent sorrow, and gave orders for embalming, cere-cloth, and the ritual due to the Church of Rome.

On the 11th February Mary received from Cardinal Beton warning of ill intentions towards her: she replied to him on the same date, "that his advertisement had proved by effect over true," but the letter was signed only, not written by her own hand.

On the 15th Darnley was interred in Holyrood chapel privately, pursuant to the prescribed rites of the Roman Church, of which he was a member.

It is now requisite to consider Mary's position and her knowledge of events. All was a mystery and hid in mist. She was purposely blinded by the conspirators, and yet there were two points which she might well conceive she knew of her own knowledge, which deceives one equally with the reports of others. "I will believe my eyes," says Arnold in the 'Deformed Transformed.' "Do, they will deceive you bravely," replied the demon by his side. Mary's eyes deceived her; she *knew* that Murray was a non-participator in the murder, for he was in Fife, and pleading for leave to go to France. She *knew* that Bothwell was not implicated, for he, to her knowledge, was in bed in Holyrood when the murder was enacted. These two facts, almost the sole that she knew of her own knowledge, are of infinite importance to keep in mind during subsequent events, for she deemed that she knew the loyalty of Murray and Bothwell in the murder; that error accounts for her sequent conduct in these respects. Therefore, on the 12th February, the day after the interment, when in reply to proclamation and reward of 2000*l.*, an anonymous placard was affixed to the Tolbooth in these words: "Because proclamation is made, whosoever will reveal the murder of the King shall have 2000*l.*, I who have made inquisition by them that were the doers thereof, affirm that the committers of it were the Earl of Bothwell, Mr. James Balfour, parson of Flishe, Mr. David Chalmers, black Mr. John Spens, who was the principal adviser of the murder, and the Queen assenting thereto, through the persuasion of the Earl of Bothwell and the witchcraft of the Lady Buccleugh."

The Queen met the anonymous libeller and soothsayer as they were intermingled, by a proclamation to come forward and avow the same, and he should have the sum promised by proclamation; and further, according to his

ability to make good his words before her and her council."

The libeller retorted by an oddly worded reply, "Forasmekle as proclamation has been made since the setting up of my first letter desiring me to subscribe and avow the same; I desire that the money may be consigned into an *evinly* man's hand, and I shall compear on Sunday next with foursom with me, and subscribe my first letter and abide thereat; and further I desire that Signour F. Bastian and Joseph, the Queen's goldsmith, be stayed, and I shall declare what every man did in particular with their complices."

Another placard ran:—"Whereas, the 12th of the present there was cried that whosoever would disclose who were the slayers of the King, he should have 2000*l.* and a good living, I and the L. Bodewell, Mr. Jembes Bafourde, Mr. Davyd Chambers, and black Mr. John Spence, were the doers of the same. If this be not true, ask Mr. Gylbard Baforde."

It had been foretold "that Darnley should have brief days in Scotland;" not hard to foretell of a land where murder was rife and walked almost unshrouded. His petulant vanity known, it needed no prophet's eye to discern that Holyrood or Highland heath were no safe places for him, where a score of eyes were meditating the gaining and holding the throne. But now the mob made holyday, and every one called to mind and repeated their Delphic oracles. We find plenty of nobles banded to cut him off out of their way, which they effected even as we have beheld.

February 16th. Mary, sick and alarmingly depressed, was sent to Seton Castle for change of scene: I say sent, for in times of utter misery we are resigned into the hands of physicians and council. An honest Presbyterian arises (Adam Blackwood) to rebuke her rebukers: "You mocked

and jested at her keeping of her closet, at her candle and at her black mourning attire, and now you blame her that she took not long enough in performing those duties which you held in conscience to be superstitious."

It was not only in mocking and jesting that the poor mourner suffered the truth of Hamlet's words, "Be thou chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." The story of Mary's proceedings, as reported to Drury and transmitted to Cecil, are all disproved by dates and sifting the wheat from the chaff. Bothwell was not with her. She did not shoot at butts with Bothwell. She did not go to Dunbar on the 17th escorted by Bothwell. Bothwell was engaged in his duty, keeping Holyrood, and with the charge of the prince James, as proved by records; and that Mary entrusted him to Huntley and Bothwell proves that she trusted in their oft-tried loyalty and fidelity.

In the mean time a correspondence which has been preserved was carried on between Mary and Lennox. The well-known axiom of how easy to find fault, how hard to proceed with due regard to honour and duty, is known to every one on duty, exposed to the objections of the fault-finders; but the immediate result was another league, Murray, Morton, Athole, and Lennox, ostensibly to revenge the death of the king, but, so far as Murray and Morton were concerned, to depose Huntley and Bothwell and to take their places in the realm.

On the 7th March Mary and her court returned from Seton to Edinburgh, to receive an unfriendly letter sent from England. Killigrew the ambassador reports that, "she did accept my sovereign's letters and message in a very thankful manner; that she was in a dark chamber, he could not see her face, she seemed very doleful."

Murray returned on the 8th March, resumed his place

at the council board, and made court to Killigrew, who in his letter to Cecil, touching Bothwell, wrote, "I find great suspicions and no proof." This Killigrew was sent again to Mar and Morton when Mary was made prisoner, to arrange a treaty with them for delivering her up on the condition, "that she should be tried and executed within *six* hours after her arrival in Scotland." The Scots retaliated in after days by selling Charles to the English Parliament to be tried and executed. O Cecil, Cecil! how grievous it is to find your honoured name conjoined with these base transactions.

Mary only stayed two days at Edinburgh, when she returned to Lord Seton at Seton. Her visit to Edinburgh was to procure an asylum and safety for her son. The Earl of Mar and Stirling Castle were chosen by her; and on the 19th of March the Prince was conveyed by Huntley and Argyle and consigned to the custody of Mar, of whom the Countess was ever Mary's faithful friend; but Mar was brother to Margaret the mother of Murray, and factious to the side of his nephew Murray.

On the 17th March Lennox returned to the charge of the murder, and called on Mary to proceed in the investigation pursuant to the terms of the first placard, which charged herself, under enchantment of the Lady Buccleugh, as a participator—an affront which she passed by in her reply, inviting his aid and co-operation in the investigation. It was in vain to ask aid and co-operation: every act and deed done was to perplex the Queen; the placards were numerous, vague, untrue to her knowledge, inasmuch as they accused herself, and called in the aid of witchcraft to account for it, but it upset the poor woman's health—exceeding her powers of endurance. Drury sums up to Cecil: "She has been for the most part either melancholy or sickly ever since, especially this week; upon Tuesday and Wed-

nesday often swooned." And again: "The Queen breaketh very much." That "she spent her time in vigils; that she went on Friday night with two gentlewomen into the chapel about eleven, and tarried there until near unto three of the clock;" and this testimony from her foes and advices to the unfriendly court and minister of England, under date of March 29.

During all this time she was subjected to the malice and slander of Murray and Buchanan. She was not at Seton shooting at butts, but she was at Edinburgh struggling with her regal duties—ill-health, an empty exchequer, the intrigues of Cecil and his mistress, and the villany of her base-born but trusted kindred; and she bewailing her lost state, when with a husband by her side she had been more competent to wrestle with regal cares.

In fact she, and she alone, suffered by the death of Darnley. With him she was protected as a woman and as a queen, without him she was cast abroad to every aspirant bold and strong enough to claim her widowed hand. The old intrigues were to be re-enacted; there was no friendly power to convert her, like the mythologic Cænis, to a man, and put her vulnerable sex beyond the power of injury.

In the mean time every art was used to keep up a state of excitement implicating the Queen. The passing cry—it was only twice or thrice that it hurt her ears—assailed her, "God bless and preserve your Grace if ye be saikless of the King's death." Caricatures and lampoons were affixed to the public places—the papistrie of the Queen was the cause of all; and the popular feeling was momentary only, they were led away by the Protestant villanies for a moment, but it was but a moment; and the truth cropped up, and right feelings came instinctively and remain until to-day in memory of the "bonnie Queen."

Two privy councils were held 24th and 28th March, to

consider the requisition of Lennox and the best means to put it into execution. At the first of these Bothwell stood forth and said, "as his name had been openly coupled with the odious accusation, he could not allow so foul a blot to be thrown on his character, and he demanded his trial," and to be a prisoner in ward until then.

Bothwell held the bond subscribed by the conspirators to the murder: he feared them not; he rode through Edinburgh with fifty followers; he feared none in the streets. Mary was ignorant of his participation, nay utterly disbelieved it, and he was safe in his quarters at Holyrood; he appears to have borne himself with utter bravado. Murray again ran from the scene; on the 9th of April he absented himself as he had done before. I doubt he had a craven soul, and dreaded Bothwell's encounter; but Morton and Maitland remained behind to play his game.

The Queen wept and passionately intreated Murray to remain; he refused under the pleas that he was in debt, weary of business, and intended to spend five years abroad. The liar and knave! he had no bowels for his father's legitimate blood; he could quit her in time of unparalleled necessity, and his duty to be at his post; he went to *his* friends to Berwick, to Drury, and on to Elizabeth, and thence to his Huguenot party in France, and counteracted Mary's endeavours to obtain aid from thence.

And now the trial of Bothwell approached; proclamation on the 29th March at Edinburgh and Glasgow appointed the 12th of April as the day. Mary in the interim was really a prisoner in the palace of Holyrood: nothing leal and true came to her hearing; Maitland and Bothwell, at daggers drawn else, concurred in that; and, well as public instinct knew that Bothwell was a guilty party, Lennox had no proof of his guilt, and he therefore shifted his part to an attempt to get the trial postponed instead of tried. A letter

from Elizabeth on the morning of the trial, 12th April, was brought to Holyrood. Maitland arrested it on its passage, and told the provost who bare it that "the queen was sleeping." The assize for the trial took place; the Earl of Argyle presided; judges were sworn from the Murray faction; and fifteen jurors, men of high rank, were impannelled. Morton rode with Bothwell to the Tolbooth, but paid his forfeit and refused to sit at the assize; his enmity to Darnley, and his participation in his murder—his hand was to the bond—prevented him.

Bothwell rode at the head of two hundred followers to his trial. Lennox did not appear. An acquittal followed, of course. Bothwell set up his cartel, affirming his innocence, and challenging an opponent, Scot, English, or French—provided not "infamed." It was replied to by a placard of James Murray, of Tullibardine; but these challenges appear to have been like the growlings of "twa tykes," refraining from biting; whilst murder stalked through Edinburgh by night, and intimidation by day. No one urged inquiry; neither then, nor during the successive regencies of Murray, Lennox, and Mar; nobles went armed, and the poor queen, sequestered and friendless, was a prey to the crafty or the bold, and boldness led the affray.

On the 17th April Mary met the three estates in Parliament. Chatelherault and Lennox, the two princes next to the throne, were absent; Argyle, Bothwell, Crauford, and Huntley bore the insignia. Bothwell was evidently the cock of the walk, and the noble Chatelherault so far justified in his secession; but what had Mary to do with this bad Scot blood or Bothwell's ascendancy? Nothing, save to be herself the further victim to his boldness, and to see herself unaided by her Catholic peers, seceders from her side in the hour of difficulty and danger.

On the 19th the Parliament ended its vocation, and Mary returned to Seton. Bothwell remained behind, to preside at a banquet to the Three Estates; at which supper—technically called Ainslie's supper—a bond was subscribed by eight earls and eleven barons, acquitting Bothwell of the accusation, and recommending him as a fit and proper husband for the widowed queen. Morton's name was there, with Huntley's and Argyle's, and, stranger to relate, those of Mary's true followers, Seton and Herries. That Huntley should have agreed to the divorce of his own sister, and that the Lords Seton and Herries should have subscribed so detestable a bond, is inexplicable. Fear could not have intimidated those gallant peers, and the loyalty of Herries is, otherwise than in this instance, unimpeachable: but the bond was subscribed, and the queen's pardon to the parties executing it was obtained from the queen on the eve of her marriage with Bothwell, pursuant to its recommendations. It was a base transaction of a base time. The word "illegitimate" recurs so constantly in the records of this time that it seems to be the rule rather than the exception.

Bothwell himself was legally illegitimate. His sister had married Lord John of Coldingham, Mary's illegitimate brother. Queen Elizabeth had been declared illegitimate by her own father and by Parliament. The marriage tie—sacramental by the Romish Church—was set aside on any plea, and divorce and murder went hand-in-hand paramount in Scotland. But Bothwell was then the greatest potentate in Scotland, and coerced the lesser fry. Morton, and Maitland, and Murray quailed before his ruffianly rule. In the friendly pages of Labanoff, Mary tells her own story to the Bishop of Dumblane; it is long, and this is its purport:—"We thought his duty, being our born subject, was the cause of his loyalty to our person, but when he went about practising and obtained a writing granting

their consent to our marriage with him, he resolved to follow his good fortune, all respects laid aside," (she relates the abduction of herself, and adds), "In what part we took that dealing, but specially how strange we found it of him, of whom we doubted less than of any subject we had, is easy to be imagined."

On Sunday, the 20th, the two hundred harquebussiers mutinied at Seton for pay. Bothwell took that opportunity, apparently, "to discover his intention, and to learn if he might, by humble suit, obtain *our* goodwill." Yet "her answer corresponded nothing with his desire."

On Monday, the 21st, Mary went to Callander, on her way to Stirling to see Mar and the infant prince. She slept at Lord Livingstone's, who escorted her the next day to Stirling. Mar was then confederated to dethrone her and proclaim her son. Mary here had a maternal shock, in so far as the babe was frightened at the mourning-garbed mother. The visit is the subject of endless fictions and falsehoods, all from her foes. The Countess of Mar was present, which is sufficient to say all was matronly conducted. To Mar himself, then, as whenever after she addressed him, she invoked him by all his solemn promises to give her child up to no one; an injunction that Mar, safe in Stirling fortress, was little likely to have done, but on his own behoof and not on the royal mother's prayer. Drury wrote to Cecil at this juncture that the queen took her journey to Stirling, that Bothwell had gathered many friends ostensibly to ride to Liddesdale, but that it was feared some other purpose was in hand. Some of the contents of the silver casket are also referred to these two days, 22nd and 23rd. On the 23rd she left Stirling. The parting with her child and Mar apparently caused her illness, which compelled her to rest a while, but she reached Linlithgow and passed the night there. On the

24th April Mary left Linlithgow, attended by a retinue of twelve. Bothwell, with a thousand horse, rode out of the west port of Edinburgh to escort the queen, in his capacity of high sheriff. Bothwell rode to her, took the bridle-rein, and led her off prisoner to his fortress of Dunbar, with Huntley, Maitland, and Melville, and in face of thousands of eye-witnesses. This was Bothwell's *coup d'état*, to use the idiom of to-day; it was enacted in despite of the Murray faction, equally as against the Catholic lords. Murray pressed him instantly to the death, hunted him like a wolf to be slaughtered, and the Parliament indicted him for high treason, forfeited his estates, and condemned to death the guilty enactor. Mary was the victim; nor did aid or help come to her from any side,—all were lifting their hearts and minds to the throne, and working out their own ends. Chatelherault and Lennox were dreaming of their right of succession, and the Protestant lords of their discomfiture by this *coup d'état* of Bothwell's.

At Dunbar Mary was consigned to the gaolership of Bothwell's sister, the widow then of Lord John of Coldingham, her illegitimate brother. In her piteous letter written in this captivity,—“Seeing oneself in his puissance, sequester from the company of all our servants and others of whom we might ask counsel—yea, seeing them upon whose counsel and fidelity we had before depended—we, left alone, as it were a prey to him, many things were revolved in our mind, but could never find an outgate In the end, when we saw no esperance to be rid of him, never man in Scotland once making any mean to procure our deliverance we were compelled to mitigate our displeasure, and began to think upon what he had propounded.”

And what had the false earl propounded? That the rule of Scotland required a man's and a martial hand, and that

his was the strongest in the land. We may cultivate æsthetic morals in prosperity, but in extreme adversity the instincts of animal nature resume their place. The law which causes the kine to refuge beneath the champion bull, not from love but for protection, was the instinctive principle upon which he founded his base plea, and to which Mary fell an unwilling victim.

There was no difficulty in Bothwell's procuring a divorce, there was *embarras de richesse* in the means. His Norwegian marriage, the desire of the Lady Jane to be freed from his matrimonial rule, all concurred. He endowed the Lady Jane well, and she survived to the patriarchal age of eighty-four, happy in the riddance. On May 7th the divorce was pronounced. On May 8th Bothwell required the banns to be published in St. Giles's church. The minister refused compliance, lacking the queen's warrant. That warrant was obtained, signed by her, on the 9th; in what manner it was extorted is unknown. The conduct of Mr. Craig, the minister, deserves the greatest praise. On the 9th, when he made the publication, he solemnly protested against it. Bothwell summoned him to the council, and called on him to account for his protest. Craig, unintimidated, laid down the law on adultery and abduction, and Bothwell threatened to hang him.

Bothwell then produced Mary to the Court of Session, in the Tolbooth, where Mary declared herself at liberty, free from restraint,—“That although she had been highly offended and commoved with the Earl of Bothwell for his late proceedings, she had now forgiven him in consideration of the many services he had rendered her, and intended to promote him to further honours.”

Here we have the blot on Mary's name and fame to lament and to commiserate. The nobility of soul accepting death rather than dishonour fails her advocates here. What

misery of soul she may have passed through in the imprisonment in Dunbar: how her son influenced her in this unwilling consent: how the utter absence of her friends—the unready Catholic party—and how the rivalry of her illegitimate brother's party, which had doubtless been duly enforced on her mind—she chose a course and held to it for the short period it lived, and she chose unhappily for her own fame, without aiding her temporal prosperity, or saving her throne or life, which all around were seeking, but especially her false brother Murray.

Bothwell was then created Duke of Orkney in presence of his own faction.

Melville is the historian of the eve of the marriage day or evening, the 11th May. He writes that the Duke was supping with Huntley, and his drunken speech was gross and profane. Melville left him in disgust, and went upstairs to the queen, who appeared very glad to see him.

The contract of marriage was signed 14th May, and the pardon of the twenty peers who signed the bond of Ainslie's supper. On May 15th she was wedded in dule weeds, suffering all Protestant but not accepting any Roman rituals at the wedding. It was also performed not in church or chapel, but in the great hall of the council.

She wrote to the pope. "Tell to his Holiness the grief we suffered when we were made prisoner by one of our subjects, the Earl of Bothwell, and led as prisoner with the Earl of Huntley our Chancellor, and the nobleman our Secretary, to the Castle of Dunbar, and after to the Castle of Edinburgh, where we were detained against our will in the hands of the said Earl of Bothwell, until such time as he had procured a pretended divorce between him and the sister of the said Lord Huntley, his wife, our near relative; and we were constrained to yield our consent, yet

against our will, to him. Therefore your holiness is supplicated to take order on this, that we may be made quit of the said indignity by means of a process at Rome, and commission sent to Scotland, to the bishops and other Catholic judges as to your Holiness seemeth best, as will be more particularly understood at length by the memorial which will be given in by the Bishop of Ross."

Meantime Mary's demeanour at home is piteous in the extreme—no pomp or pageantry, no bonfires; she wore her widow's weeds, and Drury instructed Cecil, "The opinion of divers is that the queen is the most changed woman in face that in so little time, without extremity of sickness, they have seen." Misery was "the worm in the bud feeding on her damask cheek."

And now for her reported happiness. Du Croc, the French ambassador of unimpeachable integrity, and who had refused to be present at the nuptials, writes to the queen mother that he had an interview in presence of Bothwell, that he was struck with the strangeness of her manner to Bothwell, and that she told him, in his presence, not to marvel at her sorrow, "for she could not rejoice, nor ever could again; all she desired was death." And Arthur Erskine, captain of her guard, reported that she called for a knife to stab herself, "or else," said she, "I shall drown myself." Du Croc adds, that unless God aided, it was feared she would become desperate. "I have counselled and comforted her all I can, these three times I have seen her. Her husband he will not continue long; I believe that he will write to your Majesty by the Bishop of Dumblane: you ought not make him any answer."

Mary wrote under constraint, and whilst she did so made observation to the Archbishop of Glasgow, "The event, indeed, is strange, and otherwise than we wot you would have looked for; but as it has succeeded, we maun make

the best of it, and so for our respect maun all that loves us, of which number we have ever thought, and yet does especially esteem you."

The popular mood is represented as most hostile to Bothwell, denouncing him as the murderer, and the tyrant of the queen,—which was the true state of the case. He revoked the queen's statute for liberty of conscience to the papist party to win the Calvinists; he declared himself to have been a very evil liver, which he would now amend, and conform himself to the church. We see in the sequel, during Mary's captivity, the aspirations of her heart for religious liberty. It is also worthy of the consideration of those who will think, and not be hoodwinked, that the bitterest enmity accrued to James II. of England for his "declaration of general indulgence," now the boast of this free realm; but Bothwell was a ruffian and only sought to win his own ends, careless of human suffering. Melville writes of him, "he was so beastly and suspicious that he suffered her not to pass a day over without causing her to shed abundance of salt tears;" his machinations then tended to get possession of the person of the prince, but Mary had again enjoined Mar by message, "on no pretence whatever to deliver her son into any hands but her own:" which Mar, as we well know, had no intention of doing—the person of the prince being the material guarantee of his own power in the scramble, which he had no intention of parting with, and which was the cause of his joining the enemies of Mary.

And now began the conspiracy to wrench the fruits of his *coup d'état* from Bothwell. Murray turns up in England, Morton flees to Fife, Maitland fled to the Earl of Athole—"only escaping the dagger of Bothwell by the personal intrepidity of Mary;" and the conspirators assailed Sir James Balfour, the governor of Edinburgh Castle, and

won him to join their side with plate, jewels, regalia, artillery, and mint; and he had his reward from Murray, and he had his opposite reward from Nemesis, the avenger of wrong. Mary trusted Balfour; she knew not that he was a murderer of Darnley, and his the clerkly hand that drew up the bonds for all that was to be done in murder and wrong. The plot thickened against Mary on both sides—whilst Mar and Balfour held the fortresses and fell away from her, the Roman Catholic lords saw reversed the Act of Toleration granted to them. The confederate lords now, ignored their bond recommending Bothwell for the husband of Mary, and declared “that they were taking up arms to deliver the queen from his cruel tyranny and thralldom.” Bothwell meantime held Mary fast in ward, she appeared not abroad save with the two hundred harquebussiers. Elizabeth, too, was machinating to obtain possession of Prince James, and Murray had machinated successfully among the Huguenot party of France; and Mary was a prisoner ignorant of all these events, and having no art nor part in them whatever.

Why did she not join the Confederate lords against Bothwell? Nay, in accepting Bothwell she was complying with their demands; her position was a check-mate, nor could she change that position to any advantage. The Roman Lords were her party, and they stood aloof not on account of Mary’s marriage, but for their own ends and jealousies.

A proclamation by Bothwell for a raid, to collect forces to his hand for the 15th June, issued on the 28th May, was met by the conspirators anticipating the time and intending to capture Mary and Bothwell in Holyrood, having the secret aid of Sir James Balfour at command. Bothwell had due intelligence and fled to his Peel tower of Borthwick; but ere he fled he sent all his papers, plate, jewels,

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and personals from Edinburgh Castle and Holyrood Abbey to Dunbar; thither went his strong portfolio, and thither did not go—the silver casket!

Now Bothwell consigned Mary to the custody of his governor of Borthwick Castle, and went to his borders to collect troops; she was a prisoner there the while. Those who shew the ruins now, assign different apartments to the queen and to Bothwell, as we find was the case also at Dunbar.

On the 11th June the Confederates appeared before Borthwick, having proclaimed at the Market Cross their resolution “to deliver the queen’s most noble person from the captivity and restraint in which she had now for a long time been held by the murderer of her husband, who had usurped the government of her realm,” and declaring that they the nobles of Scotland “minded with all their forces to deliver the queen’s most noble person forth of captivity and prison, and to punish Bothwell both for the cruel murder of the late King Henry, the ravishing and detention of the queen, and the wicked design he meditated upon the prince, charging all who would not take part with them in their righteous and loyal enterprise to quit Edinburgh within four hours.”

Bothwell was at Borthwick and in bed when he found himself anticipated on this night of the 11th: he escaped by a postern, leaving the queen behind in the custody of the castellan and the impregnable walls of Borthwick. The lords encompassed the house, calling on Bothwell as traitor, murderer, and butcher, to come forth and maintain his challenge “offered to them that would charge him with the murder of the king.” “And some of the party used divers unseemly and undutiful speeches against the queen with language too coarse to be repeated,” wrote Drury to Cecil. The besiegers amounted to 1200 men, but unable to force the walls, they retreated to Dalkeith.

Mary, with eyes opened by evidence of passing events, resumed her royal courage; she sent the young Laird of Reres with a message to Balfour enjoining him to hold out the Castle of Edinburgh for her, and to fire on the Lords if they attempted to enter the town; she wrote to Du Croc, begging him to confer with the Lords and require of them in her name "what was their real intention, and what they would be at?" Du Croc does his part nobly, and records it in a letter to Charles IX. He represented to the Lords that Bothwell had been acquitted, that they had caused the marriage, and pointed out the inconsistency of their conduct. All their replies were prevarications and protestations of their determination "to protect the prince from the murderer of his father." And now appeared a force favourable to Mary headed by Huntley, Lords Boyd and Galloway, and Hamilton of St. Andrews, who marched into Edinburgh, and required by proclamation "all loyal men to don their armour, and pass to the relief of the queen's majesty, who was besieged at Borthwick Castle;" but, withstood by the provost, they retreated to the castle still held by Balfour, who still nominally held for the queen.

Had Mary rested quietly, this aid would have been opportune, but she let herself down from a window twenty-eight feet from the ground, dressed as a cavalier; she passed the same postern by which Bothwell escaped, and found a pony bridled and saddled provided for her: there is no doubt she was fleeing to Edinburgh Castle and to Balfour, but she knew not the way—bogs and moors surrounded Borthwick. She wandered through the whole night; at dawn of day she was encountered at Black Castle, scarcely two miles from Borthwick by Bothwell himself at the head of his forces, and became again his prisoner, and was carried by him to Dunbar.

To any who have been bewildered in moor or in forest, and know the perverse intelligences of ponies, this result of a midnight wanderer will appear more natural than otherwise.

The animal knew the way from stable to stable, and would go none other, and to find one's way over unknown moors is utterly impracticable without a guide.

Mary was again in durance. Bothwell was in a state of hopeful strength, for numbers joined the royal standard, and on June 14th he took the field, and reached Seton that night at 5 o'clock. On Sunday 15th he was on the road to Edinburgh, when he met the Confederate lords at Musselburgh, who had a force of 3000 men. Bothwell's border force was 2000, including the 200 harquebussiers; he posted his forces on Carberry Hill.

There seems to have been the utmost ignorance of the intentions of one and all; the Royalists on Mary's side, and the Confederates, both avowing that they fought in her cause. Treason reigned triumphant, but in secret; the State Paper Office now unfolds the villany of the Confederates, who sought to rule Scotland themselves, false alike to all. They were themselves the murderers of Darnley; but their present plea was only to revenge his death on Bothwell.

Du Croc was the eye-witness and intermediary, and his evidence is therefore reliable. In his intervention he begged the lords "to let him try what he could do with the queen; that as he knew her to be a princess of the greatest goodness, he thought perhaps he might devise some means with her to prevent the effusion of blood. He saluted Mary, and kissed her hand, and assured her of the concern it would cause the queen mother and the king of France to see her in such trouble, that he had been conferring with the lords, who had told him they were her

very humble and affectionate subjects." Mary replied that "it looked very ill of them to act in contradiction to their own signatures, after they have themselves married me to him, having previously acquitted him of the deed of which they now accuse him; but, nevertheless, if they are willing to acknowledge their duty, and request my pardon, I shall be ready to accord it, and receive them with open arms." It is plain that the studied indignities of the evening were all veiled until the queen should be made captive by the rebel lords.

Bothwell now approached Du.Croc. "We saluted each other, but I did not offer to receive his embrace. He asked me with a loud voice, 'What it was the lords would be at?' I answered him in as loud a tone, 'That the lords were the very humble subjects and servants of the queen; but that they were his mortal foes.'" Bothwell then demanded loudly, "If the assurances they had given him were not well known to every one?" alluding to their bond to uphold him in the matters of the murder and abduction. Bothwell then proposed, "For the love of God, and to put the queen out of pain, as he (Du Croc) saw she was in extreme trouble about it, and to spare effusion of blood, to try the cause by single combat, provided the champion were of suitable rank to meet the husband of the queen."

Du Croc and Mary equally objected to this proposition. Du Croc left Mary weeping, but devoid wholly of dismay or alarm. When Du Croc returned to the lords, they bade him, for the love of God, to retire from the field before the battle joined.

Mary sate with Mary Seton on a rock beneath the royal standard, wistfully looking for the approach of the Roman Catholic peers.

Kirkaldy of Grange, with 200 horse, riding around was

seen by the queen, who sent the Laird of Ormiston to desire him to come and speak with her. Whilst Grange was speaking to her, Bothwell would have had him shot, but she cried out, "He should not do her that shame." Grange urged her to put herself into the hands of the lords, "who would love and serve her if she would abandon him who was the murderer of her husband." Then ensued a squabble on the question of single combat. Bothwell wanted to fight Morton, which suited not Morton. And he refused to fight Kirkaldy of Grange, the Laird of Tullibardine, or Lord Lindsay of the Byres, as Morton's substitute, as unequal in rank to cope with him. The queen, impatient at this folly, sent again for Kirkaldy of Grange, and told him that "if the Lords would do as he declared to her, she would leave the Earl of Bothwell and come to them." Grange went and returned, assuring her "they would do as they had said." She then informed Bothwell, who vehemently opposed it, saying, "the lords were not to be trusted, as she would find to her cost, if she were deluded into the rashness of putting herself into their hands." He besought her to bide the event of battle, or retreat to Dunbar, and wait until her loyal subjects could make head against the lords. But Mary had definitely resolved to separate herself from his cause; these moments were revealing to her secrets of months. She saw the necessity to separate herself from the infamy of his name and deeds; but still she stipulated on his behalf, "Whether any assurance would be given for the safety of the duke?" "No," replied Grange, "they are resolved to kill him if they get him." Grange then took Bothwell by the hand, and advised him "to save himself while he could." And the queen commanded him to retire to Dunbar, where she would write to him, or send him word what she would have him do. Bothwell tells his own

tale : " I entreated her to obtain at least a safe conduct." Grange replied, " For that sole reason he came delegated by all the others for offering to the queen, their sovereign, true homage, and for giving her assurance and safe conduct while going to meet them ; that every one, according to his degree, desired nothing more than to yield to her all honour and obedience, next after God, in everything her majesty might be pleased to command." " Thus," continues Bothwell, " I parted with her, she having requested me to do so, relying on the pledged faith and promises which they had given to her by word of mouth as well as by letters." The " diary" of Murray or of Inchkeith adds, that they parted kissing like lovers ; which is utterly false : no one present at the time but states the reverse, inferring that her imprisonment by Bothwell being over, and the promises made to her by the lords, indicated a better lot.

When Bothwell had departed, Grange resought the lords to announce the news. The lords let Bothwell go ; it was not their cue to catch, but to kill him, with whom they were accessories to the murder.

Mary spoke : " Laird of Grange, I render me unto you, upon the conditions ye rehearsed unto me in the names of the Lords." Grange knelt and kissed her hand ; she was then mounted on horseback. Grange mounted his charger, and preceded her, holding high his morion, as shown in a tinted sketch existing. She is therein depicted in black riding hat and jacket, white ruff, red and yellow skirt, the royal colours of Scotland, and mounted on a grey charger, led by an equerry in royal livery, and attended by Mary Seton on a pony. The diary of Murray, or Inchkeith, disparages very unnecessarily her dress.

" My lords, I have come to you, not out of any fear I had of my life, nor yet doubting of the victory, if matters had come to the worst, but to save the effusion of Christian

blood; and therefore have I come to you, trusting in your promises that you will respect me, and give me the obedience due to your native queen and lawful sovereign." So Mary. Morton bent his knee in outward homage, and replied, "Here, madam, is the place where your grace should be; and here we are, ready to defend and obey you as loyally as ever the nobles of this realm did your progenitors."

Yells arose from the army, "Burn her! burn the murderess!" with epithets yet more coarse and vile—another partial withdrawal of the mist from her eyes. Indignantly she demanded of Morton, "What is your purpose? If it be the blood of your princess you desire, take it; I am here to offer it, nor needs there other means to seek to be revenged." "After which words the earl took her, and committed her into safe custody."

She exclaimed, with passionate vehemence, on her folly in confiding to their traitorous promises, and referred to help at hand from the Hamiltons and her other loyal friends.

Now came the banner—the dead body of Darnley beneath a tree, and the prince James with folded hands, and label from his mouth, "Judge and avenge our cause, O Lord." Which banner was a device of Morton's and Maitland's; and a drawing of it had been sent contemporaneously by Drury to Cecil, proving their association in the conspiracy. The invocation was not in vain: Murray, Morton, Maitland, and Kirkaldy were judged, and paid the divine penalty of murder and blasphemy in bloody and untimely deaths,—

"So just is God to right the innocent."

Buchanan and Drury relate the deed of shame for the eyes of Cecil and his mistress; how the banner was held

before her on pikes by two soldiers, and how she swooned at the sight, and was caught from falling to the ground. How Kirkaldy was forced to protect her with the sword; how by turns she reproached and threatened her captors, and again yielded to womanly grief, and shed floods of tears, and protested "She neither could nor would proceed another step with perjured traitors, who had violated their solemn promises to her." She called Lord Lindsay of the Byres to her, the friend of her childhood, and bade him give her his hand. He obeyed. "By the hand that is now in yours, I will have your head for this." It was the hand which, stained with Rizzio's blood, was to enforce her own deposition soon after. So at nine in the evening of the 15th June, the queen entered Edinburgh—the "Morton-Cecil-standard" borne before her, and the honest, but misguided soldiery and populace attributing to her with hootings and revilings the deed done by the Confederate lords themselves. She was led to the Black Turnpike, a grim fortress of the Provost's, and imprisoned. Food only was offered, she had fasted twelve hours; but although she was alone, fevered, and travel-soiled, no means of ablution or change of garment was accorded to the miserable captive.

Sir Walter Scott has called attention to the diabolical nature of Scotch vengeance, and the cruelties of their mob, in his 'Heart of Midlothian.' Mary was there with fevered brain, and all the horrible truth then first burst upon her that she was held to be the murderess of Darnley; that she was in the hands of the traitor lords; that she was in durance of the men who had murdered Rizzio and Darnley.

At dawning morn she sought the window, with rent garments and dishevelled hair, and cried for succour. The reply to her was another exhibition of the banner. She

screamed aloud, and called on the people either to slay her or deliver her from the cruelty of the false traitors by whom she had been deluded and thus barbarously treated.

And her appeal touched their hearts. The more decent burghers of Edinburgh would not put up with this exhibition of cruelty, and declared their intention to unfurl "the blue blanket," and rescue her. Grange, too, rebelled. He accused the Lords of having stained his honour by making her prisoner whom they had promised through him to treat as their sovereign. They met his protestations by the calumnies invented by Murray,—that this delirium was the delirium of love for Bothwell.

The populace gathered to her aid. When she saw Maitland passing, she besought him aloud "for the love of God to come to her." The traitor took the opportunity further to beguile her. He assured her that the lords were very much her friends, and ready to do everything she could desire, if she would show an amicable spirit towards them. Mary consented, and saw Morton, Athole, and the six—only six—confederate lords who had made her a prisoner. Again the cajolers made soft and penitential speeches, and made her the fairest promises to conduct her to Holyrood, and reinstate her in authority, if she would dismiss the populace crowding in the streets. Mary did so; she addressed and induced the people to disperse; her ladies were sent to her once more; she obtained change of raiment, but was unable to swallow any food. She had suffered twenty-four hours of fasting, solitude, and opprobrium. And this was the mode of conducting her to Holyrood,—on foot, between Morton and Athole, and files of soldiers. The banner was again displayed, amidst cries of "Burn her! drown her!" and violent expressions of many of the mob. Mary now bore herself royally, in the

full tide of Stewart blood. "Why am I handled thus? I am innocent. I have done nothing worthy of blame. I am your true princess, and your native sovereign. Good Christian people, either take my life or free me from their cruelty." The teller of this tale is Drury to Cecil. "She bore her undauntingly, protesting as she always doth her innocency, with tears in her eyes and passionate words addressing herself to the people, who were thronging her, and who appeared highly commoved at the cries which were raised on the causeway." Mary Seton, Sempill, Madame Courcelles, Jane Kennedy, and Mademoiselle Rallay accompanied her. The escort wished to have her insulted and murdered by the excited rabble; but the party favourable to her was too great. "They—the common people—did greatly pity her Majesty, and heavily bemoaned her calamity." The confederates were in danger, and acted promptly; they instantly drew up the warrant for her incarceration: let us pillory their names,—Morton, Mar, Glencairn, Lindsay, Ruthven, and Sir William Douglas. Mary, with wearied body and more wearied spirit, had sunk to sleep after her thirty-six hours of martyrdom, when Lindsay and Ruthven compelled her to quit her bed at dead of night, and start for Lochleven Castle.

On the Sunday morning she sat on Carberry Hill, on the Monday night she was consigned to the custody of Murray's mother, of Mar's sister, of Douglas's wife, the mistress of her father, the bitterest enemy she had. Then was fulfilled the plot which had failed two years before, at Perth, on June 30th, 1565, when "Moray and his assistants conspired the slaughter of the said Lord Darnley, then appointed to be married to her Grace; also of his father and divers other noblemen being in her Grace's company at that time, and so to have imprisoned her Highness' self at Lochleven, and detained her there all the days of her life, which con-

spiracy was near put in execution in June, 1565, as many who were in council with him, and drawn ignorantly thereon, can testify." So testifies the declaration of the associate lords in Dumbarton, signed by seven earls, twelve barons, eight bishops, and eight secularized abbots, as see for the full statement *Miss Strickland's* vol. iv., p. 147.

Mary, whilst she was borne off to imprisonment, knew not that Sir James Balfour, the governor of Edinburgh Castle, or that Mar, who held Stirling and the custody of the prince, were faithless to her. She entreated, in a moment of privacy, a faithful damsel to bid Balfour "keep a good heart to her, and, wheresoever she might be carried or sent, not to render the castle to the lords who had broken their faith to her." Balfour is straightway to have a reward from Murray of five thousand pounds cash, a pension for his son, and the lands of the Priory of Pittenween; and Bothwell, his fellow-conspirator and murderer, is to be hunted like a wolf to death.

Lady Douglas received Mary, it is stated, with taunts that she was an usurper; that her own son Murray was rightful king and legitimate heir of King James V. That Mary wrote a letter to Kirkaldy of Grange, reproaching him with his breach of faith; he answered, said Melville, that "he had reproached the lords for the same, who showed him a writing sent by her to the Earl of Bothwell, promising among other fair and comfortable words, never to abandon or forget him, which, if it were written by her Majesty, as he could scarcely believe, had stopped his mouth."

This proves the falsity of "the parting like lovers" on Carberry Hill, which is utterly at variance with Kirkaldy's own eye-witness and report. And how and where, in those parted hours, got Mary pen and paper. She was carried away, insulted and swooning, at sight of the

banner, to the Black Turnpike, where she had nor water to wash, nor change of apparel, nor light; where she was delirious with want of food and rest; whence she was taken by the lords at nine at night to Holyrood, and where her slumbers were broken at midnight by Lindsay and Ruthven, to bear her off to Lochleven. The writing of any letter, and no one to bear it, was an impossibility. She did entrust a girl with a verbal message to Balfour to hold out the castle for her. So monstrous an impossibility needs no answer; but it is in keeping with the calumnies of Maitland and Murray, who, washing their hands of their traitorous colleague Bothwell, continued to press the falsehood of Mary's devotion to him. Kirkaldy of Grange, though a gallant warrior, was in the service, as spy, of the English Government, and his existing letters to Bedford prove the depth of his temporary infamy, which was duly sealed in time by his blood.

The only remaining deed to record of Mary's reign is the deposition extorted and signed by her in Lochleven. The scene is depicted by Sir Walter Scott in 'The Abbot,' and read in every tongue in Europe. We may adopt it. "The grasp of her old playmate Lindsay, with his mailed hand, the fierce Ruthven, and the insidious Melville, her own ambassador to Elizabeth, counselling acquiescence under force which rendered the abdication null; and when the act of coercion was over, the impulse which cast Ruthven on his knees to kiss the hand of the princess Mary,—not the queen. How these reiterated acts, ascribed to fascination and witchcraft, which softened Kirkaldy on Carberry Hill, and Ruthven in Lochleven Castle, bowing to the truth and grace of her they were politically deposing for their own greed of power and sway, falsely using the plea of her religion, prove trumpet-tongued the innocence of the woman and the triumph of truth."

"I am not yet five-and-twenty," she uttered, as she complained that she must set her hand to a deliberate falsehood, that she abdicated in favour of her son, an infant of a year old, incapable of governing the realm, "that my brother Murray may reign in his name." Was she thinking of her Stewart ancestry, who all died hapless and bloody deaths, and her own father, who had died of grief at thirty-one, uttering as he heard of the birth of Mary, "Is it so? Then God's will be done. It came with a lass and will go with a lass," alluding to the Stewart dynasty; but his prognostics were wrong. James VI. was destined to fulfil the desire of ages—the union of the crowns of Scotland and England.

"I am not yet five-and-twenty," and she had escaped kidnapping twice on the narrow seas; she had escaped kidnapping twice with Darnley from Perth to Callander, and from Holyrood to Leith. She had been kidnapped by Bothwell at Foulbriggs, and again on her escape from Borthwick, and, lastly, she is kidnapped by the false lords, and not yet five-and-twenty. It was the fate of the Stewart infant kings: their story for a hundred years consists of escaping the English fleets, and being kidnapped by the rival houses at home. When James I. was murdered, James his son was kidnapped; possession of the symbol of regal power gave the appearance of legality to the ruling house. When James II. was killed the same scenes were re-enacted with his successor. James IV. was at man's estate when he succeeded; gifted by nature to the utmost extent we find that royal race. He ruled Scotland only to compete with England, and to die at Flodden Field. The early life of James V., Mary's father, also gifted greatly by nature, mainly resembled her own early life. In the words of Sir Walter Scott:—

"Whilst Albany with feeble hand
Held borrowed truncheon of command,
The young king, mew'd in Stirling tower,
Was stranger to respect or power."

There was a queen-mother wedded to Douglas-Bell-the Cat; and factions unnumbered. The king's marriage with Mary of Guise, when the Reformation was beginning in Scotland, involved him in war with Henry VIII; and the terrible rout of Solway Moss killed James with grief in his thirty-first year, when Mary was born.

The self-same fate devolved on her offspring. James VI. was safe in Stirling Castle under the custody of Mar; but when Mar succeeded in turn to the fatal regency, and died of melancholy at the position to which he had aided by his treason to reduce his country, the old scenes recurred. Elizabeth never succeeded in gaining possession of Prince James; but the earls of Gowrie (Ruthvens) twice kidnapped him, and James's extrications from their power are characteristic of his cunning and clamour. His nobler son surrendered to the Scots, who sold him to the English parliament, which was a further sinking in infamy. A story is recorded of Dr. Johnson and Boswell, his pacific Scotch follower. *Boswell*: "Pray, sir, can you account in any way for your antipathy to the Scots?" *Dr. Johnson*: "No, sir, I cannot." *Boswell*: "Old Mr. Smith, sir, says it is because they sold King Charles to the parliament." *Dr. Johnson*: "Then old Mr. Smith, sir, has found out a very good reason."

Ill fated race of Stewart! James I. of England relaxed the feudal powers, which the Tudors had strained to the extreme, and which were slipping from the grasp of Elizabeth, when she condescended, in the last year of her reign, to take the enormous supply of four subsidies and eight fifteenths—proof of the feudal power having reached

its flow, and the ebb having begun. James willingly forebore the monopolies and restrictions on trade, by which Elizabeth had upheld her monarchical power, and which had grown utterly insupportable, when she escaped the expiation of her own bad deeds by death, leaving her successor to relax the ropes of feudal power. He passed his ignominious and pedantic reign to the satisfaction, on the whole, of a financially relieved people. Rizzio's murder had impressed him with cowardice before his birth; cunning was imparted to his nature from his education. England progressed under his gentle hand in a threefold progress to that it had done under Elizabeth's niggardly rule. The people were contented; and he died in his bed in peace, the first of his race since Robert, its founder, who so died.

Charles I. died on the scaffold. Charles II. was killed by the bleedings which ignorant science at that time applied to apoplexy. The account, as given by Evelyn, is so incredible that it provokes laughter by its absurdity, equally with Dr. Sangrado's doings in the novel. James II. abdicated to Protestantism and the universal defection of his children and his nation; and the Chevaliers fought baneful and useless fights for nearly a century. The sins of the fathers were visited on the children to the third and fourth generations. But onward, onward! we are in Lochleven Castle, and Mary has signed the enforced deed of abdication—and she is not five-and-twenty years old.

And Murray reigned in her stead. He entered Edinburgh from England on the 11th August with the envoy of France and the ambassador of England as supporters; but whilst he came with the foreign Protestant aid, he found divisions among the lords, his followers.

Meantime the baby king had been crowned. Morton pronounced in his name the coronation oath. The Earl of

Mar produced his trust; he had promised Mary never to betray his trust, and he kept his word for his own behoof. They read the deed of abdication, that "the queen, their sovereign, did resign, willingly, and without compulsion, her royal estate and dignity to the prince, her son, and the government of her realm to the several persons named in her commission of regency." So was the new reign inaugurated with falsehood and treachery. Then Morton seceded; and the other conspirators, Athole, Mar, Maitland, &c., sent Sir James Melville to pray Murray to bear himself quietly with the queen, "who, possessing a clear wit and princely inclinations, the time might come when they all would wish her at liberty to rule over them." Where then was her guilt?

Murray visited Mary at Lochleven, attended only by Morton, Athole, and Lindsay. Mary burst into tears, and drawing Murray apart, spoke long and earnestly. What she said Murray has not recorded; but she sat alone in conference with him until an hour past midnight, and his conduct then severed their bonds of love for ever. Throckmorton and Melville in their reports state that his injurious language was like to break her heart. Mary herself indited her 'Appeal to Christian Princes,' in which she truly and justly denounces Murray as the author of Darnley's murder, and that his withdrawals to Fife and France were only to blind her to his part therein. There is no doubt Murray cast her off utterly at this interview, told her he was Regent, and defied her; but the spirit of the mother rose up when he quitted her to proceed to Stirling, and she threw herself into his arms, hysterically weeping, and she bade him give her blessing to the prince, her son. This cold-blooded brother, although he has no claim to that name, had, on the birth of his daughter, made his will, appointing Mary his sole executrix, and the

guardian and tutrix of his child ; and that will remained uncanceled at his death.

Murray was invested as Lord Regent August 22nd, not by a parliament, but by lords in secret council, in pretended obedience to the commands of Mary. The deeds of abdication were given to Elizabeth, who ever retained them in her own personal custody. And now let us view his first acts. He had two of Darnley's murderers to deal with, who knew his guilty partnership; Balfour, the governor of Edinburgh Castle, and Bothwell, the fugitive. To Balfour, he granted five thousand pounds in money, a pension to his son, and the Priory of Pittenween from his own private acquired possessions; he received in exchange the spoil of Mary's goods, the fortress of Edinburgh, and the secrecy of Balfour. To Bothwell the sentence was, to be hunted to the death; if captured, martial law and summary execution. The hunt began, Grange in the 'Unicorn' being foremost in the chase, amidst the rocks and whirlpools of the Orkneys. It was an exciting chase; but Bothwell baffled and escaped them, as a moss-trooper baffled and escaped the border bloodhounds. He carried off his prize, not the silver casket—there is some mystery there, of which hereafter; but he bore away his portfolio, in which were many of the documents he cared to possess. One letter from Mary, not written in love, but complaint; probably the only letter she ever wrote to him. The bond to murder Rizzio, signed by Murray and the other lords, which Bothwell always avowed to be in his possession, is not mentioned amidst them, for which there is no accounting. He reached Denmark to fall into the hands of a first wife, Anna, a Norwegian, and into the hands of the King of Denmark, who had been a suitor for Mary's hand. His papers were seized and inspected by the magistrates of Bergen; the portfolio was, it is recorded,

guarded by four locks ; and Bothwell was made a prisoner. There he wrote his memorial of Scottish events—one of the authorities from whence these facts are drawn. It is stated that he died under the terrors of an accusing conscience and remorse, and made confession to the Lutheran Bishop of Sconen, in presence of impartial witnesses, acknowledging his share in Darnley's assassination, and exonerating Mary from any participation in the crime. This, in conjunction with the dying confessions of four of his servants to the like effect, are proof sufficient of Mary's innocence of that murder, by which she lost so much, by which, indeed, the fabric of her regal power was overthrown ; and so lost to her, she became the prize and the prey of the conspirators and rebel lords.

Whilst Mary is in Lochleven recovering the quiet grace and charm of her nature, the position of Murray does not appear to have been one of repose. It was six months ere he ventured to call a parliament in the name of James VI. : he relied on his military forces, and he debased the currency for financial means.

The General Assembly of the Church opened fire against him, in form of a petition to the Regent and Lords of Parliament demanding the cause of the queen's detention, and requiring that, if no sufficient reason were given, she should be set at liberty. On the 4th Dec. the Regent and his council resolved to accuse the queen of the death of Darnley, owing to a guilty passion for Bothwell, and also with having intended to compass the death of her infant son. Which accusations were prefaced thus :—"In so far as the manifestation thereof may tend to the dishonour or disestimation of the queen, they are most loth to enter in, for the love they bear unto her person who sometime was their sovereign ; and for the reverence of his majesty, whose mother she is ; as also the many good and excellent gifts and virtues where-

with God sometime endowed her." Such is the preamble of the base-born brother's manifesto six months after her captivity; and now declaring, that they took up arms and made Mary captive on the 15th June on account of the murder on the 10th Feb., "in the queen's own default in as far as by divers her privy letters written and subscribed by her own hand, and sent by her to James Earl of Bothwell, chief executor of the said murder," and her subsequent marriage with the murderer, "it is most certain that she was privy art and part of the actual devize and deed" of that murder.

Here then we find the letter to Bothwell of the 15th June abandoned, and other privy letters brought forward, by the men who did the deed of murder—Morton, Maitland, and Balfour. Ruthven and Lindsay signed this resolution—they who had sworn that the queen had abdicated of her own voluntary and free will. The traitors had to make good their case against Mary, and it was to be effected by further perjury. And then was born, 4th Dec., 1567—"mark the day and mark the hour!"—the silver casket. The Earl of Morton produced it; and Buchanan in after days gave this story as its history:—That Bothwell had left in Edinburgh Castle this casket; that when he fled from Carberry Hill, he sent his servant, George Dalgleish, for it; * that Dalgleish was taken by Morton with it in hand, wherein were certain letters well known and by oaths *to be* affirmed to have been written with the queen's own hand; also a writing in Roman hand in French *to be* avowed

* I here express my conjecture that if the story be true that Dalgleish was sent by Bothwell to Balfour for documents in his custody; those documents were the missing copies of the bonds which Bothwell considered to be his safeguards, with the signatures of the rebel lords; and that the capture of the documents suggested the idea of substituting forgeries in their place.

to be written by the Queen of Scots herself, being a promise of marriage to the said Bothwell."

Bothwell, ere he fled to Dunbar, sent all his effects both from Holyrood and the castle thither—his portfolio among them. It is great question whether Balfour, Murray's friend, would have given this casket to Dalgleish after Bothwell's flight, which also was so hasty that there was no time for such a thing: and, next, where had these proofs been during the six months from 15th June to 4th Dec.? When they were produced they figure, firstly, as written and subscribed by the queen; and in the act, as written without subscription—"unsubscribed and undirected letters are nullities" was objected by her friends. I am loth to take any captious objection to a palpable lie, but to let it prove itself: firstly, then, the earliest descriptions of these letters differ in being subscribed and unsubscribed; next, George Dalgleish was never questioned on this matter—his depositions were taken, and he suffered death avowing the innocence of Mary; and would have denied the story, in toto, had he been examined, which the Lords well knew they meant not to do. No schedule of the papers, no copies of them, were even taken. To this day we know not in what tongue they were supposed to have been written, French or Scotch; and it is not until Sept. 16th, 1568—fifteen months from the presumed capture—that this casket is first declared to be the receptacle of the papers, which grow in the fifteen months like Falstaff's men in buckram. In the "discharge by the Regent Murray to the Earl of Morton for a small silver box over-gilt with gold with all missive letters, contracts or obligations for marriage, sonnets or love ballads, contained therein, sent and past betwixt the queen and James, sometime Earl Bothwell, which box and whole pieces within the same were taken and found with umquhile (for he had been executed by them), George

Dalgleish, servant to the said Earl of Bothwell, upon the 20th day of June, in the year of God, 1567, and that the Earl of Morton had truly and honestly kept the writings contained in that box ever since they came into his possession, without alteration, augmentation, or diminution."

Here we have the sonnets and love ballads added fifteen months after, with the declaration of no augmentation or diminution.

The existence of such proofs, as are here averred, is in utter contradiction to the whole tenor and style of their proceedings, which taken against Bothwell affirm him to have been her forcible abductor. "Besetting her with a thousand armed men, she suspecting no evil from any of her subjects, and least of all from the Earl of Bothwell." So runs the Act of Parliament outlawing Bothwell. We are called on to credit that with these papers in their possession and knowledge, their proclamation of forfeiture and outlawry of Bothwell would have run; that he perpetrated the murder of King Henry, that he beset her highness with a thousand men, putting violent hands on her most noble person, preventing her entry into Edinburgh, bearing her off to Dunbar *against her will*, detaining her prisoner there twelve days, then leading her prisoner again to Edinburgh, and constraining her to contract an unlawful marriage with him! Such were the terms in which the spoilers of Bothwell passed outlawry on him, and divided his possessions. No, the lie was conceived on the 4th Dec., and grew to proportions appalling in Sept., 1568, but are wholly irreconcilable with the existence of these proofs in Morton's hands on 20th June, 1567.

Mary heard, rejoicing, this declaration of the Three Estates of Parliament, and anticipated her own restoration to empire and freedom. She heard that "she had been

the victim of circumstances she had no power of resisting"—for twenty nobles forming those Three Estates had signed a bond to effect that marriage. But she was deceived; there was no intention of restoring her: on the contrary, the conspirators for Darnley's death, and her deposition, were busied in getting rid of their accomplices, and silencing in death, tongues which could bear testimony against them.

Balfour was bribed, and besides he held Edinburgh Castle. Bothwell was outlawed, and now John Hepburn of Bolton, John Hay of Tallo, William Powrie, George Dalgleish, and two others—these men, servants to Bothwell—were all captured, and tried and executed on the 3rd of January; but Murray had no power to hinder their dying confessions and declarations from being heard: all, without exception, like their master, Bothwell, avowed and declared the innocence of the queen.

John Hepburn on the scaffold declared Murray and Morton to be the sole contrivers, movers, and counsellors of Bothwell in that murder; which he declared he knew not only from word of mouth by Bothwell, but by indentures signed by both, which he had seen and read himself.

The others pronounced their own deaths by Murray as his great and abominable wickedness in procuring the murder of the king, and persecuting to death those who had been his instruments; that God was just; that they died rightly punished, but that the queen was innocent of the deed.

These men had been dealt with by Murray and Morton with their usual craft and villany—made to sign depositions which they averred they were not allowed to read, and then were marched off on the instant to execution.

The effect of this on the popular mind was a complete and total reaction in favour of Mary in the hearts of the

people—a reaction which holds to the present day. The truth had long been instinctively known, and the banner was never believed, although it fulfilled its purpose on the 15th June, 1567, in causing a part of the populace to hoot her as the murderess. Now the facts came out palpable and evident; the confessions of dying men, murdered by their confederates in murder, made deep and lasting impression; and the death of many by the hands of the mob in the sequel was the result of these judicial murders and dying declarations of the victims. Ballads and placards, satire and verse, were called in aid; and many remain to this day recording the facts, and proving the reaction of the honest public mind.

Mary suffered illness, of course, immured in Lochleven, lacking her horse or any exercise. Here she won hearts—men and maidens, all who approached, young and old—her grace and demeanour were irresistible. Murray's position was irksome; his lies and machinations could not make his post secure. Many attempts were made to free the queen. George Douglas, the Setons and the disguise of a laundress, and lastly, little Willie Douglas, who was successful. Murray paid his sister a visit there, and reported that she had prayed him that she might have a husband, and named George Douglas as one to her liking. Why, what a gross pig-headed framer of secret calumnies was he! Who will believe that lie? But whilst he paid her a visit, in order to give countenance to his calumny, he refused the French ambassador permission to see her; and we find her, debarred of pen and paper, writing with charcoal on her handkerchief to Lord Seton.

On the 2nd May, 1568, Mary escaped—as wrote and thought a Venetian ambassador—by miracle. Alas! if it were by miracle, it was to work no weal to Mary. However, there she met Lord Seton, with fifty horsemen, Lord

Herries, henceforth her most faithful friend and counsellor and a truly noble-natured man, and Lord Claud Hamilton. Did Scot hearts deem her guilty when they received their well-beloved queen again in their arms? Are we to believe that all the world condoned murder and lewdness to fascination and witchcraft? Had Elizabeth been as noble, and Murray as honest and true,—had there been no dominant Calvinism and falling Roman religion,—Queen Mary would have lived and died the queen of Scotland, honoured and beloved,—the queen alike of beauty and of hearts.

There was no need to summon her friends. With Scotch alacrity they rushed to the gathering, and, indicative of changing opinion, Sir Robert Melville came, bringing horses and trappings of her own from Holyrood; and also the ring she had vainly required of him before, famous, in fact, as the ring of Amurath in fiction,—the pledge of aid in need sent by Elizabeth to Mary, to be basely ignored in time of need, and to be the Rhamnusian retribution of Elizabeth's last days, when, in the matter of another ring, given in like manner to the Earl of Essex, and sent by him through the Countess of Nottingham, but not delivered, the doting queen shook the dying countess in her bed, and fell into the melancholy in which she expired. The rings of Elizabeth, pledges of her faith, may point a moral and adorn a tale. It was an evil possession just then to Mary, but Melville was her evil genius misguiding her steps. Beaumont, the French ambassador, hurried to her side, a majority of peers of Scotland rallied around, and pronounced her abdication extorted by fear in prison null and void and of none effect, and acts passed since by the Parliament to be invalid. She sent a deputation to Murray, urging submission, and promising pardon and indemnity. But Murray and Mar held Edinburgh and Stirling Castles,

the royal revenues, and Mary's very jewels. He determined to proceed in rebellion as before, and redoubled the libels and calumnies against his queen.

Throckmorton and Drury were in amazement and despair, evidently fearing the wrath of Elizabeth. And now occurred another incident and stain, which no lapse of time will wash from Elizabeth's name. Mary's pearls were considered the finest in Europe, and Murray, Throckmorton, and Drury were confederates in passing them over into Elizabeth's hands for twelve thousand crowns—an inadequate price. Elizabeth secured them, and Catherine de Medicis, informed of the sale, vainly wished to bid for them. They were used by Murray as a bribe to Elizabeth at this juncture, and with success. They may be seen on her starched portraits. I conjecture that the subsequent five thousand pounds given by her to Murray in his need was a sort of conscience-money on account of these pearls, and bitterly must Mary's offer have stung her mind, written from Bolton Castle, September 1, 1568,—“I beg also you will prohibit the sale of the rest of my jewels I should be very glad if they were in safer custody, for they are not meat proper for traitors. Between you and me it would make little difference, and I should be rejoiced, if any of them happened to be to your taste, that you would accept them of me as offerings of my goodwill.” By this secret sale Murray got twelve thousand crowns in cash, at need, to fight and win the battle of Langside, on the 13th May, 1568.

It boots not now to canvass the acts and deeds which led to that fatal battle. The chivalrous peers would not wait. Reinforcements would have come from France and the north, if Mary had followed the advice of those who counselled delay. I can well imagine that the idea of immuring herself again in the fortress rock of Dumbarton was hateful

to her, just escaped from Lochleven. No one commanded, and no one obeyed. Hamilton and Argyle were jealous and captious of precedency. Argyle, who held nominal command, is thought to have been in secret conferring with Murray, or that he had an epileptic fit. It is enough that rash bravery, void of military conduct, met again the fate of Flodden Field, and that the gallant Scot blood fell to the hagbutters of Kirkaldy of Grange and a flank assault of a few hundred men.

It was at the castle of Crookstone, and a mound, fountain and tree. The mound commanding a panoramic view equal to that of Schehallion—old pagan spot recording the idol Crom Cruach of other days. The spot, too, where Mary had held her first court with Darnley; from whence she beheld the fatal fight where her followers were slaughtered. She was borne from the field by Herries, Livingstone, and George Douglas, and wandered to Dundrennan, to Sanquhar, and to Galloway.

Earlston Castle, a stronghold of Bothwell's, was in sight, and offered a place of refuge; but she shuddered and fled the hated associations of the place—

“We shunned and fled the rocks of Ithacus.”

Lastly, she reached Terrigles, of Lord Herries, near Dumfries, and there she tarried and made her final resolve.

Again it boots not to speculate on the motives which lead to fatal results. I believe that Providence, which rules the hearts of princes, has more to do with their mental resolutions than any mortal motive now swaying us one way and now another. Mary had seen her friends and gallant followers slaughtered, and she had a tender heart; her career had been passed in pardoning and sparing traitors, and now she saw her friends falling betrayed, or

overcome for her. Methinks her better nature rose in abhorrence of this slaughter. Her case was not hopeless : Dumbarton Castle would still have yielded her a refuge. Herries never despaired. He guaranteed her safety for the present ; but she here formed the resolution which she put into effect,—to seek protection from Elizabeth, resulting in nineteen years of captivity and a martyr's death. She had the fatal gift of the ring restored by Sir Robert Melville. She wrote Elizabeth a heartrending epistle from Dumbrennan, ending with these words,—“To remind you of the reasons I have to depend on England, I send back to its Queen this token of her promised friendship and assistance.—Your affectionate sister, M. R.”

And so the Queen of Scots fell into the hands of the Queen, her English adversary. The fleets escaped in vain, and the proffers to her foes ; the prey offered itself to the willing beast of prey, and was clutched in its death-fangs.

On the 16th May, 1568, Mary crossed and landed at Workington, in Cumberland.

And here ends the reign of Queen Mary of Scots ; here the evil and the good which are attributable to her in the trial of her imperial deeds cease. Henceforward, through a career in which we must follow, because it brings proof of her wrongs and innocence, she shines forth still as patient and meek, submitting to many studied insults, making many devoted friends, and behaving with a deportment as noble as her birth and beauty were illustrious.

Henceforward Elizabeth is the acting and Mary the passive principle. The breath of slander assails Mary no further ; it would be well if the same could be truly said of the English queen.

In the absence of citadels and standing armies there is nothing more wonderful than the rapid rise and fall of

feudal power. We mark it in the Wars of the Roses in England—a victory brings up at once the winning side to London, and the possession of the seat of government is the symbol of the regal power, until a counter-defeat reverts the position, and York succeeded to Lancaster or Lancaster to York. We mark precisely the same sequel to victory in Scotland, where the royal fortresses are so few and the feudal forts were so numerous,—a victory in the field and possession of Edinburgh Castle conferred the regal power, until the beaten bull, as Virgilius has it,—

“Lashing the wind, spurning the yellow sand,
From banishment on the paternal land
He and the foe unwary meet again.
So gathering rolls the billow of the main,
A streak of foam afar—a streak no more,
It gathers in its course, it rolls on shore;
It dashes on the rock, it bursts in spray,
Black sand and eddy surge its wanton force bewray.”

At this conjuncture, when the battle of Falkirk was lost, Murray, Morton, and Mar, with the fortresses of Edinburgh and Stirling, and the person of the prince, set at defiance the feudal power and chivalry of Scotland; backed as they were by the Calvinistic burghers of the towns, the Protestantism of England wielded by Cecil, and the Huguenot party in France paralysing the queen-mother there. The strength of Murray consisted solely in his religion, and the war to the knife which existed in Spain, Italy, and France against the Reformation; but for the Protestant powers on his side, cementing his party by a common bond, whilst the Roman Catholic party was as a rope of sand, he could not have upheld his weak cause a single day in Scotland.

CHAPTER III.

THE reception in England which Mary received was of the most cordial kind by the gentry, and of the most uncordial by the Government. She was the guest of Sir Henry Curwen of Workington Hall, who would have aided her in any resolution; but the authorities, Sir R. Lowther and the Earl of Northumberland, made her their captive, and a warrant from the Council of York required them "to use the Scottish queen and her company honourably, but to see that not one of them escaped." She was immediately forced away to the earl's castle at Cockermouth, leaving behind as memorials her portrait and a silver cup, since called "the Luck of Workington Hall."

At Cockermouth, an English merchant, named Henry Fletcher, sent her crimson velvet for a robe, for she fled from Falkirk unprovided in dress. In Cockermouth Hall she met Lady Scroope, who was to pay with her life her friendliness to Mary, as we shall record under the Bolton Castle captivity, and many others of the border noble ladies, cheering her entry on this hostile soil. She was carried almost in ovation to Carlisle; but there the first bad news met her, communicated by the friendly French ambassador, which Lowther informed Cecil of in these words:—"The queen, since her arrival here, hath had intelligence that the Regent meaneth to execute some gentlemen, her true subjects, taken at the late conflict; whereat her highness being troubled this night at supper, with tears uttered that her trust was, if God should pre-

sently call her, yet would either her good sister, the Queen's Majesty of England, or her friends in France avenge her cause." Well might Brantome declare, "No man ever saw her without love, or will read her history without pity."

The next point occurred at Carlisle, where Lowther and Northumberland quarrelled for possession of the custody of Mary's person, and the earl called Lowther a varlet, and said he was too low a man to pretend to such a charge.

On the 20th May came Elizabeth's letter to the sheriffs, &c., of Cumberland, requiring that Mary should be honourably entertained; but that "especial diligence should be used to prevent the Queen of Scots or any of her company from escaping;" which requirement, be it noted, is precisely in accordance with the orders and fleet sent to kidnap her in 1561. All historians agree in describing Elizabeth's proceedings as full of dissimulation and treachery. It is hard to us, who "call a spade a spade," to read of dissimulation and treachery, and then resolve it into imperial wisdom and goodness. The present instance of her fraud is her having entreated Mary in her correspondence not to apply to France for aid, but to trust to her, and she would aid her to overcome her rebellious subjects; but now that Mary had sought refuge in England, she had the captive in her hands and she changed her game of royal politics—to hold her away from France, and stop French supplies to the Scot-royalists—whilst in every act and word Mary was to be debased and depreciated in the eyes of the people of England.

Lord Scroope and Sir Francis Knollys were appointed to be her keepers—both connections of English blood-royal. Lady Scroope was sister to the Earl of Norfolk, and Knollys was wedded to a Carey.

Lord Herries rode forth to meet them on their arrival on the 28th May, and lamented to them the estate of the queen his sovereign, denouncing the treason and cruelty of Murray, and protesting with honest zeal her innocence in Darnley's murder, "which would easily be proved if she might be permitted to speak for herself in the presence of her good sister the Queen of England." He expressed a hope that Elizabeth would aid her to reduce the rebels to obedience, or suffer her to pass on into France. The keepers replied that "their sovereign would in no wise like Mary seeking aid in France, thereby to bring Frenchmen into England, though she wished her well, but doubted it would be inconsistent with her own honour to admit her into her presence until cleared of the suspicion of her husband's murder." Herries then declared his intention of riding to the court to confer with Elizabeth on the subject. "The very thing we especially sought for," remarked the politicians, who proceeded to their interview with Mary. "We found her," they reported, "in her chamber, where, after salutations made, and declaration of your Highnesses' sorrowfulness for her lamentable misadventure and inconvenient arrival, although your Highness was glad and joyful of her good escape from the peril of her person. We found her in her answers to have an eloquent tongue and a discreet head, and it seemeth by her doings she hath stout courage and liberal heart adjoined thereunto. After our delivery of your Highness's letters she fell into some passion, and, with the water in her eyes, she drew us into her bedchamber, where she complained to us that your Highness did not answer her expectation for admitting her into your presence forthwith. That she had come freely to seek the Queen of England's help, not of necessity, for the best and greatest part of her subjects remained fast to her still. That the rebels held by violence grants she had

revoked in her majority which had been made in her minority. That both Morton and Maitland were parties to her husband's murder, notwithstanding their deceitful pretences of avenging it. The deputies replied, the queen, their mistress, was sorry she could not do her the great honour of admitting her into her presence, by reason of this great slander of murder whereof she was not yet purged, but they were sure her Highness's affection towards her was very great; and if she would depend upon her favour, without seeking to bring strangers into Scotland, which could not be suffered, then undoubtedly her Highness would use all convenient means for her relief and comfort." Knollys further instructs his mistress that her visitors were moved by her tale—very eloquently told—before his arrival, and that, with a person of her courage and agility, escape from bondage was to be feared.

Whilst Elizabeth thus played fast and loose, cajoling with promises and hopes she never intended to fulfil, but only to serve a time-purpose and prevent French interference in Scotland, Mary pursues her part in all the ingenuity of innocence and trust.

Lord Herries was despatched with her letter 28th May, 1568; which is very long, sweetly plaintive, and written in the integrity of her own noble heart; in which she reiterates her motives for entering England—"to come in person, and make my complaint to you, both from our proximity of blood, equality of rank, and professed friendship, that I might clear myself of the calumnious imputations cast upon my honour," &c.; reminding her it was at her request that she recalled and pardoned the rebels, which had brought ruin to herself. Mary finishes with this apostrophe to Elizabeth's heart:—"Consider, I implore you, how important my long detention is to me, and be not the cause of my ruin; manifest to me by deeds the

sincerity of your natural affection for your good sister and cousin, and sworn friend; remember I have kept my promise, and sent you my heart in the ring, and have brought you the true one in my person to bind the knot that links us together more firmly." Mary might as well have pleaded to the deaf adder, or "bade the sea bate of its usual height," as pleaded to Elizabeth, whose womanly and sisterly feelings are graphically shown in the old linen and shoes she furnished at her entreaty, which the keepers blushed to present, and Knollys excused, "as sent in mistake." Mary surveyed the gift without utterance of words or comment. Scroope and Knollys would have passed the record of the reception of the gift by in disgust; but Elizabeth felt no disgust, and desired to know in what manner her insult had been received. Sir F. Knollys replied to Cecil in tones of unmitigated disgust. The story got vogue, and was sent to Spain by its ambassador with a list beginning with "two shabby shifts;" but good oft results from so evil an insult—the opportunity is seized on to record the beauty of her own native hair, and the busking of it by her Maries, Fleming and Seton. Miss Strickland considers this as apropos to one of Elizabeth's eighty altiers, or heads of false hair, as part of the presents sent to Mary.

And here it is requisite to note that her keepers waiting on her as she despatched Herries with her letters, Knollys, in defence of Elizabeth's conduct, insinuated "that Mary had forfeited the allegiance of her subjects by commission of a cruel murder;" whereupon, her grace beginning to clear herself after her accustomed manner, the tears yet fell from her eyes. "When I saw her tears, I forbore to prosecute mine objection, and fell to comforting her with declarations of your Highness's affection and good will towards her. To which her grace answered very courteously, but forthwith said she must go close up her letters to

your Highness, and so departed to her bedchamber." Mary also wrote one of her sweetly-worded notes to Mester Ceciles, who at the time was balancing the expediency of removing her to Nottingham, or Fotheringay Castle, and risking the sedition of the papist party of England. Knollys, consulted by Cecil, thinks it desirable to remove her; but added—"I trust it be not meant that I should be made a settled jailer, where I have neither rule, lands, or man-rents ordinarily; for that were too much for my shame, and most against my nature."

Sir Nich. Elphinstone arrived at Carlisle with letters from Murray to the keepers. Mary demanded that he should be apprehended "as her grievous enemy, and the seller of her jewels." Queen Elizabeth was the purchaser of them. Mary's friends were gathering round her; Knollys writes—"I long to hear what resolute order and direct way we shall take with this queen; for it is time to leave dissimulation and halting with her grace." In the interim, Murray's secretary, John Wood, reached London, bearing a commission from the Regent and Lords of Secret Council proposing to make Elizabeth the umpire between "the king's mother and the nobles of Scotland." The plot thickened, and snares were spread; if Mary could be piqued, or induced to make a similar proposition, the paramount authority of England over Scotland, never yet recognized, would have been conceded to England.

But Mary derogated not from her regal position: she demanded an open investigation; to meet her accusers face to face; to be heard in her own royal and independent right, and not as a criminal answering at a foreign bar.

"Surely," writes Knollys, "she is a rare woman; for as no flattery can abuse her, so no plain speech seems to offend her if she thinks the speaker be an honest man." And here we have a proof of the double dealing of Cecil and Eliza-

beth ; for their messenger to Murray passed through Carlisle with a remonstrance requiring Murray to desist from pillaging and burning houses and lands of Mary's friends ; but with private instructions to proceed in his work of destruction despite the " formal remonstrance."

Mary had an interview with Middlemore, this messenger : he studiedly insulted her ; told her he had no letters for her from the queen ; that Lord Herries had already despatched his letters ere he left. And so Mary learnt that her ambassador's correspondence with her had been intercepted, and had never reached her hands. To all her remonstrances there was now one set speech, " that the foul fact of murdering her husband was alledged against her, and until some proper trial of her innocency were made, Queen Elizabeth could not receive her." Middlemore's coarse freedom offended and provoked her patience. " I have none other judge than God. Marry ! I know mine own estate and degree ; although, according to the good trust I have reposed in the good queen, my sister, I have offered to make her the judge of my cause ; but how can that be, when she will not suffer me to come at her ? Desire," she added, " my good sister, the queen, to write that Maitland and Morton, who be two of the wisest and most able of them, may come ; and then let me be there in their presence face to face to hear their accusations, and to be heard in my own exculpation ; but I think Lethington (Maitland) would be very loth of that commission."

Middlemore, following instructions, required that she should forbid her friends at Dumbarton from receiving succours from France. Mary replied that she would not forsake her faithful friends, that if Elizabeth would lend aid, she would not seek it of foreign princes ; and, after a fit of weeping, she added, " but always my trust is that the queen, your mistress, can do no less, nothing willing to

help my misery herself, than to suffer me to pass over to other princes where I may find remedy."

Middlemore said that since she had put herself in his sovereign's hands, and made her the only judge of her cause, her majesty had commanded him to assure her that she would take both her and her cause into her protection; yea, and, if after trial made, the justice of her cause would bear it, she would compel her adversaries to do her right, and help to restore her to her honour, dignity, and government." He then produced the formal instructions to Murray to desist raiding lands, and next announced that she was to be removed; but added he was sure her majesty meant not to imprison her.

Mary was upset by all this cajolery, and answered passionately after her honest nature. She remarked she desired to be brought to the queen, her good sister; but that she was now in her hands, "and so she may dispose of me as she will;" but that though she were kept prisoner all her life, the Hamiltons would never resign their claims to the throne.

Mary continued to write pathetic appeals to Elizabeth, receiving no reply.

And hereabouts, 13th June, despatches from Murray by John Wood were intercepted, and sent to Mary, who immediately, in the probity of her own heart, wrote and complained to Elizabeth of the perfidy of her minister.

And here the silver casket turns up again. John Wood was sent to submit *copies* of the letters asserted to have been taken from Dalgleish—from Mary to Bothwell. Murray writes:—

"Therefore since our servant, Mr. J. Wood, has the copies of the same letters translated in our language, we would earnestly desire that the said copies may be considered of the judges that shall have the examination and

commission of the matter, that they may resolve us thus far, in case the principal agree with the copy that then we prove the cause indeed. For when we have manifested and shown all, and yet have no assurance that it we send shall satisfy for probation, for what purpose shall we either accuse or take care how to prove, or, when we have proven, what shall succeed."

Mary's imputed epistles were written in French, what then meant Murray by substituting the barbarous Scotch of Buchanan to Cecil and Elizabeth? "The *why* is plain as way to parish church"—it is because the originals were composed in Scotch, and translated into French and Latin, and that the French and Latin versions would not bear criticisms. Mary herself was a bad writer of the Scotch, as Buchanan was a bad writer of the French; Mary, had she written them at all, which was an impossibility, for in the journey from Holyrood to Glasgow, and returning, when they were feigned to have been written, she had not a moment's leisure or opportunity. They are utterly unlike her polished and pure expression. I venture to say, they carry conviction to most of the readers that Mary never did or could write such trash. Buchanan calls the verses "not inelegant." Brantome writes, "they were beneath Mary's style, to which they have not the slightest resemblance." And, whilst commenting on these points, upon which opinion may jump in divers ways, and as proving how the matter has been sifted, there is an allusion in one letter to Medea, and the love and jealousy, revenge and murder of that Pelasgic legend. On the one hand, Buchanan had translated the tragedy of Medea; on the other, in the Castle of Edinburgh, in the inventory of the queen's books, was 'The Historie of Jason.' Pursuing the question, one may remark that Mary would have read the Greek of Euripides, or the verse of Ovid, more

easily than the English version ; and, next, that in none of her writings does any reference to old pagan lore occur at all ; that her style is straightforward, and utterly free from rhodomontade. But we must now refer to other and greater points ; that Mary was refused a sight of these writings, the authenticity of which she indignantly denied ; that Norfolk, to whom they were exhibited, proceeded in the face of them with his matrimonial project at the same sitting ; and that the conference at Hampton of Cecil and his English colleagues resulted in the following declaration from Elizabeth to Murray and his confederates :—“That, forasmuch as there had been nothing deduced against them as yet that might impair their honour and allegiances, so, on the other part, there had been nothing sufficient produced nor shown by them against their sovereign whereby the Queen of England should conceive or take any evil opinion of the queen, her good sister, for any thing she had yet seen.”

Which declaration is equivalent to saying, “Well essayed, good and true conspirators ; but your essay is an utter failure, which won’t bear the light : take the rubbish away.” And away it went, and where it is, or what became of it, or quære—did any originals exist ? is unknown to this day.

The faculty and mental capacity which forms the judicial mind is held by moralists to be among the rarest gifts accorded to man. Methinks it is strangely withheld from historians. Macaulay grubbed from a vile periodical, called the *New Atalantis*, filthy charges against Marlborough. Mr. Burton, resting on an anonymous and absent witness, vouches that Mary and Bothwell parted on Carberry Hill, his words run thus :—“They parted, *as we are told*, like fond lovers, with many kisses and much sorrow on her part.” The gallant Grange and Sir James Melville, and

Du Croc say not a word of the sort, but give a totally contrary version; but the historian chooses the anonymous, although a judge would refuse to hear it in evidence. How often is the inimitable Pepys wrong in his record of what he both saw, and heard reported; how did he unintentionally malign Mrs. Stuart and others. And in the present instance we see a presumed set of documents—of which the birth and parentage are so obscure that Elizabeth could not turn them to account, and which would not have been allowed at any legal tribunal, and which were sedulously withheld from the sight of the accused, and copies refused to her—pertinaciously put forth as evidence, and conviction decreed against her, who had neither seen documents nor been confronted by her accusers: we may dismiss the bugbear—the silver casket—from our thoughts or further comment.

The keepers intimated to Cecil that Mary's liberty at Carlisle was too great. Her daring horsemanship and her retinue might give them the slip: the consequence was she was treated virtually as a prisoner, and preparations were made to transfer her to Tutbury; and it caused another interview between Elizabeth and Herries, in which Elizabeth again endeavours to be made the judge and arbitress between Mary and the rebels. We well know what Elizabeth intended thereby; namely, to be confessed the liege paramount of Scotland. In the matter of Calais she had positively refused to submit her own imperial matters to any other tribunal, whilst she herself laid claim and machinated, but ever ineffectually, to make herself the feudal superior of the Scottish kingdom. The blunt and honest Herries had no chance in an interview with the insincere and tortuous queen. His honest indignation, like Mary's own openness of speech, both aided their crafty and calculating adversary, who cajoled and

lied as it suited her purpose. When Herries complained of delay, Elizabeth replied that she was waiting for an answer from Mary to a letter; in which she had reiterated "that it was impossible for her to be admitted to her presence, on account of the dreadful crimes of which she was suspected." It is impossible to exaggerate the chicanery and falsehood to which Elizabeth resorted to keep the game alive as it stood,—Mary as her prisoner, and Murray as her unacknowledged partizan. Nevertheless she was struck with alarm at the boldness of Herries, and the indisputable right in his pleas, and difficulties gathered round her tortuous policy. She was obliged to dissimulate further with the French ambassador; and whilst she positively refused Lord Fleming leave to go on Mary's part to France, vehemently protested to the French envoy, "that she would never allow the queen of Scots to be touched, either in her life or honour, while in her realm."

It is wearisome to read the repetition of insult and wrong heaped upon the prisoner's head, and in which, from a wrong-headed patriotic expediency, Cecil strenuously supported his mistress. Blind spirit of his statesmanship! which sowed the wind and reaped the whirlwind. Elizabeth and Cecil, in lieu of making firm the strength of their realm by a just and righteous course, were laying up for themselves years of trouble and unrest, to reap the Dead Sea fruits of bitter ashes, and make no impression—no, not to the light touch of a finger-mark—upon the pre-ordained decree of God, and the succession to the United Kingdom by the Prince James, whose person Elizabeth now would fain entrap, and, self-deluded, consider her own. Not so would she have learnt results in the matter of her own father's will; his Acts of Parliament and his wills were treated as trash, the succession went through his offspring,

and devolved into the right line of his sister Margaret, only leaving the accursed mark of his despotic testament in the death of Lady Jane Grey and her husband, and the imprisonment and death of Lady Hertford, with a hecatomb of victims. But the besotted Elizabeth was pursuing a like path to lead to nothing, and to involve her name and fame in infamy. She might, by having proceeded through a straightforward honest policy, have lived happily herself, and England would have made tenfold progress to that which it made in material progress and prosperity.

The mask was thrown off at the privy council of England, held 20th June, 1568, and the two requests of Mary—first, to exonerate herself personally before Elizabeth, or second, to be permitted to proceed to France, or return to Scotland—were negatived. Cecil and Elizabeth had caught her, and intended to keep her captive. On June 30th Mary received a letter from Elizabeth, written as a mistress to her subject and prisoner:—

“My Lord Herries has told me two things which seemed to me very strange. One that you would not answer before anybody but myself; the other, that without force you would not stir from the place where you are, unless you had licence to come to me. Your innocence being such as I hope it is, you have no need to refuse to answer judicially, but only to assure me upon it by your answers; not making them to your subjects, which would not be considered proper, but sending to lay before me your defence, that I might publish it to the world, after being satisfied myself; which is my principal desire. Then, as to the place I have ordained to your honour and safe keeping, I beg you not to give me cause to think all the promises you have made to me were but as wind, when you sent word to me that you would do whatsoever might seem best to me.” In all this cajolery Elizabeth was aiming at exercising a

suzerain feudal power over Mary, which Mary was equally resolved never to admit, and her replies are those of an offended monarch, and not of a submissive captive; but she winds up a letter with a pathetic peroration, touching in its ingenuity. "My good sister, be of another mind. Gain the heart, and there is not anything that shall not be at your direction. I think you would be satisfied in all were I to see you. Alas! be not like the serpent that stoppeth its ears; for I am no enchanter, but your sister and natural cousin."

Mary did refuse to move from Carlisle; nor did Bowes, Knollys, and Scroope dare to enforce it, and Mary resumed regal functions, and appointed Chatelherault her lieutenant in her absence, with a manifest of her wrongs, intended for the eyes of the world. Lord Claud Hamilton bore it to Scotland, where Murray was declining in favour, and she again was rising in popular affection. Having done this she yielded to necessity and force, and on the 13th July quitted Carlisle for Bolton Castle, belonging to Lord Scroope, in the wilds of Yorkshire. Lowther Castle lodged her on the way, and her historian, Miss Strickland, remarks that she parted, praying "that its prosperity might be augmented a hundredfold, and never fail," for the generous reception accorded her; which benediction has not been denied in the progressive prosperity of the House of Lowther.

Mary's imprisonment in Bolton Castle extended over six months—from 15th July, 1568, to 3rd February, 1569,—when she arrived at Tutbury. The intervening incidents are much of a kind,—fear of Mary and cajolery on the part of Elizabeth, and growing reaction in her favour in the Catholic party both in England and Scotland.

Sir William Stuart, Lion King of Arms, had visited Bothwell in Denmark, and had had conferences with Hubert

(French Paris), and had most probably learned the truth of the innocence of Mary, and the complicity of Murray in Darnley's murder. The consequence was fatal to him. He was forthwith accused of conspiring Murray's death; but as no evidence could be adduced to that effect, Murray had him burnt for witchcraft, August 15th, 1569.

In Bolton Castle Mary enjoyed the society and friendship of Lady Scroope, sister to her suitor, the Duke of Norfolk, and a Protestant. Mary is represented as greatly struck by the Protestant tenets, and to have ejaculated a wish for liberty of conscience and worship,—the bitter fault of King James II. in 1686, in his Declaration of Indulgence, and the boast of our days.

Mary and Elizabeth exchanged angry letters. Mary in indignant and offended dignity at being duped, and Elizabeth in joyful cause of quarrel.

Mary here wrote her first letter in English, to her keeper Sir Francis Knollys. George Carey, the son of Lord Hunsdon, next in succession after Norfolk, visited his aunt Lady Knollys. This young and handsome scion of the Boleyn house was introduced to Mary, and Knollys addressed Cecil to propose him as a fit husband, ignoring any impediment on the part of Bothwell, who seems forgotten, and utterly out of mind of all parties. In the sequel it is merry to read old Hunsdon's affright at offending Elizabeth, and how he cut out of this scrape of George's love and nearness to the English throne. But the royal captive only received him with regal dignity, conversed with him of political subjects and the border strife, for his father was Captain of Berwick; but Mary won young Carey's heart, and his name is added to those in the list of her suitors.

Murray called a Parliament 18th August. Elizabeth assured Mary the Parliament was only to choose commis-

sioners to be sent to the conference in England, nor would she permit proceedings therein against her or her adherents. On the contrary, Murray therein proscribed her party, confiscated her estates, and sold her jewels and effects. The loyal Scotch peers memorialized Elizabeth. She deigned no reply to their memorial ; but she summoned Murray to York, to answer charges made against him.

Murray appointed Morton, Lindsay, the Bishop of Orkney, and the Commendator of Dunfermline commissioners on the part of James VI., and added a bevy of lawyers or libellers,—to wit, Maitland, John Wood, Buchanan, Henry Balnares, James Macgill, with clerks and notaries, and paid them well.

Elizabeth appointed as commissioners, the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Sussex, and Sir Ralph Sadler. Mary objected to Sadler as her uncompromising enemy. She requested also that the jewels might not be sold, still ignorant that Elizabeth had already purchased the pearls at twelve thousand crowns.

Mary appointed for her commissioners, John Leslie, Bishop of Ross ; Lords Herries, Livingstone, and Boyd ; Sir John Gordon, Sir James Cockburn, and the Abbot Kilwinning. She proposed to appoint likewise Chatelherault ; but Elizabeth delayed the passport, unwilling that the first prince of the blood-royal of Scotland should appear there as Mary's friend. Elizabeth still pursuing her tortuous policy, devoid of honour or truth.

Sir Ralph Sadler was named commissioner. In his recorded speeches in Parliament these expressions occur : "As for the Queen of Scots, she is in your own hands. Your Majesty may so use her as she shall not be able to hurt you ; and to that end surely God hath delivered her into your hands, trusting that your Majesty will not neglect the benefit by God offered unto you in the delivery

of such an enemy into your hands." And this man had the casting-vote between Norfolk and Sussex as Elizabeth's commissioner.

The commissioners met, and were sworn at York, 4th October, 1569; the Scotch commissioners in the name of King James. The English commissioners then opened a battery against Scotland. Murray was required of them, as representative of James, the king, to acknowledge the superiority of the crown of England, and perform homage in his name for that of Scotland. Murray grew red, and wist not what to say. Maitland, with ready wit, replied, that "If the English counties, held of old by the kings of Scotland in England, were restored to them, they would do homage; but for the realm of Scotland, that it had always been independent, and freer than England which had paid Peter's pence to the Pope."

Mary, with regal honour and dignity, asserted her own right as an independent sovereign, subject to no judge on earth, in respect of being a free princess, having an imperial crown given her of God, and acknowledging no other superior. Elizabeth herself had declared the like of herself in the matter of France, Calais, and the tribute owing to her. In the present case no homage was demanded of Mary; but under protest that it should not prejudice the rights England claimed as feudal superior to the realm of Scotland.

Mary further demanded, that she should be replaced on her throne; and Murray, that, if convicted, she should never be permitted to return to Scotland.

The complaint of Mary ran, that Mar, Morton, &c., had conspired against her, imprisoned her in Lochleven, seized her mint, coined money, crowned the prince, her son; and that Murray had usurped the regency, had waged war against her; which undutiful proceedings had caused her to

seek the friendship and assistance of her dearest sister and cousin the queen, and that her subjects might be caused to recognise their lawful obedience.

Murray put not his complaint into writing, as it was his due to have done: he sought verbal powers and permissions:—

1st. Whether Elizabeth would sanction the accusation of Mary for Darnley's murder, and support him in it?

2nd. Whether the courts had power to declare her guilty; and, if so, whether she would be delivered into his hands, or kept in England so as never to trouble them again?

But Murray was to be rebuffed; "the English commissioners were to communicate the evidence to Elizabeth, and give their judgment according to her instruction." The Scotch commissioners gave in their reply to Mary's complaint, utterly ignoring the charges registered against her in Act of Council, 4th December, and Act of Parliament, 15th December, 1567, by stating "That the Earl of Bothwell having murdered the queen's husband, and within three months after enterprised to ravish her person, led her captive to Dunbar, until he divorced his wife, and accomplished a pretended marriage with her, to obtain the government of her realm, and power over the prince, her son, and that the reason of their taking up arms was to free her from the bondage of the tyrant."

So far this charge is strictly true, true to the letter; but we are to have the leaven of falsehood with it. "That it was necessary to sequester her person from Bothwell, because she had conceived so vehement an affection for him that she refused to leave him;" and "that she had voluntarily resigned the crown to her son, and constituted the Earl of Murray Regent, to govern in his name, and that no force, compulsion, or violence had been practised to move her thereto."

So far the charge was false, utterly false, as every person well knew.

A letter of John Wood to Cecil explains this falling off in their accusations. Cecil and Elizabeth would no more give an answer to them than to the royal lords; and thus the conspirators were defeated by their own hands. Having machinated for Elizabeth's consent to the falsehood of Darnley's murder, John Wood wrote Cecil,—

“As oft as I proponed the danger, now when it is at the pinch, I humbly beseech you, sir, to consider of the danger the delay may bring on so weighty and necessary a cause, and let not light ceremonies stay and utterly undo so godly and so good a work begun, for I dare assure you that these things being resolved, and in furtherance of the rest of the cause, the word of the Evangile shall be accomplished.”

No answer came; Murray lost patience. Four of their “scribes” were commissioned to meet the English secretly, in order to obtain Elizabeth's consent to their proceedings: Murray appears to have felt the aphorism ejaculated by Falstaff, “A plague upon it, when thieves cannot be true one to another!” So felt Murray, and the consequence was that the complaint was put in in truth, and Mary was exonerated of the slanderous accusation sought to be fixed on her of the death of Darnley and the besotted love for Bothwell.

It was an age of murder, divorce, and forgery. The gallant Kirkaldy of Grange had forged Murray's signature, and the ‘Unicorn Pursuivant,’ one Barrye, that of the Regent Lennox. These forgers followed in a school taught them by their masters who were now exhibiting their forged documents to the English commissioners:—

1st. A contract of marriage between the queen and Bothwell; undated, unsigned, and designating King Henry as “Henry Stewart, called Darnley.”

2nd. A contract of marriage, dated Seton, April 7th, 1567, now produced to light for the first time, written in a law clerk's engrossed hand, and bearing the presumed signature, of Mary and Bothwell: the question where it had been in the interim suffices to make it a new-forged document.

3rd. The long letter found in the silver casket, supposed to have been written during the journey from Holyrood to Glasgow; in fact, at Lord Livingstone's at Callander, when the day appears not long enough for all that the queen performed, and whilst she was surrounded by troops of friends. The silver casket we have disposed of, even as Murray disposed of poor Dalgleish, from whom it was asserted to have been taken, who was led to execution, "not shriving time allowed," nor a word permitted on this silver casket.

4th. The other letters and sonnets of the silver casket.

And, 5th, the manuscript 'Detection,' by Buchanan, the most probable author of the whole of this most clumsy plot: so clumsy, that Sir Ralph Sadler and Buchanan sat down together to remodel them, cutting out contradictions, and no doubt the "Medea" passages; which condensed summary was sent by Sadler to Cecil, and endorsed by him as "abstract of matters showed to the Queen's Majesty's commissioners by the Scots, sent 11th October," and which is now a state document. Reader! imagine such garbled trash being produced now-a-days in a British court of law by Mr. Attorney, and the sarcastic advice of the Lord Chief Justice, that it would be better not to rely upon it. And these were the papers and documents which Elizabeth refused copies of to the accused—her sister queen: and wisely so, that is, as the children of the world are wiser than honest; but the "engineer hoists sometimes with his own petard."

One part of the plot was to prove at the conference that they had been exhibited to Mary, and that she did not deny their authenticity; and inexorable dates prove another falsehood. The council sat on the 4th October, and the visit of Melville to Bolton was on the 15th October, when the conference was ended. "Oh, what a tangled web we weave when once we practise to deceive!" But how long, dreary, and stale is the task to unravel and expose lies and forgeries—of which Mary was emphatically the victim. They were banded from Murray to Elizabeth, and from Cecil to Murray, and the victim was kept ignorant of the libel, and cajoled first by one and then by the other; and the Spirit of Truth must have looked on piteously from above, and the Spirit of Lies with anger from below, to see so much craft and subtilty labouring in vain; for their vile machinations involved them all in ruin.

It would be unfair to Mary to omit her indignant demand through her commissioners, challenging them to produce the originals of documents imputed to her: "In case they allege they have any writings of mine, which may infer presumptions against me in that cause, ye shall desire the principals to be produced, that I myself may have inspection thereof, and make answer thereto. For ye shall affirm in my name I never writ anything concerning that matter to any creature; and if such writings be, they are false and feigned, forged and invented by themselves only to my dishonour and slander; and there are divers in Scotland, both men and women, that write the like manner of writing as well as myself, and principally such as are in company with themselves."

She alludes to Maitland, whose wife, Mary Fleming, learned to write of the same master with herself; and Mary Beton likewise, another of the four Maries, wrote so like to the queen, that it was difficult to detect the

difference. And Randolph got what information he needed from Mary Beton, whom he pretended to court.

We have already remarked upon the effect these documents produced upon Norfolk, and that he arose from their perusal to entertain a suggestion of marriage with Mary; but he lacked the courage to oppose the Earl of Sussex, Sadler, and Cecil; besides he was carrying on his own private hopes of the marriage. He was thirty-two years old and handsome; he could hardly have been otherwise as the son of "the murdered Surrey." Lady Scroope was his sister, who paid a heavy penalty for her loyalty to Mary. Yet there is no proof of Norfolk's having visited Mary at Bolton Castle, though he had had many interviews with her at Carlisle.

Another matrimonial project was on the carpet—the marriage of Mary to Lord John Hamilton; for the Duke of Chatelherault, his father, always treated the marriage with Bothwell as a nullity, and the calumnies of the conspirators with scorn. He was well aware of the true nature of the matter.

Equally at this juncture Knollys entertained the notion of George Carey being the fittest suitor, already mentioned; and he proposed to Norfolk to sound Lord Hunsdon in his behalf.

There is yet another suitor for Mary's hand, Don John of Austria, subsequently the hero of Lepanto, "the man sent by God:" the consequence of which was a treaty of alliance between Elizabeth and the Flemings, and aid to them in money and a military contingent; so oddly do politics depend on matters of pique and the great arbiter Chance, which, after Moloch, governs all.

It is abundantly evident, that all these high and mighty personages could not have condoned the murder and shameful marriage; and that in their hearts and minds they

knew her innocence, and scorned the calumnies of the conspirators.

On the 13th October Mary's own commissioners had an interview with her. On the 16th they returned to York, bearing these instructions from her:—"That in respect of the murder of her late husband no one could lament that tragedy more highly than herself; that she was minded, with the assistance of the Queen of England, to punish it most vigorously, and, had she not been troubled in her authority, might have been able to do so herself ere now. That if Bothwell were the murderer of her late husband it was never known to her; but the contrary, seeing that when he was indicted under suspicion of that crime he had been tried and acquitted by an assize of his peers." Which were words of strictest truth. She continued:—"They had recommended him to her in marriage as the fittest person in her whole realm, and solicited her to accomplish the same, as their own handwriting could testify." She proceeds truly to declare, "that the first warning she had was by sound of trumpet by them before Borthwich Castle; that she had not aided Bothwell at Carberry-hill, but that the Laird of Grange took him by the hand, and bade him depart, and promised that no one should follow him; that they might have pursued him, but, from the time they got herself into their hands, they troubled not themselves by pursuit of him; that it was their pleasure that he should escape, not hers." Then she proceeded indignantly to deny "that she had offered to leave the realm that she might possess the Earl of Bothwell, or that she had voluntarily abdicated her crown; and declared that the coronation of her son was the act of a faction, and not the act of a nation."

To these undeniable facts Murray offered no denial. Elizabeth had cut the ground from their feet by not re-

assuring them she would countenance their libels, and so the truth was not denied. Norfolk remarked to Melville that "he saw neither honest men nor wise men amongst them;" but Norfolk did not show his own wisdom in then and there communing with Murray, and imparting to him his own notions of marrying the Queen Mary without intending disloyalty to Elizabeth. Murray told Norfolk, "that if he could obtain Queen Mary's favour for him, and her promise to confirm him in the Regency of Scotland, he would in nowise accuse her. That, as he and Norfolk were of the same religion, they might live as sworn brothers; the one to rule England, and the other to rule Scotland, to the glory of God, and the weal of both realms."

The summary of Hume on Murray's character singularly coincides, though in the cautious words of that historian, with the above recited practices,—“His manners were rough and austere; and he possessed not that perfect integrity which frequently accompanies, and can alone atone for that unamiable character.” This unmitigated scoundrel has yet fifteen months more, and fifteen months only, for the exercise of his knavery.

Sussex himself, the colleague of Norfolk, we find to be a convert to the cause of Mary. He wrote to Cecil, that “if they were to accuse their queen of the murder by producing the letters imputed to her, she would deny them, and accuse the most part of the murder, hardly to be denied; so on this trial on both sides her proofs will judicially fall best out, as it is thought.” Those alluded to as “the most part” were Lord Lindsay, Henry Balnares, and Sir James Macgill, who were among the judges who acquitted Bothwell; and which acquittal was confirmed by the unanimous vote of Parliament, and of those who then urged her to marry him.

Elizabeth finding the conference progressing in favour

of Mary, broke it up; and required the presence of the commissioners before herself—namely, Sadler and her own commissioners—Maitland and Macgill for Murray, and Kilwinning and Herries for Mary;—in doing which she betrays her *animus* by writing, “in so doing you shall do well to have good regard that none of the Queen of Scot’s commissioners may gather any doubt of any evil success of her cause.”

Mary expressed her surprise at this suspension, but said—“I was always desirous my good sister would hear the matter herself.” But they were only cajoling her, warding off impending plots for her deliverance, and resolving to remove her to the closer fortress of Tutbury.

And next Elizabeth assailed the confederates by demanding of them, “Why they do forbear in their answer (to the reply of Mary) to charge the queen with the murder, considering their party have always given it out to the world that she is guilty?”

Murray at the same time was trying, through the agency of Sir Robert Melville, to induce her to ratify her forced abdication, engaging to refrain from accusations, to suppress the letters, and to secure to her ten thousand pounds a-year from the Crown lands, so she would consent to reside in England. But Mary was resolute to proceed with the investigation, and clear herself from their libels and accusations—honour now was dearer than liberty or life. But this dream and illusion was dispelled; for Murray, Maitland, and Macgill were admitted privately to Elizabeth at Hampton Court—in consequence of which her removal to Tutbury was resolved upon.

The righteous indignation of Mary knew no bounds; but she was a captive, beating in vain against the bars of her cage. The indignities she suffered, personal and mental, are terrible to read.

Mary wrote to her commissioners, that since the rebels

had been admitted to the presence of the queen, her sister, to calumniate her, while she, their sovereign, was excluded, and denied the liberty of being heard in her own defence, she desired to break up the conference, the more so as she knew the whole nobility of the realm were about to assemble, when the matter might be publicly discussed; therefore, she continued, "desire, in our name, that we may be licensed to come in proper presence afore them all, to answer to that which may or can be proponed and alleged against us by the calumnies of our rebels." Which if refused, they were "to decline further proceedings, take their leave, and depart the place without delay."

But Mary was too late; the second conferences were already begun, and the chain and meshes of kingcraft become so involved that it is almost an impossibility to unravel them.

Elizabeth was solely studious to establish her supremacy over Scotland, and made the rebels her tools. Chatelherault joined Mary's commissioners, and formally demanded that Mary should appear in proper person at the conference. Elizabeth desired to constitute it a criminal court in which the cause should be tried in England, and she replied—"that she would not take upon herself to be judge nor yet to prejudice their sovereign's honour in no sort, nor to proceed judicially. But as to their sovereign's presence, she could not goodly admit the same until her causes were tried and ended."

The old Lennox here too cropped up as accuser of Mary of the murder. He gained in turn the regency and a bloody death. Whilst Lady Lennox and her daughter wrote affectionate letters to Mary, proving they shared not the old man's practice.

The second conference dates 26th November, 1568, in the Painted Chamber at Westminster, with six more Eng-

lish commissioners; Sir N. Bacon, the Lord Chancellor; the Earls of Arundel and Leicester; Lord Wm. Howard; Lord Clinton, and Cecil. The rebels were encouraged in their accusation by receiving a reply to their queries at York, as follows:—

“If the Queen of Scots shall be justly proved and found guilty, which were much to be lamented, she shall be either delivered into your hands upon good and sufficient sureties and assurances for the safety of her life and good usages, or else she shall continue kept in England upon the reasonable charges of the Crown of Scotland as neither the prince her son, nor you the Earl of Murray, nor any other, for holding part or maintaining the said prince, shall be in any danger by her liberty.” Upon this, Murray and his coadjutors put in an “eik” or supplement to their declaration at York, seven weeks having intervened, thus:—“That she was the contriver and inciter of the said murder, principal fortifier of the murderer, intending also the destruction of the prince, her son.”

The scene in the Painted Chamber, the conflicting passions of distrust and cajolery, the riot and disgraceful turmoil as depicted by Sir James Melville, surpasses anything imaginable. Scholboys going to a game at fives could not be more riotous or disorderly. The end of this Babel was that “Maitland came forth with a sore heart, and Murray, the regent, with a tear in his eye as he proceeded to his lodging at Kingston, where his factious friends had much ado to comfort him. The Queen of England, having obtained her intent, received great contentment. First, she thought she had matter for her to show wherefore she retained the queen; then she was glad of the queen’s dishonour, but she detested in her mind the regent and all his company.” And all this joy was that she had obtained the accusation in writing, and had only given her verbal

reply, to be cancelled and denied at will. She further wrote to Mary, praying her, as Melville records, to think "that she was in better case there, albeit kept for a while, than to be in Scotland with such unworthy subjects, who had accused her falsely and wrongly, as she was assured; and that neither should they be the better nor she the worse for anything that they had done, for she would not be her judge nor give out any sentence thereupon, nor none should know by her or her council no part of the said accusation; praying her to take patience in her gentle ward."

The failure of the second investigation, of which Murray and his colleagues have recorded, "that they were driven in self-defence by Elizabeth's pressing, and their fears of forfeiting her favour," was followed by the accusation of Lennox, which, like all the rest, resulted in Mary's favour, the only evidence being that of Darnley's assertion of her tender and cherishing care of him; and the counter assertion to Lennox of twenty princes and peers, "that the rebel lords were the doers of the murder of which they accused their queen, as was deponed by them who suffered death therefore, who declared at all times the queen their sovereign to be innocent thereof." Against all this testimony old Lennox could only bring the depositions of his servant, the oft perjured Crauford. The cause of Darnley's murder and Mary's deposition were really to create another minority and another regency and fight for the lands and feudal territories of Scotland, after the immemorial custom of that land.

The proceedings at Hampton Court went on, in which everything was involved and nothing decided between Elizabeth and the commissioners. Murray, forced by them to proceed, on the 6th December reproduced the copies of documents of the silver casket, "*said and affirmed* to have been written by the Queen of Scot's own hand."

Dalgleish the bearer they had murdered, Nicholas Hubert (French Paris) they held prisoner, and Sir James Balfour was one of themselves; but they sought no witnesses, and only verified their tale by the oath of the Earl of Morton. The only thing further deserving note touching these documents is that the Murrayites are washing their hands of them, as shown by their "said," and "averred to be," and "affirmed to be," in lieu of that they were written in Mary's hand.

I will not transcribe a word of the vile letters, but only remark that although utterly unlike anything Mary wrote, or was likely to have written, educated at the polished court of France, and being most feminine in her expressions; yet they singularly coincide with the expressions in love-letters written to Queen Elizabeth, and showing the English spirit of the day in their forgery. They may be seen cut to bits and shown up in the forty-sixth chapter of Miss Strickland's life of Mary.

Crawford, and the sole survivor of Kirk-of-Field explosion, Thomas Nelson, had written depositions provided for them to secure them from cross-examinations and verbal contradictions. Nelson instituted the story of the velvet bed having been taken away, which the royal wardrobe book proves to have been "tint" in the catastrophe of Kirk-of-Field.

Mary's commissioners on the 7th January made a further formal demand, in her name, for copies of these documents exhibited by Murray. Elizabeth replied that "she would take time to consider the demand; but thought it best that some arrangement should be made, whereby her good sister the Queen of Scotland, who considered she had cause to be discontented with her subjects, and they disliking her government, might live a private and peaceful life in England by resigning her crown to her son." By her desire a letter was addressed to that effect to Mary, who

replied—"As to the demission of my crown, touching which you have written to me, trouble me about it no more; for I am resolutely determined rather to die, and that the last word I shall speak in life will be that of a Queen of Scotland."

The game was played out. Elizabeth could obtain no valid proofs of Murray's accusation, neither could she cajole Mary into abdication, nor cause her to agree that the prince James should be handed over to England for education; and the conferences—three in number, without the episode of old Lennox—collapsed in the following declaration by Cecil to Murray and his coadjutors, dated 10th January, 1569:—"That forasmuch as there had been nothing deduced against them as yet that might impair their honour and allegiances, so, on the other part, there had been nothing sufficient produced nor shewn by them against their sovereign whereby the Queen of England should conceive or take any evil opinion of the Queen her good sister, for anything she had yet seen."

And so the conspirators exploded their own conspiracy as completely as they had exploded the mined buttresses of Kirk-of-Field.

Some events have occurred in this interim deserving of record—the expulsion of Lady Scroope from her husband's castle by Elizabeth, who, brought to bed in the village inn, added another victim to those, friendly to Queen Mary, who paid the price of their friendship with their liberty; also they spirited away the hero of Lochleven Castle, young Willie Douglas, and shut him up in jail; but Mary did then—in the phrase of Mr. Burton, applied to her on the road from Carberry Hill to Edinburgh—"hit right and left" until she procured his liberation. And the failure of Elizabeth to obtain possession of the person of Prince James, through a treaty concluded with Murray,

from the Earl of Mar, the knowledge of which elicited a heartrending appeal of Mary to Mar: "Remember when I gave you my son as my dearest jewel, you promised me to keep him, and not resign him to any one without my consent, and this promise you have since repeated by your letters;" and the Earl of Mar, holding Prince James and Stirling Castle, urged by his own interests, perhaps, positively refused to deliver him up: like his grandfather, he was mewed in Stirling Tower, as the palladium of regal power. Elizabeth had entered, as reported by the Florentine Ambassador, into a compact with Murray, if he substantiated his charge against his sister, and put the infant prince and principal fortresses of Scotland into her hands, she would obtain his legitimation, and get him appointed heir to the throne of Scotland at the death of Prince James.

The grossness of the fabricated evidence, and its utter collapse, raised up in Mary's favour all the Catholic party and many of the Protestant peers of England, who contended that she ought to be replaced on the throne of Scotland, and recognised as the rightful presumptive successor to the throne of England, the effect of which was to cause Elizabeth to order an immediate removal from Bolton Castle to Tutbury Castle.

At the same time Murray was admitted by her to private audiences, graciously maintained in his regency, and paid a sum of 5000*l*.—whether in repayment of that like sum he had paid Sir James Balfour for the surrender of Edinburgh Castle, or whether it was conscience-money for the royal jewels she had purchased for 12,000 crowns, is a query. Elizabeth did not present 5000*l*. for nothing; but so strongly did disgust and hatred of Murray prevail, that plots to cut him off on his homeward journey were framed, both in England and on the Borders, that he was obliged to use craft to travel homeward.

Murray the crafty sought the assistance of Norfolk the simple and credulous. They met at Hampton. Murray professed penitence for the past and love for his dear sister, "the creature he loved best on earth;" that he was returning to Scotland to propose a convention of nobles to reconcile the two queens, and get Mary's restoration to the throne of Scotland—he stipulated for forgiveness and favour for himself and his clique; that he feared she might join herself in marriage with some foreign prince (Don John of Austria) who would avenge her wrongs and restore the Roman religion, to avoid which he wished she should marry the Duke of Norfolk, and that Mary might be led to embrace his religion; that Mary had been unhappy in her husbands, and that a wise man like Norfolk would receive preference in Scottish opinion.

Norfolk the credulous fell into the trap, and, covenanting with the deep-dyed traitor, prophetically added—"Earl Murray! thou hast Norfolk's life in thy hands," which was over true.

In the same time, Murray was machinating on the contrary track against Mary with Elizabeth. He sent her another batch of intercepted letters, or rather Anglo-Scot translations of the original French, addressed to the Lord of Arbroath and others, undated and unsigned. They were complaints of Elizabeth's conduct, and inuendoes touching the succession to the British crown, which exasperated Elizabeth, touching on her weak point. She accepted them all as true, wrote to her keeper, Knollys, ordering her instant departure for Tutbury Castle, and when she was out of Bolton Castle to show her the letters, and demand "the names of those by whose advice she had written such false and offensive things of her and others."

On the same date, January 22, 1569, Mary sent long sisterly epistles to Elizabeth, ignorant of this new charge,

and urging her own truth and sincerity, and the harsh measures dealt to her unworthily.

Cecil, meantime, was proving by documents—though proved to be false ones—that Mary was compassing the crown of England. He had ever been a secret conspirator. He had been privy to the banner of Carberry Hill; he had been privy to Darnley's murder; when Sir J. Balfour was arrested for being concerned as a principal in that murder, he boldly addressed Cecil, he writes for the protection of Elizabeth and Cecil, on account of his fellowship in that deed, in which otherwise he (Balfour) nor his servants had not melled. Cecil's name must be added to the "band" for the death of Darnley.

The matrimonial propositions were at this time involved in more confusion. Mary held faithfully to the feeble Norfolk, and had expressed good liking to the Litany and Protestant sermons, and desirous to suffer and promote liberty of conscience in her dominions, whilst Northumberland and the Roman party looked to Don John of Austria to bring England and Scotland again under the papal yoke. Mary put a positive negative on the proposal, and rejected the assistance of Spain in the rejection of the chivalrous Don John, her Spanish suitor.

On the 20th the order was transmitted from Hampton Court for Mary's removal to Tutbury. Lady Knollys was lain dead at the village inn; Sir Francis overwhelmed with grief and shame. On the 25th Mary issued a regal remonstrance to her removal then, but it was ineffectual. On the 26th, in indisposition and cold, the malcontent company traversed the North Riding hills. Sir Francis Knollys left the unburied corpse, to fulfil the mandates of his despot queen, namely, "to control his personal grief and perform the service required of him; to communicate the intercepted letters, and to report Mary's sayings and demeanour."

They arrived late at Ripon, Queen Mary exhausted by cold and fatigue, and he refrained that night from harassing her. The reply on the morrow was "likewise for the letters she refuseth them plainly for none of hers."

Mary herself addressed Elizabeth from Ripon, January 28. "As to the proclamation, I protest to you on my faith that neither my commissioners nor I have had aught to do with it. I wrote to them that Mora and his accomplices had made such offers, and desired that proclamation should be issued to let the people know that they should not permit it. I also wrote to the Earl of Mar, reminding him of the promise he had made me never to give up my son without my consent. Madam, I never thought by this to offend you; but it would be bad for me that my child should be delivered, without my consent, by those to whom it so little appertains to dispose of him. Consider I am a mother, and of an only child. As to the letters in question I have no knowledge of them, and have never written of such vain fantasies."

At Ripon the ne'er-do-well Sir Robert Melville came to her on the part of Murray, charged with penitential messages, professions of affection, and offers of services; promising, if she would forgive and restore him to favour, to replace her on her throne, and accomplish her marriage with the Duke of Norfolk.

Murray's death had been decreed, and his homeward passage was fatally beset; a word from the royal captive was his only hope to avail him against the English and Scottish bands. Melville obtained it, and it was efficacious. The Borderers acceded reluctantly, and simply attended to give him a fright on his passage. Murray, from Berwick, returned thanks to Elizabeth and Cecil for the protection vouchsafed to him, adding, "Gif the Lords Boyd, Herries, and Bishop of Ross could be stayed for a season it would

do great gude;" and they were stayed accordingly for twenty days, hostages for his, Murray's, safe journey home.

From Ripon to the "bloody Pomfret," from whence, on the 28th January a long letter was sent by Mary to Monsieur de Cecll, denying the intercepted letters to be hers, and giving a summary of the matters then on hand.

On the road both Mary and Lady Livingstone broke down from cold and illness; they could not make Chesterfield, and were received by Mr. Foljambe, and lodged until recovered. On the 3rd February she arrived at Tutbury, and was handed over to the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury, as a prisoner of State. Avarice was the ruling passion of Shrewsbury, and he made a fortune of cash out of his charge. Money, money, was his constant call. His wife, the countess had that appendage, a sobriquet, always indicating an extraordinary character. Bess of Hardwick she was called; the earl was her fourth husband; she was as avaricious as her husband. Apparently, until they could squeeze furniture from the Government, they allowed their royal charge none: damp and cheerless apartments knocked her down with rheumatic fever.

Sir Francis Knollys quitted her, and Mary was duly informed she was imprisoned, and that her commissioners could not be allowed to remain, but must depart forthwith, and that it was against his orders that she should hold any communication with Scotland. Mary remonstrated in a letter to Elizabeth; but

"You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the flood bate of its usual height,"

as remonstrate with Elizabeth: the commissioners, Lord Boyd and the Bishop of Ross, were summarily ejected from Tutbury Castle. 'A Defence of Queen Mary's Honour,' drawn up by the Bishop of Ross, with Lords Boyd and

Herries, and submitted to Mary's consideration, was "imprinted in Flete Street, at the sign of the Justice Royall, &c., &c.," proved to be another bone of strife and contention. Although Elizabeth was flattered therein, any refutation of calumnies on Mary was treason to her, and the work was suppressed. It was reprinted at Liege, in 1572, but was prohibited, the copies seized, and, as far as possible, suppressed.

Cecil, at the same time, put forth his memorial of the state of the realm. First, by the universal opinion of the world for the justice of the Queen of Scots coming of the ancient line of Margaret Atheling; avoiding thus allusion to the illegitimacy of Elizabeth. 2nd, the imminency of the perils averted by the deaths of Henry II. and Francis, his son. Thirdly, the internal troubles of Scotland by the marriage of the Queen of Scots with Darnley, and the fame of her murdering her husband. That the inward troubles of Scotland will cease, if succour be not given to the Earl of Murray. Mary's marriage expectant would be a furtherance of her cause, and that the fame of her murdering her husband will by time vanish away. So the crafty enemy of Mary could indite a true memorial, whilst the 'Defence' was prohibited and suppressed.

There is a long episode of a visit of Nicholas White, a colleague of Cecil's, who, passing Tutbury, chose to visit the Shrewsburys, and obtain an audience of the captive queen. He has recorded his conversation in a letter to Cecil, February 26th. God only knows how far he has truly recorded his own impertinence and presumption. I am inclined to believe it is half fictitious, or highly coloured, at the least. The vulgarity and ill-breeding of the courtier is so utterly incredible; the patience and forbearance of the captive is as conspicuous. Probably

Nick White has drawn himself too cleverly, and such inconceivable insolence did not take place. Possibly its excess of vulgarity made it as a farce or pantomime in its performance, and overshot the mark of æsthetic pain. She replied to him with feminine grace and modesty, rather than with imperial dignity or scorn, and the dolt left her presence charmed with his audacity, and resounding her perfections. Unhappy captive princess! subject to such impertinences.

Needlework formed the solace of this princely lady. Not copying of flowers and adding stitch to stitch, but composing allegories, adding appropriate mottoes, depicting her own story in needlework; as Philomela, in the mythic lore, had done of old and sent to Procne the story of her imprisonment and wrong.

Drummond, of Hawthornden, wrote the full account of the work—"marvellously done, wherein the execution surpassed the material"—in a letter to Ben Jonson.

Murray, safely returned, lost no time in casting off the appearance of friendship. He had the unparalleled presumption in their very faces to record the names of Herries and Boyd to his own measures. They wrote in repudiation and explanation to Mary, and she to Elizabeth and to Cecil. Elizabeth chuckles and exults, and writes a cajoling reply.

Murray well knew his game, and only needed to reveal the confidence of Norfolk to him to irritate Elizabeth to madness, which he did. She vowed "that the Queen of Scots' head should never rest," and ordered her off to Wingfield Manor House,—a fortress of Lord Cromwell's, near Ashdown, in Derbyshire,—somewhere between the 9th and the 18th of April. Her short stay at Wingfield was signalized by a second fit of severe illness, similar to her early fit at Ladburch. Elizabeth sent her own physician,

whom Mary had to borrow money to pay. Her death would have been very suspicious had it then occurred. On her convalescence, matrimonial and other political negotiations were renewed. Murray raided the lands and persons of her friends; and the pope and Queen Elizabeth spread their meshes as usual, with new and old entanglements for the prey.

Mary herself held firmly to the Norfolk alliance; and at this juncture her keeper, Shrewsbury, was struck with paralysis. Leonard Dacre, seizing the opportunity, met Mary on the roof of Wingfield Manor House, her allotted exercise-ground, and planned his plot for her escape, with which she refused to connive or sanction. Lord Huntingdon, who claimed a right to the reversion of England's throne through George, Duke of Clarence, superior to Mary's, was appointed her jailor. He had published a treatise defaming Mary, and denying her title to the reversion of the English throne, which was replied to by Leslie and others, and the reply was presented to Elizabeth.

And now the English Privy Council coerced their sovereign, and Lord Boyd was accredited to Scotland on the part of Mary to Murray and his party, with propositions: 1st, to restore her to her royal estate; or 2nd, to associate her in the sovereignty with her son—the administration to remain with Murray until James was seventeen years old; or 3rd, that she might return to Scotland to live privately, with honourable treatment and suitable allowance; although it was well known they would not be acceded to, they broke up Murray's party in a notable manner. Maitland and Athole seceded from his party, and Mary's old foe, Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, veered round, apparently in smitten conscience, to her part. Kirkaldy of Grange had long been disgusted with the

mode in which he had been made their dishonourable tool, and may now, but too late, be ranked amongst her true champions. Murray pursued his secret path, working with Norfolk, and betraying him at the same time to Elizabeth. He had also another serpent in his path who needed to be crushed, Nicholas Hubert, or French Paris, the remaining witness who could invalidate the documents in the silver casket. Lord Lion, Sir William Stewart, was burnt on the 15th, and this took place 16th August, 1569, at St. Andrews. Murray had sedulously kept back Hubert from being a witness on that matter; he now hanged him without public process, and when he was executed, he produced his own forgeries, "the Confessions of Nicholas Hubert." The Countess of Lennox and Queen Elizabeth both wrote to Murray to spare his execution and send him to England. Murray expressed his regret that he was executed, but that "his testimony left"—his confessions—would satisfy them. Elizabeth was wroth, she desired to know the truth of Buchanan's 'Detection;' and Murray sent up again copies—Hubert could neither read nor write—purporting to be "true declarations and depositions of Nicholas Hubert, made freely, and without constraint, at St. Andrews on the 9th and 10th of August." These confessions denounced Maitland and Sir James Balfour as principals in the murder of Darnley. Maitland was now entirely in Norfolk's interest. Balfour was an expensive pensioner of Murray's—five thousand pounds, a pension, and the lands of Pittenween to wit; and now Murray desired to be rid of these accomplices. Murray lured Maitland to a council board, where, when he had taken his seat, Thomas Crawford, of the retinue of the Earl of Lennox, impeached him for the murder of Darnley. Maitland preserved his composure, objected to the meanness of Crawford; but declared his willingness to stand his trial.

Crawford required his immediate arrest, which Murray, exulting, acceded to; he conducted him prisoner to Edinburgh, and lodged him in the house of one of his creatures, Forrester, until Morton should be ready to bear him off to Tantallon hold. From this dilemma he was rescued by Kirkaldy of Grange, the Governor of Edinburgh Castle, who forged Murray's signature, for the delivery of Maitland, to be imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle, whither he bore him off in triumph.

It is here that the truth, long hidden in mystery, is made clear as day. The rogues have fallen out; and where they entrapped and cajoled Mary to her destruction two years before, they are now entrapping and cajoling each other to their own.

Murray outwitted by Kirkaldy, invited him to meet him at his house, where Morton, with four assistants, was ready to assassinate him; but Kirkaldy, suspecting foul play, refused to go. Murray therefore went to Kirkaldy at the castle, for Kirkaldy was a brave, honest man, and no assassin. He tried to persuade Kirkaldy to give up Maitland to take his trial for the murder of the king; and Kirkaldy replied, "Yea, on condition the Earl of Morton and Archibald Douglas are immediately arrested and proceeded against, according to the forms of law and justice, as the principal authors and executors of that crime."

The result was the exact parallel of Bothwell's trial. Maitland surrendered with an army at his back; Morton was there with three thousand men arrayed against him; but none dared to provoke disclosures; no one appeared against Maitland, and he was discharged. But here we find Murray denouncing two of the murderers, Maitland and Balfour; and Grange denouncing another two, Morton and Archibald Douglas; Murray, the secret instigator of the whole, being now the Regent. It reminds one of Sheridan's

‘Critic,’ and the conspirators at a deadlock, one cannot move without being stabbed by another. How, in the face of this detection, the calumny against Mary can still be persisted in, is one of the curiosities of literature, and of the vagaries of historians.

The Nemesis, avengeress of wrong, had seized also on Elizabeth. The intrigues in her realm and court, and foreign relations, on account of her detention of the Queen of Scots, so culminated that they broke the ice of her despotism, and she fairly wished Mary out of her realm.

Murray had betrayed the Norfolk marriage plot to Elizabeth; and Leicester, finding the secret known, feigned sick, and requested a private visit from Elizabeth. She visited his couch, and he, with sighs and tears, also revealed the story. The Spanish ambassador at that juncture urged the suit of Don John of Austria. Elizabeth replied, “I would advise the Queen of Scots to bear her condition with less impatience, or she may chance to find some of her friends shorter by the head.” Norfolk unhappily had declined from the famous “Jockey of Norfolk be not too bold” of Bosworth Field. The present earl was too simple; he thought he could contend in craft with Elizabeth: he looked to Mary and the Scottish throne with one eye, and bent the other on his possessions in England. Handsome in person, Mary really regarded him well; but he was weak, irresolute, and wholly unfitted for the plot. It was the will of Providence which barred him from the throne, and brought both him and his royal betrothed to the block; his present irresolution prompted disgust in the northern lords all ready for action.

On the 21st September, 1569, Mary was removed back to Tutbury Castle, with Huntingdon for her jailer. Her papers were seized, and her coffers ransacked by Huntingdon for treasonable correspondence; but Mary had de-

stroyed all, and nothing was found. Huntingdon reports, that "she took it very grievously, pleaded her innocence with your Majesty, of whose dealing to her she speaketh bitterly." "Tell her," Elizabeth replied, "to send the letters received Easter last, signed by the Earls of Pembroke and Leicester, which they both confess they sent to her by the Bishop of Ross."

Huntingdon required that Shrewsbury should be discharged of his trust as favourable to Mary. Mary declared that her life was not safe in the charge of my Lord of Huntingdon; but the female attendants were discharged, and Cecil wrote to Shrewsbury, that "the Queen's Majesty did approve of the entrance of the men-at-arms, with pistolets, into the Queen of Scots' chamber in performance of their duty."

Norfolk fled, and was arrested and committed to the Tower. The council of Elizabeth expressed an opinion that "the Duke of Norfolk did not appear to have done anything for which the law could inflict any severe penalty." "Away!" said she, "what the law cannot do my authority shall effect;" and she fainted away with over-excitement in the Council Chamber. The Earls of Arundel and Pembroke, Lord Lumley and Throckmorton were arrested and examined. They all exonerated Mary from practising in any way to stir up seditions against Elizabeth—which was strictly true, as she had given a distinct negative to Leonard Dacre and his plot.

But these measures kept all England alive with plotting excitement. Norfolk, from timidity in his prison, disliked them as imperilling him, and Mary was accustomed to ejaculate, "she would rather pray with Esther than take the sword with Judith." And so Mary fell sick again from close confinement in Tutbury, and made vain appeals to Elizabeth, which bear date 9th November, 1569.

The Court of France again interceded ; Huntingdon was withdrawn, and the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury were reinstated in their gentler change. The Northern rebellion began ; the standard was raised the 14th November in Durham county, and entered Durham in triumph the next day. A warrant was sent from London to remove Mary to Coventry, and to lodge her in the castle there. It was a case of urgency. On the 24th November they reached Ashby-de-la-Zouch, passed Bosworth field of fight, and reached Coventry, where the castle was found to be utterly uninhabitable. She was lodged at an inn. Elizabeth was wroth ; but a private habitation only could be found there, adjoining to St. Mary's Hall, to which she was rigorously confined. In possession of the captive, Huntingdon appears to have urged *his* plot and claim to the reversion of the English throne. He proposed to Mary to renounce Norfolk, and to wed his brother-in-law, the Earl of Leicester, with a treaty between England and Scotland on the basis of the reformed faith, with recognition of Mary's right of succession, but failing herself and her heirs, the nearest heir male (*i. e.*, himself) to succeed.

Mary, who must have been sick at the constant and unchangeable selfishness of her keepers,—all of whom were chosen by Elizabeth as rivals, as being connected with the succession personally or by their relatives,—replied soberly, that if the Queen of England resolved that she might not wed the Earl of Norfolk, she was resolute never to wed an Englishman. This episode of Huntingdon's only shows how little respect they all paid to Elizabeth's will when it militated against their own presumed rights to the reversion of the Crown.

Elizabeth herself was then in treaty with the Duke of Anjou, which probably induced Leicester to urge this proposition through Huntingdon to the captive at Coventry.

Many letters in cipher passed from Mary to the Earl of Norfolk; the energetic queen had written in cipher from twelve years of age: the unenergetic Norfolk would not arouse himself to learn to decipher her letters, models of love and devotion; they were not written for him, but for time and history. She endured insults from the pulpit, but adds, "I would not take it, because I know my innocence." A warrant to put her to death without judicial process had received the royal sanction, and passed the Great Seal; so passed her twenty-seventh birthday in prison in Coventry. In lieu of putting Mary to death, the project of delivering her over to Murray suggested itself. Elizabeth proposed to Murray to come to Hull, and receive her. Murray required her to be delivered to him by an English army; he feared the hostility of the lords in Scotland. Another plot was proposed to Mary for her rescue, but Mary refused co-operation unless Norfolk or Arundel should adventure it. In midst of this web of plots and unmanageable intentions, Mary was removed back to Tutbury on the 2nd January, 1570, unrescued.

The northern rebellion, begun against her desire, had ended fatally; and the expression of the royal Elizabeth herself, "to poll their tops," was pitilessly carried out against the vanquished rebels. Northumberland and Westmoreland escaped to the Border, where the first was sold by an Armstrong to the Regent; but Westmoreland was well entertained by the Kerrs and Buccleugh.

We come now to the last act of Murray's life, ere the just sword of vengeance arrested his accursed career. Elphinstone bore a petition representing "Mary as the fountain from whom all the commotions, seditions, and practices that troubled England did flow, so her remaining in that realm gave her opportunity to continue them; and the best means of bringing quiet to both countries, and pro-

viding for the security of the religion, was to send her back to Scotland, where she would be cut off from all means of continuing her correspondence with foreign princes and their ambassadors." Knox and Elphinstone conjured Cecil to execute her.

The act of cruelty, which was the immediate cause of Murray's assassination, shows the horrible temper of the chiefs of that time. Fifty of the house of Hamilton fell at Langside; but Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh received his life with loss of estates; his wife possessed Woodhouselee in her own right. Sir John Bellenden received the grant of Hamilton's land, and Woodhouselee was included. He found the Lady of Woodhouselee in possession, having brought forth a child on the day preceding his coming. He turned mother and child forth into the snow in a mid-winter night, and they perished and died in the woods. Bothwellhaugh was an outlaw, and in hiding at his kinsman's house at Linlithgow, and he swore the death of the bastard Regent.

Hamlet himself could not have desired a more fitting time for cutting off his foe in wickedness and not in prayer, than Bothwellhaugh found Murray on the fatal morning of 23rd January; he had spent the morning at Stirling with Yates and Drury, Elizabeth's envoys, concluding the negotiation for "their secret matter"—the death of Mary. Morton, Mar, Lindsay, Ruthven, and Macgill had been convened to council at Edinburgh on the following day, which was Sunday, to ratify the secret matter, when the bullet of Bothwellhaugh arrested his career as he passed the street of Linlithgow; and so fell

"The veriest knave that trod the earth
Since first the world began."

Bothwellhaugh escaped, and survived to live in honour

in France and return in haste to Scotland. He knelt to James VI. after the fall of Murray and implored pardon for the slaugliter of the Legat Murray. "Pardon for his slaugliter!" replied James with vivacity. "God's blessing on him whose soul ye be. for as ye had not taken the life of yon traitor, I had never lived to wear my own crown."

And Mary went for Murray. How often had she aided him at his request, from her first and last gift of the lands of Murray, and the slaugliter of the Humfrays, which she was the means of his effecting, to her interference in the previous year ensuring his safe return across the border to Scotland. He had ever and ever beguiled her with words of friendship, and deeds of baseness, but she still turned to the playmate of her childhood, and her generous and impulsive heart was no match for the knavery of the baseborn blood.

What Edmund Duke of Cornwall is in the drama of 'King Lear,' was James Earl of Murray in the royal house of the Stewarts of Scotland.

The death of Murray devolved on Elizabeth a substitution of action; nothing but the detention of Mary in an English prison now stood betwixt her and her restoration. Elizabeth in a transport of rage imprisoned the Bishop of Ross; complained to the French ambassadors of the interference of France in Mary's behalf, and asserted her belief that Mary would procure "some harghur to shoot her also." Aesop's fable of the 'Wolf and the Lamb' best exemplifies the true cause of this rage. Elizabeth now employed herself in framing charges and enumerating offences against her captive sister; but be it ever noted and remarked, in the summary of wrongs and villanies imputed to her, the silver casket and its contents are not mentioned. That libel had been cast into Lethe, and sunk in its waters of oblivion. She well knew that with the Court of France

the clumsy forgeries of Buchanan could not meet aught but condemnation, to her own disgrace and discomfiture.

The disorganized state of England and Scotland at this period cannot be exaggerated; the difference being that Mary's friends lacked a head, whilst her foes had Cecil and Elizabeth to conduct affairs. An army sent to the north, martial law exterminating the insurrection, and the Bishop of Ross arrested, were the means on one side. Mary herself dissuading the insurrection, Norfolk doing the like, and the Scot loyalists ruled by Chatelherault on the other side. The Earl of Sussex entered Scotland with seven thousand men, and raided the country. Five hundred villages were burnt by them, whilst Lennox and Morton did the like advancing to Edinburgh, and the loyalists succumbed. The captive Northumberland was sold, after the Scotch custom, for English gold, and the block was the inevitable mercy of Queen Elizabeth.

Ross denied the complicity of Mary in this rebellion, and Northumberland exonerated her in his dying confession. She really hated this strife, and wished her cause to be judged and decided by her equal princes. Her loyalty and truthfulness in this matter are undoubted; but loyalty and truth in prison were overmatched by king-craft in possession of the position. She shed tears for her fallen friends, and for her country's disgrace; but her complaints were all such of which no hold could be taken by her jailors, who daily interrogated her to entrap her.

Huntingdon withdrawn from jailorship, the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury removed Mary to Chatsworth the last week of May. Then were executed the last three of the eight sons of Richard Norton. Cecil himself tampered with them to gain testimony of the Queen of Scots' complicity in the rebellion; but they would and could say nothing, and on the morrow all were executed.

The Earl of Lennox commenced his unhappy regency. A majority of Scotland's nobles refused to obey him. Kirkaldy refused to fire the guns of the castle, or to yield up the regalia on his "usurpation of the regency." Maitland expostulated with Cecil on the impolicy of rejecting their party; the Earl of Sussex retorted on him that he was a turn-coat, and reminded him of his accusations of old against Mary.

In October, 1570, Cecil and Mildmay, in company with the Bishop of Ross, assailed Mary in captivity. Their terms were that she should deliver the Castles of Edinburgh and Dumbarton to England, or she could not be liberated. She indignantly replied, "The Queen of England must then work her will on me; for it never shall be said that I have brought that realm into bondage of which I am native sovereign." They proposed ten conditions. One, that Prince James should be brought to England, to remain there as a hostage for herself. She consented, under condition of his honourable treatment, under the government of two or three Scotch lords or gentlemen; one to be named by herself, and the others by Lennox his grandfather, and the Earl of Mar, and it was conjoined with this maternal burst,—“The Queen's Majesty of Scotland desires most instantly that she may see her son, whom she hath not seen this long time, before her departing forth of this realm.” She also proposed that provision should be made for him and his nurture out of the forfeited estates of Bothwell, reserving the rights of the lady, *his wife*, to enjoy such as by the laws of the realm were due to her. Mary equally calls herself a widow, in writing to the court of France, showing that she did not consider the divorce of the Lady Jane, or her own marriage with Bothwell, as lawful.

Another condition was that Mary should accept an

English husband,—George Carey, grandson to Mary Boleyn, and son of Lord Hunsdøn; which was proposed to avert the marriage with the Earl of Norfolk, or Don John of Austria,—the bugbears of Elizabeth's jealousy. It was clogged with the condition that the Boleyn blood should be named King Consort, and James dispossessed, and sent to England to be nurtured. Thus spoke the Tudor despot, not remembering how Henry VIII.'s wills had been treated as dead carrion and kicked out of sight, as such a condition would likewise have been; but Mary refused the condition altogether.

But Mary's hopes were high. The King of France again interceded, arousing anew the vials of Elizabeth's wrath. He had proposed to be her guarantee for the performance of the treaty in hand. Elizabeth replied that she was astonished he could take the cause of the Queen of Scots to heart, considering the great offences she had committed against her. Firstly, by impugning her legitimacy; secondly, by claiming a right to her realm; and finally, by stirring up her subjects against her. Cecil and Mildmay carried on their interviews for three weeks, when, nothing concluded, they were postponed. It is doubtful whether they were commenced in real good part, but, failing to overreach in the main points, the insincerity is undisguised in the ensuing letters of Cecil.

Conspirators rose and fell like mushrooms, all in despite of, and in detriment to, Queen Mary. They were the unwholesome growth of Elizabeth's craft and mendacity. Mary was therefore to be removed from Chatsworth to Sheffield. On the 28th November, 1570, she entered Sheffield Castle, to be her prison house for long weary years.

On her arrival there, she had to sustain the blow to hear that Buchanan was appointed tutor to James, to rear him in pedantry equal to his own. Buchanan had been tutor to

Murray; he had also been assigned to Mary herself, so she personally knew him, and now the forger of the casket papers had James in his pedagogue hand. He made no impression; facts are sturdy things. James knew his imprisoners, and Lady Mar spoke truly of Mary to her son. Sir Richard Baker, in his almost contemporary chronicles, declares, that "Buchanan, to curry favour with Murray, laid most impudent scandals upon the queen, whereof before his death he repented himself extreamly," p. 338; which assertion I think very likely to be true. Mary addressed the French ambassador thus: "Master George Buchanan, who troubled himself to write against me, to please the late Earl of Murray and my other rebels, and continues to demonstrate by all possible means his obdurate ill-will, has been placed with my son as his preceptor, which, for these and many other considerations, I cannot wish to be permitted, nor that my son should learn anything from his school." But her appeal was unavailing. Buchanan was continued in the appointment.

On the 23rd December new commissioners were appointed—Lord Livingstone, and Gordon, Bishop of Galloway, and the Bishop of Ross—on the part of Mary. Morton, Macgill, and the Abbot of Dunfermline, on the part of the Regent, followed in the middle of February following. It was now a contest *à l'outrance*; the rebels were resolved that Mary should never resume the reins of Scotch empire, and Elizabeth that she should never go there save to her death.

Plots and rumours of plots are ever rife. That the Duke of Anjou would land in Ireland, and raise an insurrection in Mary's favour. Whilst Hugh Owen, Lygon, Powell, and Rowe are preparing to carry her off: Norfolk, as usual, disowning and casting cold water on it, although urged in his name. Another plot was devised by Sir Henry Percy, simultaneously, in her favour.

At the conferences Elizabeth bent her endeavours to get possession of the person of Prince James. "He is in the hands of my rebels; it is useless to require him of me," responded Mary. Whilst Morton replied that his powers were not ample enough; that a Parliament must decide such a question. Mary was resolute not to recognise the acts of a Parliament not summoned by herself, and objected to her pardoned rebel, Morton, arrogating such power.

And Dumbarton fell, the stronghold of Mary in the south-west. It was surprised and captured during the lull of a truce. Lord Fleming, the governor, escaped. Archbishop Hamilton was taken prisoner, arraigned and hanged by Lennox's order as a murderer of Darnley, on the evidence of a priest, who swore that John Hamilton, the archbishop's servant, had confessed himself an accomplice of the crime. That his lord deputed the perpetration of the murder to seven or eight of his vassals; that he gave them the keys of the king's lodging at Kirk-of-Field; that they entered very silently into his chamber, strangled him, and carried his body through a little gate into an orchard adjoining the wall, and then gave a signal to blow up the house." It really is useless to canvass the truth or falsehood of this monk's betrayal of confession, or whether it was the mere subornation of evidence by Lennox to serve his temporary revenge.

In the taking of Dumbarton, correspondence between Mary and the Duke of Alva, concerning Spanish aid, fell into the hands of the English Government. With this clue in their hands Charles Bailly, secretary to the Bishop of Ross, was arrested on his return from the Netherlands, subjected to torture, and his confession was followed by the arrest of the Bishop of Ross, and his committal to prison.

Mary, in ignorance of these proceedings, was communicating of minor matters, the marriage of George Douglas to a French lady; whilst her ambassador at London was being rigorously questioned by Cecil and Mildmay on this Spanish plot. When she heard of his arrest she vehemently protested against it as a violation of international law; it is needless to add, in vain. Meantime, a Parliament had been holden by her adherents in Edinburgh, called in her name. The usurped regency of Lennox was denounced, and all ministers who refused to pray for her as the queen, and for her son as the prince, were enjoined to quit Edinburgh. Lennox, on his side, had ratified the secret treaty made with Murray, for the judicial murder of Mary. She to be delivered to the Scots, and to be tried and executed within six hours after her arrival in the realm.

The fate of Murray is again repeated with Lennox. The great dramatist, in the mouth of Hamlet, prompts me to the position of these men, when the sword of retribution smote them :—

“ When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage,
At gaming, swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in it:
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;
And that his soul may be as damned and black
As hell, whereto it goes.”

Even in such a moment were both Murray and Lennox cut off; signing a secret treaty to receive their queen, and execute her within six hours. Now a small party of gentlemen, headed by Lord Claud Hamilton, and shouting their word, “Remember the archbishop!” broke in on him, and slew him on the 3rd of September. But so great was the hatred borne to Lennox, that had he not then fallen he would assuredly have fallen otherwise. Even Ruthven and Lindsay had written to Elizabeth for his removal, and had

entered into a bond not to permit the prince to be taken to England.

The Earl of Mar, holding Stirling Castle and the person of the prince, succeeded to the regency.

Reader, we have not done. Again Cecil's nephew, Killigrew, was sent an envoy to the regent Mar, to renew the treaty for sending Mary back to Scotland, to be put to death. "We have sent Killigrew this day to Scotland," writes Burleigh to Shrewsbury, 7th September, 1572. "All men will now cry out of your prisoner, 'The will of God be done.'"

Killigrew addressed himself to Morton, the governing power ruling the regent, and he assured him that if Mar hesitated to go the lengths required it should be executed without him. Morton was sick and in bed, and the conferences were held by his bedside at Dalkeith. Mar consigned his soul to the pit of Hades, by consenting "that it would be the best and only way to end all troubles in both realms;" but—tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Ascalon—these dogs of hell demanded payment for their traitor service. Killigrew replied, "if they did not think the business profitable to them, he would not move his pen further towards its accomplishment."

"How now—ye secret, black, and midnight hags,
What is't ye do?"

A deed without a name."

So Killigrew, writing to Cecil, expresses it—"And to do, &c.——"

Morton had received 10,000*l.* in gold for the surrender of his prisoner, Northumberland. The amount of the blood-money demanded to be paid in advance to Mar was stated as unreasonable, and was referred to Burleigh for consideration. This secret compact was sent to Killigrew on the 26th October. On the 28th October, after dining

with Morton, Mar expired in violent and mysterious illness on his road from Dalkeith to Stirling. The question, "Was he poisoned?" may be asked in vain. Nothing was more probable, or more in accordance with the practices of Morton: only it does not appear to have been his cue that Mar should then die, but rather live, and be his cat's paw; for he (Morton) wriggled himself out of the executionership, and preferred that Elizabeth should do that deed of infamy herself. He obtained by Mar's death the regency and the person of James. He was subservient to Elizabeth during his regency, and hated by the Scotch nation. A bloodless revolution deposed him from the regency in 1578, and in 1581 he was arraigned and brought to the block for the murder of Darnley. He died with a dogged mien, and beseeching to be left alone. The retrospect of his life pained him in the hour of calamity; he shifted his own blame on to Bothwell, who had cajoled him. And so fell Murray, Lennox, Mar, and Morton—four bloody regents—men of blood, cut off with half their days; and God have mercy on their souls!

We must revert to 3rd September, 1571, and the death of the Regent Lennox.

Mary had received some money from France, which she transmitted by one Bannister to Lord Herries. Bannister suspected the bag to contain gold from its weight, and carried it to Burleigh. The letters taken therein implicated Norfolk, who was arrested and conducted to the Tower, September, 7, 1571.

The Earl of Shrewsbury announced Elizabeth's displeasure to Mary. She responded truly,—that she had resorted to no secret practices to recover her liberty, that treaties and negotiations with foreign princes were her imperial right, which she had not renounced by her voluntary coming to England, trusting in the queen's promises

of affection; that she had implored aid of the King of Spain and of the King of France to restore her to her realm, but that any affirmation that she sought to excite rebellion in England was a false and malicious invention; that these accusations of Elizabeth were pretences for her closer confinement, and, as it was very ill and unjustly done, she called on God to witness of the wrong.

It is wearisome to record the story of vindictive malice on one side, and suffering wrong upon the other; but the record falls deeper into that slough of wrongs inflicted and miseries endured.

The next step was similar to that inflicted on King Lear—to reduce her knights; her thirty-two attendants were to be reduced to sixteen. She strove hard for her “poor flock of wandering sheep,” but to no avail. She wrote her piteous farewell to her poorer banished servants, and as far as she was able settled pensions from her French dower. Lord and Lady Livingstone, her true and constant friends in prosperity and adversity, were separated from her. She accredited him as her envoy to France; for herself, she considered this the prelude to her own death. She wrote to Elizabeth to entreat permission to write to and receive letters from her son. She detailed her position to La Motte Fénelon: “Shut up within my chambers, nor any of people suffered to come near me, save footmen.” The Earl of Shrewsbury led her out to the leads of the house for exercise, which he marred by evil tidings which he used then to communicate. She was a miserable captive, she said, but rather than yield aught that would derogate from her dignity she would lose all.

All this correspondence was intercepted from the hands for which it was intended, but they were and are preserved and endorsed at Burleigh, in Lord Burleigh's own hand. So the letters of his mistress remain through his provi-

dential care, and tell their own tale, for ages past and for ages to come. So just is God to right the innocent.

Meantime the battle of Lepanto was won by her suitor, Don John of Austria, on the 7th October. And at a diplomatic banquet given to La Motte Fénelon on the 11th November, the Earl of Leicester declared thereat, that "it was not his sovereign's intention to restore the Queen of Scots to liberty, being of opinion that she could not live a single hour securely in her authority if she did so, and begged his Excellency, if he wished to establish a happy peace and alliance between the three realms, never again to mention the name of the Queen of Scots."

Meantime the rack was at work; day and night in the Tower the unhappy household of the Duke of Norfolk were tortured by Elizabeth's express orders. Sir Thomas Smith rebelled against the useless cruelty, and begged release of his post: "We have gotten as much as is to be had, yet to-morrow do we intend to bring a couple of them on the rack, not in hope to get anything worthy of that pain or fear, but because it is so earnestly commanded unto us."

The confinement of Mary brought on the pains and penalties, heirlooms of the flesh, human suffering. Her physician was excluded until a warrant could be procured, and then no drugs were allowed her.

Mary had commissioned one Bateman with a letter requesting to be allowed to see a Roman priest. Elizabeth sent her in reply a copy of Buchanan's 'Detection,' anonymously printed in London. Mary, utterly disgusted, addressed the court of France requiring its suppression. Elizabeth pretended it had been printed in Scotland, and that she had nothing to do with its publication. A collection of ballads by the Bishop of Ross in his prison was made a Star Chamber matter; traps were laid for her in

her correspondence with the Bishop of Ross, so that she "replied accordingly, writing for the perusal of her un-friends." Burleigh addressed Walsingham, 7th December, 1571:—"Sir Thomas Smith can tell you how straitly the Queen of Scots is kept, having now but ten persons of her own of all sorts. She pretendeth a great fear of her life, and craveth a ghostly father, being Catholic. He can tell you that the queen's Majesty hath plainly notified to the States of Scotland that she will never suffer the Scottish queen to resume the government. And we are in hand to accommodate Lethington and Grange (holding Edinburgh Castle for Queen Mary) and the Regent. The particulars in this matter are rather particular than politic. They in the Castle look to have their lands restored; the other party are greedy to keep what they have catched." So Burleigh to Walsingham!

Shrewsbury wrote to Burleigh, 12th December:—"The Queen eftsoons made great complaint of her sickly state, and that she looked verily to perish thereby . . . without help of medicines, and all because I was not ready to send up her physician's letters unto your lordship, which indeed I refused; for that I perceived her principal drift was and is to have some liberty out of these gates, which in no wise will I consent unto, because I see no small peril therein. I do suffer her to walk upon the leads here, in open air, and in my large dining chamber, and also in this courtyard, so as both I myself and my wife be always in her company, for avoiding all others' talk, either to herself or any of hers."

It was God's will to fill up the measure of iniquity against her oppressors, and Mary did not die by ague, or rheumatic fever, or confinement. Sir Ralph Sadler assumed Shrewsbury's office, whilst the latter, as Lord High Steward, went to preside at Norfolk's trial.

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responded that this was the first word she had heard of such a circumstance or practice having occurred between her rebellious subjects and the Queen of England, and she condemned such practice as disloyal on the part of the boaster thereof.

Elizabeth averred that she had saved Mary in Lochleven Castle from an ignominious death. She also claimed credit for her hospitable entertainment in the house of a great nobleman, and the expenses of her detention in England. Mary responded that she attributed her deliverance to God, and from slaughter by the Earl of Murray to the King of France. With respect to the expenses, she hoped she should not be constrained to eat longer of the bread of the Queen of England against her will. With respect to these expenses, they were solely the household expenditure for food, which enriched the two Shrewsburys, equally miserly in disposition, and who made a purse of money out of their charge. The Earl of Mar stipulated amidst other points, for the sum of these expenses to be transferred to him, as the price of her murder. As Mary could not obtain drugs in her illnesses, and as Elizabeth could not refrain from cavilling at the cost of her entertainment, it is evident peculation was afoot, and the two hundred thousand crowns amassed by the Shrewsburys was probably only a portion of the loss to the exchequer for her lodging, reduced now, as she writes, to sixteen souls.

At this period most of Mary's correspondences were intercepted, quietly and secretly, and she herself kept in ignorance of their interception; whilst Elizabeth acted with all possible secrecy, and thought that her acts and deeds were as those written on the sand, two busy bees were hiving every scrap and letter, endorsing and ticketing them for future times—Burleigh at home, and the King of Spain abroad; and these intercepted and unintercepted

letters now form the basis of our history, and they contain proofs of the complicity of Elizabeth and Burleigh in all the iniquities perpetrated against their hapless prisoner.

The expressions of Mary to La Morte Feneion, on learning the death of Norfolk, are such as truly show the determination of her soul. "I am resolved to die, and have grace and mercy from God alone, who of His goodness made me a sovereign princess. I am resolved to have none of her pardons. She may take away my life, but not the constancy that heaven has granted and fortified within me. I will die *Queen of Scotland*. Posterity will judge on whom the blame will fall." So wrote the royal prisoner whilst new devices were afloat to catch her in her words.

Lord Delawar, Sadler, and two others, were sent down with commission to accuse her of various offences against the *Queen* and the law.

She replied to their written credentials, "We protest, as *Queen of Scotland*, a free and sovereign princess, that we will not submit us to the jurisdiction of the *Queen of England*, nor any other; nor yet recognize any deputies sent towards us by our said good sister, otherwise than as one free prince is accustomed to do to another; but inasmuch as we have the honour to be nearest to her in blood and right of succession after her to this crown, and as far as we have always desired, and do still, to satisfy her, as far as we can without prejudice to our estate, conscience, and honour, we are willing to hear and answer."

The first charge was the assumption of the arms of England when Dauphiness of France. Mary replied, that claim and pretence were made for her by the French king, her father-in-law, in her minority; she had discontinued it at her husband's death, and had always been ready to renounce all claim to the crown of England during the life of the *Queen* and her issue. And be it remarked here, if

the act of the King of France was so exceedingly offensive ; yet he merely copied the presumption and arrogance of our own regal arms, whereon "*Regina Franciæ*" was upon the legend, as the fleurs-de-lis were quartered on the shield. It was the illegitimacy of Elizabeth which was the sting, and her insecure position, more than the assumption of the title, which otherwise would have been as an idle breath of wind.

The treaty of marriage with Norfolk came next.

Mary did not deny it, but averred the matter to be void of crime. Elizabeth herself had formerly proposed him to be her husband ; his deliverance from the Tower had her best wishes, for the goodwill she bore him.

The rebellion of the North was then objected. She protested she knew nothing of it, and even now only by report, —she was no procurer of it.

Her correspondence with Spain, France, and the Pope. She allowed she had ; for restoration to liberty and her country, as she had often warned the Queen of England she would do. She had ordered the Pope's bull to be burned when she saw it : she knew nothing of her friends beyond seas having styled her "the rightful queen of England ;" but sure she was it was never done by her procurement.

The Commissioners took notes of her replies ; she objected that they were but abstracts of that which she had said, and unjust and obscure. They replied that they acted by instruction. Mary remarked, "The greater reason I should be heard by the Queen herself and her estates assembled in Parliament."

Parliament then was passing a bill declaring herself and her posterity incapable to the succession of the English crown. Elizabeth herself, from some heaven-born conscience within her, or perhaps remembering the horrible

results of her father's wills and tamperings with the succession,—perhaps unwilling to give up James, as a set-off to the Huntingdons, Hunsdons, and others,—defeated Burleigh in this his intention by proroguing Parliament.

And here we find Burleigh and Parliament, for a temporary revenge and imaginary gain, willing to perplex futurity by declaring the lawful heir to the monarchy—James the Sixth—incapable of the succession. He who conjoined in his own right the aspirations of centuries, the cessation of border strife, the union of the two crowns, which Providence brought about to the inexpressible benefit of both realms,—him Parliament and Burleigh were willing to have deposed by statute, and to have eternized the national strife.

If the position of England was so ameliorated under the rule of one of the most despotic of queens and unamiable of women, by the quelling of feudal baronial tyranny, or rather the compression of it into her own and sole monarchical hands, which conjoined with the superior tenets of the Protestant to the Papal church, the suppression of the monasteries, and the raising of municipal rule and power; if her very vice of avarice left the money of her subjects to fructify in their pockets; if amidst a series of international acts, Providence ever taking part with England, despite her queen, and her mendacious king-craft; if under these circumstances the position of England was so improved as to cause contentment, on the whole, to her rule—then on the other hand what a gross and incredible blunder was Burleigh committing in attempting to destroy a succession which made this amelioration and happiness Britannic instead of English, which changed the Caterans, and Highlanders, and Borderers from a set of wild wolves into as noble a people as any that is upon earth.

If we compare the state of the Britannic kingdom with

that of Ireland, by her side, we can distinguish at a glance the blessings of the union; that union which we find Burleigh and his colleagues endeavouring to counteract,—counteracted against, themselves, by the spontaneous but inexplicable action of Elizabeth. Providence pursued its course; James succeeded to the united realms, and his sons and grandson paid the last penalties, and proved the last victims of the old and exploded monarchical power transmitted to their hands, which was succeeded by responsible government, and the rule beneath which we live.

As Providence seemed to play into the very hands of Elizabeth, so through life the reverse lot dogged Mary's steps. Three of her house of Guise had fallen at the siege of Orleans in 1563, so now the remainder were implicated in the massacre of St. Bartholomew and that horrible slaughter of the Protestants. John Knox fulminated again; and the odium of these crimes fell on the guiltless head of Mary in the full force of the storm. The Bishop of London proposed, in undisguised words, "forthwith to cut off the Queen of Scots' head."

Again the political idiosyncrasy of Elizabeth prevented the deed. She wished to wash her hands of it and effect it by procuration. The Earl of Mar was to be the hand to perform it; and Mar, as we have already read, had consented, *for a consideration*.

But Morton apparently decreed otherwise. Morton was in Scotland what Elizabeth was in England,—the ruling spirit, with political idiosyncracies of his own. He had received 10,000*l.* for the person of his prisoner Northumberland, who had just suffered death on the scaffold; he was adverse to the yielding up the person of prince James to England. Mar stood alone between him and the possession of Stirling Castle, the regency and the guardianship of the Prince James. Well, Mar died after dining with

him at Dalkeith, discussing these propositions. As there were four Maries friendly through life to their queen, so there were four hostile M's, which classed in order may be roughly ranked thus,—Murray as the knave, Mar as the tool, Maitland as the crafty diplomat, and Morton would fill up the list as the murderer, as he was *par préférence*. Still Morton did not like this office of hangman of Mary, and giver up of James to England; it would have set the tide of affairs too strongly against him,—that tide brought him to the block as it was; still sooner would it have brought him to the popular vengeance, had he not withstood the office sought to be imposed. Therefore Mar fell; therefore Maitland fell—by Morton's practices and poison? God only knows, but

“Who sees the partridge in the puttoch's nest,
And then can doubt how that the bird came there?”

And Morton only refused to act as Elizabeth's hangman because he chose in that matter she should enact that part herself.

Instructions at this time sent by Burleigh to Shrewsbury, bid him, in Elizabeth's name, “to use some speech to the Queen of Scots in this sort,” namely, the above accusations; “And so in this sort her Majesty would have you tempt her patience to provoke her to answer somewhat.” Even so did the Pharisees try to provoke our blessed Saviour in his talk.

The Earl of Shrewsbury replied, that he held her in safe keeping enough, and that no speech should be had with her by any one.

Plots still continued, irrespective of the royal prisoner. One in France, to cease the Huguenot persecution, and to concentrate their power for aiding the Scot cause. Another of three learned scholars, with speculæ of gold—talismans. What Burleigh did with them and their plates of gold is

unrecorded. And her boxes were opened, and head-dresses sent to her from France abstracted : they sought for writings, and intercepted her head-tires.

On the 29th May, 1573, Edinburgh Castle fell to the English forces, under Sir William Drury.

Then fell Maitland, poisoned, or by his own hand or by Morton's practice ; Morton feared and avoided his death-bed confessions. In a letter to Cecil, thirteen years prior, he had recorded that Mary "was a princess so gentle and benign, and whose behaviour hath been always such towards her subjects, that wonder it is that any could be found so ungracious as once to think evil of her." Whatever devil tempted him to act the traitor's part towards her, as we have read, he died in the like sentiments as he had begun.

It is remarkable that the illegitimate sister, the wife of Argyre, the Countess of Home, Lady Kirkaldy, and Lady Lethington, were captured in the castle, friends to Queen Mary. The remorseless cruelty of Morton to the women in the castle caused an appeal from Maitland himself to Mary for interposition in their behalf. Poor Mary ! nobody was listening to the voice of mercy : the demon of plunder was again abroad,—the remaining jewels, the regalia ; and the rack to recover them from the plunderers.

On the 3rd August Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange, the gallant and true-hearted soldier, the foe of Bothwell, died the friend of Mary, on the scaffold at the market cross of Edinburgh,—another victim to her cause, and another pen to record her praises. He wrote a political poem, "a caustic rhyme" upon her foes and calumniators ; rugged and honest rhyme, deeply imbued with his respect for his abused queen. Hatred of the bastard clique, who had disgraced him and denied his soldierly word at Carberry Hill, was a strong personal impulse added to the revived sense of right.

Shrewsbury informed Mary of the fall of her fortress of

Edinburgh, and the loss of her friends; tempting her patience, averring it as a gracious act of Elizabeth towards herself and her son. She replied to Elizabeth herself,—“When I perceived they took pleasure in speaking more of it to me than was intended for my consolation, I plainly refused to converse on the subject, that I might not furnish pastime for any one with my irremediable woe, nor give cause to them to misrepresent my words.”

Knocked down and overwhelmed with grief, her health gave way. Rheumatic and neuralgic spasms adding their physical to her mental pains, she desired to try the Buxton waters; and Burleigh transmitted the queen's assent, though tardily granted. She recovered there her health and spirits sufficiently to write a poem in French, translated by Mr. Thomas Lesley, servant to the Bishop of Ross, into English rhymes; the sentiments are worthy of a Greek chorus.

On the 8th November, 1573, Mary was removed from Chatsworth to the safe durance of Sheffield Castle, by desire of Elizabeth. Worldly affairs firstly engrossed her there: the distribution of her dower money from France, of which the Bishop of Ross was to receive 500 crowns; and an appeal to Elizabeth to cause Morton to regorge the heirloom jewels taken in Edinburgh Castle; and, lastly, her reiterated passionate maternal appeals; “I am in great distress at not having any tidings of my son. He is all I have in the world, and the older I grow the more foolish mother do I become, in which, however, I think I may be pardoned; and being deprived of the sight of him, if at least I can be assured of his health, my ills would be half alleviated, and I could bear my afflictions more easily.”

I imagine Mary dreaded the murderer Morton as the guardian of her son. I imagine that to have been one cause of her having agreed before to his residence in Eng-

land, as a security against him who ruled the destinies of Scotland even whilst Mar was Regent. However that may be, the appeal to her "who had no children" issued in fresh accusations of the most trivial sort,—of unbefitting words, and evil practices, &c.—concocted charges. Mary replied very indignantly to Elizabeth, that she was falsely accused, and refused to answer the deputation, and the charge fell; only she was denied open-air exercise, in revenge.

Another circumstance galled Elizabeth to the quick. Her old suitor, Henry of Anjou, now elected the king of Poland, and in love with the captive queen, had applied to the Pope for a dispensation to enable him to marry her, his brother's widow: an union to which Mary herself would never assent. He was soon after Henry III. of France.

The interim until 1574 was spent in needlework, worked for Elizabeth, and works of kindness to all who had claims on her; and her domestic captivity was cheered by the conscious integrity and innocence of her heart.

In 1574 a project was devised for liberating the prince James from Morton's hands and sending him to the King of Spain for safety. James was now eight years old, with precocious intellect. Lady Mar still had him in her keeping at Stirling, and Buchanan was his tutor. George Douglas was the deviser, but it did not succeed.

Lord Charles Lennox, brother to Darnley, married Elizabeth Cavendish, daughter of the Countess of Shrewsbury, at Sheffield Castle. As Lord Charles was next in the line of the regal succession of England, this broke the vials of Elizabeth's wrath: Lady Lennox and Lady Shrewsbury were committed to the Tower, and Mary was held to be accessory to the treason; but a main cause of displeasure was the proof of reconciliation of the Countess of Lennox and Mary. They both considered the person of Prince James unsafe in the hands of his father's murderer, Morton;

but these committals to the Tower interfered with the project to liberate him. Mary tried, in her captivity, a thousand ways to please and soothe her royal sister. She worked the needlework, had sweetmeats from France, sent her a beautiful coif of reseil worked by herself; and in return she had leave for a gentleman of hers, Mr. Hamilton, to visit Scotland, who cheered her heart by telling her that which she expresses thus, "My son loves me much." Her fears of Morton and Buchanan, and her ignorance of the tenets in which the Countess of Mar had embued her son's mind, weighed wearily upon the poor captive's maternal heart. However it came to him, whether intuitively or otherwise, James appears ever to have held his mother in love and honour. He felt his own captivity; he lived in fear of being taken off by "practice," and such fellow-feeling may have linked him in heart to his unknown parent, whose captivity was chequered by passing events equally as would have been her freedom. An earthquake shook Sheffield Castle to its very base, 26th Feb., 1575. She, with bolted doors, and in danger of being buried in the ruins, was held there; her escape, and not her death, being the sole object troubling the Earl of Shrewsbury. She heard then of the death of the Cardinal of Lorraine and of the Duke of Chatelherault, two staunch friends; and of the marriage of Henry III. of France with a cousin of her house of Lorraine; whilst that which gave her satisfaction gave the opposite feeling of dissatisfaction to Elizabeth, evinced at this juncture by rejection of the present of three nightcaps, the needlework of the captive. However, the French ambassador combatted the refusal, and succeeded; whilst Mary obtained the boon of a holiday at Buxton waters, whither Burleigh followed with crippled joints to try their efficacy upon his chronic gout. But Elizabeth heard of it with her usual ebullition of

wrath, and sent him her peremptory order to return home; and as Mary likewise alters her tone in her correspondence more favourably to Burleigh, perhaps the foresight of Elizabeth, in her worldly wisdom, was not uncalled for.

Here, too, an acceptable present, gratefully preserved and inventoried by Mary, reached her from her mother-in-law, the Countess of Lennox, worked, in her captivity in the Tower; "a little square of hair-point"—"*ouvré par la vieille Comtesse de Lennox, elle étant in la Tour*"—valuable as affording convincing proof, besides her affectionate letters to Mary, that she well knew that Mary was not the murderess of her son Darnley. "I beseech your Majesty, fear not, but trust in God that all shall be well: the treachery of your traitors is known better than before." And the unfortunate Arabella Stuart being then born to her son, Lord Charles Lennox, the grandmother utters a prayer, "that she may one day serve her." Ill-fated race! Arabella's lot differed very little from Mary's; nor was it the dogma of "right divine" which caused her perpetual imprisonment, but a curse which apparently hung over their gifted and fascinating race, like that of the Thyestæan demon over the house of Agamemnon.

Mary herself was haunted by that curse, when she in season and out of season urged her right divine to be declared and recognised as the heiress of the English throne. The Normans in England had reigned by right of might: the Saxon line acknowledged the right, but asserted the might.

"King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence.
May the ground gape and swallow me alive
When I shall kneel to him who slew my father."

The Tudors claimed the right to nominate their heirs, and interesting and instructive is the moral lesson of

Henry VIII.'s Acts of Parliament and wills; nominating and excluding at his will from the succession, pronouncing illegitimacy at his will during life, to be utterly disregarded at his decease. Edward VI. played the same absurd game of willing and bequeathing the throne. Mary died under an equal impression: she would have granted the throne to Philip of Spain. Elizabeth held the like tenets, but was unable ever to bring her mind to a point; and, happily for her memory, she died uncommitted to the nonsense expressed in her father's wills, and James succeeded by right divine and the willing assent of two realms; and although some more victims were due to the block and the Tower from their consanguinity with the reigning tyrant, yet the realm had peace thereafter from that cause of rebellion, and its choir of victims, like Ladies Jane and Catherine Grey and Arabella Stuart.

This claim was enforced on Elizabeth by the reiterated demand of Mary. Elizabeth professed ignorance on the right of succession, and summoned her council and required them, for conscience' sake and their fealty, to inform her who was the true heir to succeed her. The adjuration was strong, but the dread of answering a despot queen was stronger. The Council excused themselves from answering. Elizabeth again conjured them to speak the truth without fear. This conversation ensued:—*Council*: "Madam, this realm was neither acquired by the king your father, yourself, nor any other who could desire to do wrong to those to whom nature gives it." *Elizabeth*: "I demand who ought to succeed me?" *Council*: "King Henry, your father, had one son and two daughters, who have succeeded one after the other; and he had two sisters, the eldest of whom ought to inherit after them." *Elizabeth*: "Ha! the eldest was married into Scotland. Is then the Queen of Scotland my heiress?" *Council*: "It appears so to us." *Elizabeth*:

"I have no wish to learn anything more about it;" and addressing Leicester and Walsingham, she observed: "I see plainly that all will now make court to her who will be my successor; for it is the fashion to forsake the old and to worship the rising sun."

Alas! how changed from that Elizabeth who told the Archbishop of York in 1559, "that she would serve the Lord," and has now sold herself to Moloch and Mammon, who are preying upon her repose; whilst Mary, with wind tempered to the shorn lamb, was reconciling herself, and regaining her peace of mind in captivity.

Numerous episodes might be inserted here of her domestic and foreign relations: the death of her secretary Roullet, who made Mary his heir; the appointment of Jacques Nau, probably at the instigation of Cecil, in his stead; the visit of her old physician Lusquerie; the hatred of Catherine de Medicis, and the unavailing love of Henry III. Nau, the new secretary, reproached the Bishop of Glasgow for inducing him to undertake the duties of his office, where he declared he lived worse off than a state prisoner in the Bastile; and Lusquerie was shocked at the rigour of the captivity and restraints of his royal mistress.

And now died James Earl of Bothwell, 14th April, 1578,—imprisoned in Denmark by Frederic II. as a felon, on his own confession, as a murderer and regicide. When Mary heard of it she addressed the Archbishop of Glasgow, "I am informed of the death of the Earl of Bothwell, and that before his death he made full confession of his sins, and acknowledged himself guilty of the assassination of the late king my husband, of which he exonerated me most expressly, swearing my innocence of it. I entreat you to inquire into the truth of it by all possible means." A month passed away; the Archbishop, in want of funds, carried on the inquiry through the French ambassador at

Copenhagen: he mentioned the destitution of the funds; Mary raised 500 crowns, and deputed Monceaux to Denmark, but that worthy pocketed the cash as due and owing to him previously. Nevertheless the attested copy of Bothwell's confession, attested by the Danish bishop and nobles in whose presence it was made, was sent to Catherine de Medicis, to Queen Elizabeth, and to Queen Mary. That confession—made to the Bishop of Schonen, who exhorted him to name his accomplices—named James, Earl of Murray, Lord Robert his brother, Argyle, husband of their sister, Crawford, Glencairn, Morton, Boyd, Maitland, Buccleugh, and Grange. Duplicates of the confession were sent by the King of Denmark as above, sealed with his seal; but the document is not forthcoming, and is consequently not credited by those who are hostile to Queen Mary. Miss Strickland ferrets out that a copy was extant in the royal library of St. James's in the middle of the last century, as Mr. Hamilton in his 'Observations on Buchanan' makes a quotation from it, indicating that he had seen it. The state manuscript papers and their custody have since become subject of public scandal, and that they have been lost and destroyed is no matter of marvel; but there are several copies of the confession taken from a version given from memory "by a merchant worthy of credit, who was present when it was uttered by the said Earl." Mr. Burton adds some testimony of the person of Bothwell,—in the Library of the Antiquaries, Edinburgh, a picture caught his eye; it was the portrait of Bothwell's head as painted by Otto Bache, when the embalmed body was disinterred in 1861. Aquiline nose, high cheekbones, a Scotch face of plebeian type, one eye seemed injured, the other closed; it was that of an ugly Scotsman. Although this testimony of the tomb, after three centuries of burial, would of itself be nought, yet in confirmation of

his rude person and his blindness, it is remarkable as corroborating the history of his ill-favouredness as given us by Sir James Melville.

Keith records that Prince James overheard Tullibardine and others eagerly reading the confession in Stirling Castle; that he overheard, left his studies, and insisted on seeing the paper they were reading. Tullibardine refusing, James snatched it from him, read it carefully, and gave it back without comment. The boy was animated that day, and Tullibardine commended him for his cheerful deportment. "Have I not reason, Tullibardine, to be so. Very grievous accusations and calumnies having been all along impressed upon me against her Majesty the Queen, my mother, that I have this day seen so manifest a testimony of her innocence." This anecdote was transmitted by the Bishop of Glasgow to Mary, gladdening her heart; and James, in after years, at Hampton Court, declared in reference to her traducers, "For fifteen years I was among them, but not of them; how they treated that poor lady, my mother, is only too well known." And Sir Richard Baker, a contemporary writer, declares that Buchanan "repented him extremely" of his former calumnies; a repentance which I fully believe in, for it was almost morally sure to have come to him on remembering the fate of his fellow conspirators, and how Providence had annulled their machinations in the intended results. James was king of the United Kingdom by right divine and popular acclamation, "and the land had peace for forty years;" which, to judge from the Hebrew history, is the maximum time allotted as a term of national peace, to be broken in this case by a new phase of rebellion and national progress, and another noblest victim of the House of Stewart, to the errors of his forefathers, upon the unrelenting altar of Rhamnusia.

Another testimony never to be omitted is that of the mother of Darnley, Lady Lennox. She retained Fowler and Nelson and Nelson's wife in her service to the day of her death; and her intercepted letters prove her dread of Morton and her love of the captive queen and of her grandchild James. But the confession of Bothwell was high treason at Edinburgh. Morton cast the Laird of Gartley, a loyal servant of Mary's, into prison for having mentioned the fact of the confession in 1577.

The occupations of Elizabeth in 1577 were full of jealousy, and speak not for the purity of her court. She forbade Leicester to visit Buxton and its bevy of English beauties there. And Mary occupied herself in making her will, now in our British Museum. It must be confessed, her will touches more on the Tudor practice than on that of the right divine, which she had so often, in and out of season, urged as her own right.

She appointed James her heir, with all her rights to the crowns of England and Scotland, provided he reverted to the Church of Rome; but if he persisted in Calvinistic heresy, she transfers the rights to the Earl of Darnley or to Lord Claud Hamilton, reversing the order of their right of succession, but leaving the decision to the Dukes of Lorraine and Guise. She left to Arabella, now an orphan, the Earldom of Lennox (James's own possession), and she enjoined him to obey her will in that particular. James repaid it by perpetual imprisonment of the poor victim. Surely it was time to ejaculate, "Preserve me from royal wills!" There are codicils in favour of Lady Lennox, and revocations of all gifts to Morton. She recommends the son of Lord John of Coldingham and his wife, Bothwell's sister, Jean Hepburn, to succeed to the property of the Earl of Bothwell, his uncle, "because he is of my blood, my godson, and was left to my guardianship by his father."

Projects for liberating James from the hands of Morton occupied her in 1577, with the co-operation of the Countess of Lennox, who dreaded Morton equally, not without cause. But in the spring of 1578 James turned the tables, and deposed Morton, despised and hated by the majority of the Lords, who anxiously desired the liberation and return of their queen. It was but a momentary success. The young Earl of Mar, holding Stirling and the young prince, took part with Morton, who resumed his sway from Stirling Castle, where the murderer made more victims.

The Earl of Athole, Lord Chancellor to James, was the head of these attempts against Morton. In 1579 a signal for a general rising was given. Athole, at the head of 7000 men, appeared at Falkirk, where Morton's troops were commanded by the Earl of Angus. Sir George Bowes, the English envoy, prevailed on them to negotiate instead of fighting. An amicable treaty was adjusted, and a coalition government arranged. Morton gave the banquet; and, as with the Earl of Mar at Dalkeith, so Athole and his friend Montrose were poisoned. Both left Stirling precipitately, and hastened to Kincardine Castle, where Athole expired, loudly asserting he was poisoned. Montrose recovered. The body of Atholl was opened, and the doctors disagreed. One touched the stomach with his tongue, an experiment which nearly killed him. Athole had been Mary's foe in former years, but time and events had proved her innocence and integrity. After his death his widowed Countess requested permission, with her daughter, to share the captivity of Mary,—a proposal proving her opinion of her queen. She had been present at Holyrood at the masque and ball on the night of Darnley's murder. Mary eagerly accepted Lady Athole's offer, and Elizabeth, entreated to permit it, peremptorily refused.

James was kept a strict prisoner, but the secretary Nau

having permission to visit him, gave a heartrending account to Mary of his miserable state of captivity, and the danger he was in of his life, in the hands of Morton. Mary addressed Elizabeth in her maternal grief, and Elizabeth replied, ignoring them altogether, and making a counter complaint of the contemptuous manner in which the Queen of Scots had spoken of the Duke of Anjou, her suitor; and Mary, in reply, protested the report proceeded from some malevolent falsifier. Elizabeth carried her enmity to a point which will be execrated by maternal breasts. James had written his mother an affectionate letter, still in existence in the State Paper Office. It was intercepted, and withheld from her. The only palliation is again that ejaculated by Macduff, "He has no children."

Elizabeth extended her unnatural feelings even to disallow the presence of the children of the Earl of Shrewsbury with him. He was full of complaints at this time, probably wearied with twelve years of jailorship, and whilst he is believed to have made a good purse from his royal charge, he bitterly complained of his losses. Apparently, too, there is an universal disregard to Elizabeth's commands, where they can be evaded, which she complained of, and had no power to control.

And now, on the last day of the year 1580, Captain James Stewart of Ochiltree denounced Morton at the Council Board as the murderer of Darnley. Morton affected to treat the charge with contempt, and urged the rigour with which he had prosecuted the murderers. Stuart rejoined: "How did that pretended zeal agree with his patronage of Archibald Douglas—that most infamous of men, and actor in the tragedy, now promoted to the highest seat of justice?" Morton, unable to reply, drew his sword, but they were separated by the Lords Lindsay and Cathcart, and Morton was placed under arrest. Archibald Douglas

fled to England, where, as a Scotch traitor, he was sure of an asylum and welcome. Elizabeth interposed in favour of the murderer Morton, by cajolery and by threats, both equally futile.

Mary heard of it, and addressed the Bishop of Glasgow, stating that an invasion of 10,000 men had been resolved on in aid of Morton, and urging the removal of the prince to Dumbarton Castle. Also she granted a commission, appointing the Duke of Guise, Lieutenant-General of Scotland, to negotiate a treaty with the Scotch nobles on behalf of herself and son; which document was intercepted by Burleigh, and resulted in the removal of Mary from Sheffield and the custody of the Shrewsburys, to Ashby-de-la-Zouch and the custody of her rival and dreaded foe, Huntingdon. A brutal order for her removal, despite of sickness, was committed to Sir Ralph Sadler, Sir Henry Neville, and Sir William Pelham. Mary was seriously ill, and in bed; and the above-named gentlemen denounced and refused compliance with the order. Her life was not only in danger from her fever, but also from the English policy. Walsingham had written to Randolph, "that if a hair of Morton's head were touched, it should cost the Scottish queen her life;" but in defiance of England and Elizabeth, Morton suffered on the block for being "art and part of the murder of Henry Darnley." He was decapitated by "the Maiden," brought by himself from Halifax, in Yorkshire.

His confession is in strict accordance with the confession of Bothwell. Bothwell had promised him to produce Mary's assent, which was the mode in which he cajoled him; whilst Morton confessed his guilty knowledge, and the complicity of Archibald Douglas in the deed, whom he had raised to highest favour. He apparently quailed under the cross-questioning to which he was subjected. His inter-

jaculatory rejoinders can only be accepted with their contexts. "Why did he not acquaint Darnley?"—"What use? he was besotted, and would have told Mary."—"Trouble me no more; I am now to prepare for death, and cannot write in the state in which I am." He died with fortitude. "The last," says Sir Walter Scott, "of those terrible Douglasses, whose talents and courage rendered them the pride of their country, but whose ambition was often its scourge."

Elizabeth was scared by the success of James, now in his fifteenth year. She sent Beale, the clerk of the council, to Mary, to cajole her with lies and promises of freedom. Her messenger was shocked at the prostrate condition to which the once beautiful queen was reduced. He advised Burleigh to relax the rigour, and allow her out-of-door exercise in the coach presented to her by the French ambassador. His mission to induce her with promises of freedom not to abdicate in favour of James was successful.

In 1582 he made a second visit, instructed further to beguile her with false hopes and promises. But James was acting thoroughly independently, and setting Elizabeth at defiance, refusing to allow her messenger to enter Scotland—who, he affirmed, was a notorious agitator—to excite sedition amongst his subjects.

And now occurred another instance to be added to those of centuries of kidnapping. The denouncer of Morton, Captain Stewart, was created Earl of Arran, and ruled in Morton's stead; but so unpopularity, that plots were formed against him and his patron James.

23rd August, 1582, the Earl of Gowrie invited James to hunt at his Castle of Ruthven, where were the Earl of Mar, Lord Lindsay, and the Tutor of Glamis, friends of old to Morton and the English faction, who made James prisoner and took possession of the government; Lennox

was banished and Arran imprisoned. James—with whom cunning supplied the place of Scotch daring—made a visit to St. Andrew's, to see the castle; entered therein, he caused the gates to be shut, and excluded the above-named lords, perpetrators of "the Raid of Ruthven," as his capture was called. The king's forces rallied. Gowrie fought it out, was beaten, captured, and executed at Stirling, 4th May, 1584. The other rebels took refuge, as usual, in England.

June, 1583, Mary was taken to Worksop in Nottinghamshire, for the summer, but returned to Sheffield. The Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury quarrelled and separated; and in 1584, August 25th, Mary was transferred from the Earl's custody to that of a commission composed of Sir Ralph Sadler, Sir Henry Mildmay, and Mr. Somers.

On the 2nd September she quitted Sheffield for ever, and was taken to Wingfield Manor. During the journey she discoursed freely, as was her wont to do, with Mr. Somers; which he detailed, as her keepers were wont to do, to Burleigh and Walsingham. Mary's exceeding openness of character and fearlessness of speech—the result really of noblest innocence and charity which thinks no harm itself—caused these one-sided reports, cooked up to show the zeal and cleverness of the writers. They ought to be read in that light, as cooked-up dialogues; but in none of them does Mary appear otherwise than she was, namely, a lady and a queen. And although these worthies were so prompt themselves to detail after their own pleasure the private conversations, they refused to be the bearers or the transmitters of letters from Mary herself to Elizabeth. Shrewsbury, after fifteen years of keepership, parted from her at Wingfield Manor for London, but declined to carry her letters. However, in his interview with Elizabeth, who taunted him with being "half fig, half raisin," whatever that may mean, he bore this noble testimony of his late royal

charge, in reply to Elizabeth's commands for his opinion :— " I believe that if the Queen of Scots promise anything, she will not break her word ; " and when Elizabeth was next pressed for money for the banished Scotch rebel lords, she replied, " I would much rather confide in the faith of the Queen of Scots, than embroil myself any more in their seditions." It was a miserable blunder on her part when, twenty-four years prior, she sent Murray the 3000*l.* which was captured from Ormiston by Bothwell, and which she was obliged falsely to disown as hers ; and fatally she proceeded in a like system of subsidising the rebels, in order to keep Scotland in trouble. Plots and scandals, in which Mary was an ignorant subject, filled up the year. It was resolved in November to send her back to Tutbury. Sadler appears to have hated his charge equally with Shrewsbury. On the 13th January, 1585, she quitted Wingfield for Tutbury, which was unfurnished and dilapidated. Mary addressed Burleigh in vain, and again fell ill. As the spring advanced, she rallied, and rode on horseback, hawking ; but when Elizabeth's displeasure was expressed, it was intimated in reply that Mary's life would be taken in case of a supposititious rescue ; so really these rides were fraught with danger of life to her.

Sir Amyas Paulet took the office of keeper, in lieu of Sadler and Somers. The charges of her captivity were screwed down to 1500*l.* a year. Her captivity was made as wretched and irksome as it could be made by wretched accommodation and refusal to permit her willing friends to join her captivity. The remonstrances of the French ambassador caused a change of residence to Chartley Castle, which was effected on Christmas Eve ; and, whilst there, a trap was laid by Walsingham to procure letters from her. She was induced to believe that the Burton brewer, the tool of a spy, one Gifford, would smuggle

letters for her in a barrel, and carry others forth in a like way; and, by this chivalrous means, Walsingham possessed himself of correspondence which does not appear much to have availed him.

In 1585 the Holy League was signed, to exclude Henry IV. from the French throne. Mary refused to have aught to do with it, disapproving of it. Another domestic trouble fell heavily on her spirit. James, her son, finding his rule shackled by the non-adoption of the title of king, as conferred by the Scots upon him, assumed it, in contravention of the political dogma, so tenaciously held by Mary—that she was the queen by birth, and that she would die the Queen of Scots. This dogma was a great hindrance to James, and he was obliged of necessity to throw it off; and although politically he was right in assuming the title, so firming his hold on the throne, it was a bitter defection in the eyes of his mother, who held so tenaciously to her presumed divine rights.

We now approach the last and fatal plot urged in favour of Mary; and a baser, more traitorous page in history may be sought in vain, than that instituted by Walsingham to ensnare the captive queen. Walsingham laid the plot. Three priests were to visit one Morgan, to lure him into their band, to seek the death of Elizabeth, and the re-establishment of the Roman Church. Gifford, the spy, is made the go-between, and visited the queen, bearer of a letter from Morgan. The Burton brewer was the medium, and Walsingham got the whole correspondence. Then one Cherelles visited Mary ostensibly with letters from the King of France, really to obtain keys to the ciphers which baffled the clerks of Walsingham. The Bishop of Glasgow wrote to tell her that Cherelles was Walsingham's tool. His letter of course was intercepted, and exists still among those letters. Next, John Savage, and another, John

Ballard, fanatics, took vows to assassinate Elizabeth, and Morgan approved their vow. One Charles Paget introduced these fanatic priests to the Spanish ambassador, who approved the plot, which was nevertheless to be executed without the knowledge of the Queen of Scots. Morgan and Paget were peremptory on that point, and stipulated expressly that Ballard should not introduce himself to her attention, nor seek to hold communication with her in any way. These conspirators addressed themselves to a young enthusiast, Anthony Babington, from whom the conspiracy has its historic name of the Babington conspiracy, who was ready to dare and to do aught to break the bonds of Mary. Five others, all Roman Catholics, and all gentlemen of family, entered the conspiracy with him. Madmen all; and their proceedings were as crazy as their brains. Letters passed from Morgan through the spy Gifford, all which went duly through Walsingham's office. Babington wrote through Pooley, another spy; and Babington's letter is supposed to have been delivered to Mary six days after its date by the Burton brewer's cask, where Phillips, the decipherer of Walsingham's office, had been waiting four days expecting it. Nau, Mary's secretary, returned a letter in cipher to Babington, promising an answer in three days.

Mary's own genuine letters of these dates prove that she was utterly ignorant of all these machinations, which she would have denounced had they been proposed to her; as she ever refused joining in rebellious plots, drawing a distinction between them and foreign aid from her fellow kings in her favour. That Nau was a waverer in his loyalty there is no doubt: discontented with his post, with his pay, and thwarted by Mary in his rascally addresses to "Bess Pierpoint," a young lady whom he enchanted, he turned traitor to his mistress, if he were not even before this time a creature of Walsingham's; and accordingly we

find him in his pay and the recipient of 70*l.* 10*s.* 2*d.* secret service money in 1584. Mary writes to the French ambassador, "Try, if you please, to find out what the real errand is of a gentleman of the name of Phillips, who has been sojourning here within the last month, and is treated with much consideration and deference." And whilst Mary penned that query on the 17th July, Phillips and Nau were concocting ciphered letters to Morgan. Seven long letters were produced on her trial, alleged to have been written on this identical day, "equal in length," says Miss Strickland, "to fifty pages of this volume;" and that they were put into cipher by her two secretaries, Nau and Curle, from her minutes in French. The whole was a damnable plot, clumsy as plots ever are and will be, but it sufficed the purpose wished; for Curle had wedded one Barbara Mowbray, by the queen's consent, and she had presented them with 2000 crowns as a marriage gift, which stirred the bile of Nau, who, when he was prevented in his conquest of Miss Pierrepont, cherished thoughts of hatred and ill-will.

What Mary authorised in reply to the Babington letters, received through the brewer's cask, and replied to by the like means, it is impossible by evidence to solve; but read and weighed in the spirit of loyalty, which, to friendly minds, pervaded Mary's conduct, even in hard captivity, she would have sanctioned all means to effect her own escape; and if assassination or rebellion had been proposed, she would have, as theretofore, refused all consent or connivance in the matter.

Mary was passing her captivity in embroidery and in drawing up an inventory of her labours in that art, when she was invited by Sir A. Paulet, her keeper, on the 8th August, 1586, to an airing on horseback, which she willingly accepted. She rode, attended by her two secre-

taries and train, but strongly escorted, by direction of Sir Amyas, towards Tixall Park. They had not advanced far before they were met by a company of horsemen, commanded by Sir Thomas Gorges, who rode forward, and told her that "in consequence of the discovery of her share in a horrible conspiracy against the life of the queen, his sovereign, his orders were to conduct her to Tixall." Mary's queenly spirit could not tamely brook this insult. She indignantly denied the accusation, and expostulated in vain.

Nau and Curle were instantly arrested and forced away. She was passively led by Paulet to Tixall, three miles from Chartley, the seat of Sir Walter Aston, and confined in utter solitude for seventeen days without pen, ink, or paper, without attendance, without any authorised change of apparel. It was a similar barbarity as when she was locked up in the Black Turnpike, unwashed, uncombed, after a day of battle and dreadful misery. No hand in her own kingdom had alleviated her madness on that dreadful night: we cannot believe that in an English mansion, for seventeen days, no ministering hand alleviated her misery; but no record remains of that period at Tixall. Meantime at Chartley all was busy, raiding and ransacking her desks and drawers. Commissioners did that deed, with orders to transmit all to Elizabeth. They found—let us enumerate the articles found; few and of small value were the remaining rings and trinkets; the cordons of unequalled pearls, had been long Elizabeth's very own by mock purchase. There was a small toy, given by herself to Mary; there was her own miniature; another of the old Countess of Lennox; a little book of gold, with portraits of Francis II. and his mother; and the united miniatures of Mary, Darnley, and Prince James. Such were the trophies of guilt and hatred ransacked from her home at Chartley.

The papers were sent to Elizabeth. Letters of many an

English peer, with professions of respect and affection; doubtless the versified treatise of Leslie, by herself, and the prose treatise on the mutability of fortune; her sonnets and mottoes and allegories, the solace of her hours of captivity; also many—and oh, how useless!—different ciphers, one of which had been employed in addressing Norfolk, which he was too indolent to learn to decipher. They were the proofs of ingenuity and industry, badly bestowed, not of deep king-craft and Elizabethan machinations of the spirit; but not one thing was found that could be or was produced against her—all was as pure, as innocent, as intellectual, and as beautiful as herself.

On the 25th August she was re-conducted to Chartley. Sir Amyas Paulet escorted her back, but spoke not a word. He declared that he never intended to speak to her again. Sir Walter Aston and other gentlemen accompanied her. To them she addressed herself, and to the poor coming for accustomed charity. "Alas! I have nothing for you; all has been taken from me: I am as much a beggar as yourselves."

On arriving at Chartley she hurried to see Curle's wife, lately brought to bed, and console her on her husband's abduction. She asked Paulet to allow his minister to baptise the child. He refused, and she baptised the child herself by her name of Mary. She then proceeded to her chamber, and saw its raided emptiness. She passionately exclaimed, "There are two things of which I cannot be robbed—my English blood and my Catholic faith, in which, by the grace of God, I intend to die."

The commissioners had left her money untouched. Not so her keeper, Sir Amyas Paulet. He applied to Walsingham; a magistrate attended, and her money was taken from her—5000 French crowns, 104*l.* in gold, 3*l.* in silver. In Nau's apartment two bags of 900*l.* and 286*l.*, and a chain

of gold; in Curle's chamber the 2000 crowns presented on his marriage. They were all delivered to the magistrate in the name of the queen. Sir Thomas Bagot appears to have been shocked at the process, and Paulet to have revelled in it, by his own showing, in his existing report of the seizure. And after seizure of her small treasure, they dispersed its recipients, her remaining servants. Poor soul! she poured out her misery and the assurance of her innocence to the Duc de Guise in an existing letter. She writes: "They say they have captured certain letters to one Babington, and to Charles Paget and his brother, which testify this conspiracy, and that Nau and Curle have acknowledged it. I replied that my secretaries could not have done so unless they had been compelled by the force of torture to say more than they knew." She ends with predicting her own taking off, and prays for their prayers, and to have her body removed and interred in hallowed ground, at St. Denis, or at Rheims by the side of her mother. Nau and Curle were conducted to Walsingham, and held in durance—Nau outrageously in love with his lost damsel, who apparently had been committed to the Tower for her safe custody. Nau's passion is quite an episode, and brings up on the scene old forgotten traitors. Archibald Douglas, who, hearing of his ravings of love, observed, "he should have thought that Nau had somewhat else to think about than love." Fourteen of Babington's conspirators had been found guilty; seven were executed, out down, disembowelled, and quartered alive, in the sight of the captive secretaries. The next day the second batch were executed; and Nau and Curle were then hauled before Burleigh and Hatton, who got what they considered sufficient without racking. Their admissions are vague, notwithstanding; and Nau, who appears to have been a zealous, headstrong man, rebellious even to Burleigh, wrote

a long declaration or memorial, exonerating himself and his royal mistress from ever having practised on Queen Elizabeth's life. This letter he succeeded in getting delivered to Elizabeth's own hands, with a supplication for his own liberty, and she showed them to Burleigh, irate exceedingly to find such wheel within wheel. The memorial is endorsed by him, "Nau's long declaration of things of no importance, sent privately to Queen's Majesty,"—wonderful propensity of hoarding and docketting, to arise in futurity against his mistress and himself.

On the 25th Sept., 1586, Mary was taken from Chartley to Fotheringay Castle, her last earthly removal. It had been the prison of Catherine of Arragon and of Edward Courtenaye, Elizabeth's suitor. Mary resisted in words, but closed with the prophetic word "*Perio*," I perish. The lane is called to to-day Peri-lane. Mary was tried by a commission appointed under a special Act of Parliament of the 27th Elizabeth, "for trial of offences committed against that statute either by Mary, daughter and heiress of James V., late King of Scotland, or any other person whatever." Let us pass over a scene disgraceful in our annals, cruel to peruse, and devoid of decency or justice in its execution. It is exemplified by nothing better than the fable of the Wolf and the Lamb. Sir Walter Scott remarks, the evidence which was brought to convict the Queen of Scotland was such as would not now affect the life of the meanest criminal; yet the commission had the cruelty and meanness to declare Mary guilty of having been accessory to Babington's conspiracy, and the Parliament of England approved of and ratified this iniquitous sentence. Sir James Macintosh remarks, it is impossible to read without admiration, in the minute records of the trial, the self-possessed, prompt, clear, and sagacious replies by which this forlorn woman defended herself against the most expert

lawyers and politicians of the age, who, instead of examining her as judges, pressed her with the unscrupulous ingenuity of enemies. Be it further remarked, that the record is taken solely from the proceedings of the commission, and her enemies.

Only thirty-four of the forty-six commissioners could be induced to act. Twelve receded from the base duty, which was put in force with brutality and threats. They entered her presence, like rabid wolves, in relays, but they were ever baffled by her heroic deportment, dignity, and self-possession. She asked them by what authority they were proceeding. "By the authority of our commission and the Common law of England," was their reply. "If you proceed by the Common law of England, you must produce precedents of like cases and custom," replied Mary. The commissioners had a false plea to uphold, and Mary had truth on her side; and the civilians were baffled in every point by the lone and captive woman. They resorted to intimidation. "Your commission," she repeated, "is founded on a recent law, framed expressly for my destruction; and my heart is too full of courage to derogate from the kings of Scotland, my progenitors, by owning the authority of the Crown of England." This reply, transmitted to Elizabeth, brought back the following letter from her:—"You have, in various ways and manners, attempted to take my life, and bring my kingdom to destruction by bloodshed. I have never proceeded harshly against you, but, on the contrary, protected and maintained you like myself. These treasons will be proved to you, and all made manifest. Yet it is my will that you answer the nobles and peers of the kingdom as if I myself were present. I therefore require, charge, and command, that you make answer; for I have been well informed of your arrogance. Act candidly, and you will receive the greater favour of me."

Hatton assailed her on this plea: "If you are innocent you have nothing to fear, but by avoiding a trial you stain your reputation by an eternal blot."

Another suggestion has been urged, that Mary, who feared not the block, feared assassination, and that suicide would be imputed to her. However, she submitted, and on the 14th October she appeared before the commissioners.

The commission was read, and the charge. Mary rose, and made her protest that she was a free sovereign princess, subject to no one but God, and that contrary to law and justice she was held prisoner. In reply to her being part of the conspiracy, she stoutly replied—"I know not Babington. I have never held conference with him, written to him, nor received letters of that kind from him; nor have I ever plotted, nor entered into plots for the destruction of your queen." On the letters of the 17th November being read, she said, "It may be that Babington wrote those letters, but let it be proved that I received them. If Babington, or any other affirm it, I protest in plain words it is false."

Then came the mention of the Earl of Arundel's name, and her ejaculation, with bursting tears—"Woe is me, that the noble house of Howard should suffer so much for my sake!" She continued, "If Babington confessed such things, why was he put to death, instead of his being brought face to face with me as witness of the same, that so I might have been convicted by his testimony, if so be I were guilty of what is laid to my charge?"

She then instanced the statute under which they were acting as infringed by them; requiring the oath of two lawful witnesses brought face to face with the accused. The commissioners replied: they had her letters, copies, Phillip's decipherments. "Nay, bring me my own hand writ, anything to suit a purpose may be put into what he

called copies." And she taxed Walsingham with practices for the purpose of the destruction of herself and her son.

Walsingham rose with agitation, and quibbled about his private and public capacity; "as a private person he had done nothing unbecoming an honest man, nor in his public capacity unworthy of his place, though, out of his great care for the safety of the queen, he had been curious to sift out all plots and designs against the same." The brewer of Burton to wit, and the forged letters of Nau and Phillips. Mary courteously replied that she was satisfied with his denial, and prayed him to give the like credit to her which she accorded to him. They had nothing to produce save the deciphered letters of Phillips who, as Mary observed, "never deciphered any good for her." They instanced the confessions of Nau and Curle. She replied, that she believed they were honest men; but fear of death, or force of torture, might have induced them to write such attestation. They instanced Morgan, the conspirator, as her pensioner. She replied, "Whether Morgan have done as you affirm, I know not. I know him as a faithful servant who has lost all for my sake, and therefore am in honour bound to relieve him. And surely pensions have been allowed by your queen to my rebel subjects, enemies both to myself and my son."

On the morrow she reappeared. She again protested her independence and sovereignty; and declared that she came forward voluntarily to that hall to vindicate her honour, which protestation she required should be registered, and a copy delivered to her.

Spain and Mendoza was the first charge urged. She replied, "The King of Spain, I know, pretendeth a title to the crown of England, which he will postpone to no other than mine. I have no kingdom to bestow; yet with what is my own I may do as I will, and am accountable to no

one." She declared, that she had not sought foreign aid until she had been mocked by deceptive treaties.

"When the last treaty was holden concerning your liberty," interrupted Burleigh, "Parry was sent privately by Morgan, a dependent of yours, to murder the queen."—"My lord, you are my enemy," responded Mary.—"Yea, I am the enemy of all Queen Elizabeth's adversaries," replied Burleigh.

Mary then required an advocate to plead her cause, and another day for her reply and defence, which were refused. And Burleigh proposing to proceed to proofs, she refused to listen further; and, rising from her seat, she demanded to be heard by the full Parliament in presence of the Queen of England and her council. The proceedings terminated thus abruptly, and the court broke up.

The Star Chamber process succeeded. More seceders from the thirty-four abstained from attendance. In the absence of Mary, Nau and Curle, her secretaries, were brought forward; but Nau positively affirmed that the principal heads of accusation against the queen, his mistress, were false; and, in reply to intimidations by Burleigh, declared that the commissioners would have to answer to Almighty God, as well as to all Christian kings, if they should on such false charges condemn a sovereign queen. He demanded that this his protestation might be registered, which was not complied with; and we learn this fact from himself in his 'Apologie' addressed to King James in 1606.

Lord Buckhurst, one of the twelve seceders from the commission, was charged with the duty of informing his kinswoman, Mary, of the sentence of death pronounced in the Star Chamber. On the 19th November, in presence of Beale, Paulet, and Drury, he, with sympathising delicacy and manly tenderness, executed the imposed duty. The

others still vented their hatred and malice in all their acts.

Mary received the communication with unruffled calmness; but protested against the illegality of the commission and the injustice of the sentence. The history is detailed by the saintly pen of Mary herself to Beton, her ambassador; it is written in the spirit of truth and charity of those who would devour her. James and Henry III. expostulated—I should not refer to that formula, but James sent his expostulations by the Master of Gray and Archibald Douglas. Good God! the latter had just passed through the mock ordeal of trial, and been acquitted of the murder of Darnley, and the popular observation was not ill-timed, “that Archibald Douglas had been present at the murder of his majesty’s father, and was now going to have a hand in the death of his mother.” His step-son, Francis Stewart, Mary’s godchild, the son of Lord John of Coldingham and Bothwell’s sister, who, widowed, married Archibald Douglas, and whose son, at Mary’s request, held again the title of Earl of Bothwell, told James—“I think, my liege, if you suffer the process to go on, you ought to be hanged yourself the day after.”

James was smarting at the disposition Mary had made of the throne to his detriment if he remained a Calvinist; but on being reminded that Mary adhered to her faith, as he, James, did to his, he rejoined—“Truth it is, I have been brought up amid a knavish crew whose doctrines I could never approve, and yet I know my religion to be the true one.”

This history would be incomplete without another letter of Elizabeth’s, striving to procure by the hands of others the deed she dreaded to effect by her own hand. She makes a final spasmodic attempt to induce Sir Amyas Paulet to murder his prisoner.

QUEEN ELIZABETH to SIR AMYAS PAULET.

"Amias, my most faithful and careful servant, God reward thee treblefold for thy most troublesome charge so well discharged. If you knew, my Amias, how kindly, besides most dutifully, my grateful heart accepts and prizes your spotless endeavours and faultless actions, your wise orders and safe regard performed in so dangerous and crafty a charge, it would ease your travails and rejoice your heart, in which I charge you place this most just thought that I cannot balance in any weight of my judgment the value that I prize you at, and suppose no treasure to countervail such a faith. If I reward not such deserts, let me lack when I have most need of you; if I acknowledge not such merit, *non omnibus dictum*.

"Let your wicked murderess know how, with hearty sorrow, her vile deserts compel these orders, and bid her, from me, ask God's forgiveness for her treacherous dealings, towards the saviour of her life many a year, to the intolerable peril of my own, and yet, not contented with so many forgivenesses, must fault again so horribly, far passing woman's thought, much less a princess; instead of excusing whereof not one can sorrow, it being so plainly confessed by the authors of my guiltless death.

"Let repentance take place, and let not the fiend possess her, so as her better part may not be lost, for which I pray with hands lifted up to Him that may both save and spill.

"With my most loving adieu and prayer for thy long life, your most assured and loving sovereign, as thereby by good deserts induced."

The reader is requested to compare the above with the scene drawn by our Dramatist upon a similar occasion—King John and Hubert:—

"Come hither Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
 We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh
 There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
 And with advantage means to pay thy love.
 And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
 Lives in my bosom deeply cherished.
 Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say—
 But I will fit it for some better time.
 By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
 To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hubert: I am much bounden to your Majesty.

King J.: Good friend thou hast no cause to say so yet,
 But thou shalt have, and creep time ne'er so slow,
 Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
 I had a thing to say, but let it go—

* * * *

Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
 On yon young boy. I'll tell thee what, my friend,
 He is a very serpent in my path,
 And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread
 He lies before me. Dost thou understand me?
 Thou art his keeper."

WALSINGHAM *and* DAVISON to SIR AMYAS PAULET *and* SIR
 DRUE DRURY.

"London, February 1, 1586-7.

"After our hearty commendations, we find by a speech lately made by her Majesty (Queen Elizabeth), that she doth note in you both a lack of that care and zeal for her service, that she looketh for at your hands, in that you have not in all this time (of yourselves without other provocation) found out some way of shortening the life of the Scots' Queen, considering the great peril she (Queen Elizabeth) is hourly subject to so long as the said queen shall live; wherein, besides a kind of lack of love towards her, she wonders greatly that you have not that care of your own particular safeties, or rather the preservation of reli-

gion and the public good and prosperity of your country, that reason and policy commandeth, especially having so good a warrant and ground for the satisfaction of your consciences towards God, and the discharge of your credit and reputation towards the world, as the oath of association, which you have both so solemnly taken and vowed, especially the matter wherewith she (Mary) standeth charged, being so clearly and manifestly proved against her.

“And therefore she (Elizabeth) taketh it most unkindly that men professing that love towards her that you do, should in a kind of sort, for lack of discharging your duties, cast the burden upon her, knowing as you do her indisposition to shed blood, especially of one of that sex and quality, and so near her in blood as that queen is.

“These respects, we find, do greatly trouble her majesty, who we assure you hath sundry times protested, ‘that if the regard of the danger of her good subjects and faithful servants did not more move her than her own peril, she would never be drawn to the shedding of blood.’

“We thought it meet to acquaint you with these speeches lately passed from her majesty, referring the same to your good judgments. And so we commit you to the protection of the Almighty.

“Your most assured friends,

“FRA. WALSINGHAM.

“WILL. DAVISON.”

SIR AMYAS PAULET to SECRETARY WALSINGHAM.

“SIR,—Your letters of yesterday coming to my hands this present day, at five post meridian, I would not fail, according to your direction, to return my answer with all possible speed, which I shall deliver to you with great grief and

bitterness of mind, in that I am so unhappy as living to see this unhappy day, in which I am required, by direction from my most gracious sovereign, to do an act which God and the law forbiddeth. My goods and my life are at her majesty's disposition, and I am ready to lose them the next morrow if it shall please her, acknowledging that I do hold them as of her mere and most gracious favour, and do not desire to enjoy them, but with her highness' good liking. But God forbid I should make so foul a shipwreck of my conscience, or leave so great a blot to my poor posterity, as to shed blood without law or warrant.

"Trusting that her majesty, of her accustomed clemency, and the rather by your good mediation, will take this my answer in good part, as proceeding from one who never will be inferior to any Christian subject living in honour, love, and obedience towards his sovereign, and thus I commit you to the mercy of the Almighty.

"Your most assured poor friend,

"A. POWLET.

"*From Fotheringay, the 2nd of February, 1586-7.*"

"P.S.—Your letters coming in the plural number, seem to be meant to Sir Drue Drury as to myself; and yet because he is not named in them, neither the letter directed unto him, he forbeareth to make any particular answer, but subscribeth in heart to my opinion.

"D. DRURY."

Davison in transmitting the letter, to which this is the reply, urged, by another messenger, Sir Amyas Paulet to burn it; who, on the contrary, carefully preserved his official documents. And Davison has further, in his narrative of exculpation for having signed the warrant for

Mary's execution, given the following sequel to the receipt of Sir Amyas's letter :—

“ When her majesty had read it, she fell into some terms of offence, complaining of the dainty perjury of Sir Amias, who, contrary to his oath of association, would lay the whole burden of this death on her. Then she took a turn or two on her gallery, whither Davison followed her, she renewing her former speech, blaming the niceness of ‘that precise fellow, Paulet.’ ‘For,’ she added, ‘in words he would do much, but in deeds perform nothing.’ And concluded—‘She would have done it without them,’ naming one Wingfield, ‘who,’ she assured Davison, ‘would with some others undertake it.’—‘The next time I had access to her,’ Davison adds, ‘she swore it was a shame to them all (her ministers and privy council) that it was not done.’”

It was before this last interview that Elizabeth signed the warrant for the execution of Mary, which bears date the 1st of February, 1587.

The warrant of the Privy Council for the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, bears date the 3rd of February, 1587.

One Thomas Harrison, confidential secretary of Walsingham, in 1606, when the whole of those concerned had gone to their account beyond this world, declared that he forged, in conjunction with Phillips and Maude, passages in the letters given in evidence to the Commission of 1585; and that, employed by Walsingham, he forged Elizabeth's signature to the death warrant of the Queen of Scots.

It was the age of craft and mystery : Elizabeth struck the key-note, and all clanged in accord—or discord, rather—with, her crafty falsehoods.

On Friday, February 3rd, 1587, the fatal instrument was delivered by Burleigh and his colleagues to Beale without her knowledge or sanction, to see it carried into effect.

The story hitherto transmitted to us, of the apparent hypocrisy of Elizabeth in the matter of this murder, is therefore incorrect. The wrath of Elizabeth against Davison and the members of the Privy Council who signed the second warrant was real, and not feigned; it had been done without her sanction, and her wrath knew no bounds. Davison was fined and ruined, and in return spared not the queen in his narrative.

The state of rebellion and excitement into which kingcraft, in lieu of honour and honesty, had thrown the two kingdoms of England and Scotland, was supposed by them to have one only panacea, the death of their victim. Deluded statesmen! The immediate political results of Mary's murder—the betrayal of the towns of Deventer and of Zutphen by their commanders, and the recall of Leicester from Holland, too hot to hold him, and the invasion of England by Philip of Spain; but that “the invisible powers,” the phrase is Mr. Froude's, “fought for us,”—may read us a stern lesson against such deeds as the slaughter of a guest within our gates. In tale of mythology, when Lycaon did so, Jupiter descended and converted him to a wolf; and any one reading the story of Elizabeth and Mary, as related by Hume, would consider the beast as not less gentle nor less brutal than the despot queen. Delusion, impenetrable as the fog over Egypt, dulled the wits of Burleigh, Walsingham, and Davison, when they forged Elizabeth's sign manual to the death warrant, and put it into immediate and most unholy execution.

The human heart heaves with indignation, reading the fanatic and insolent proceedings of the clique who undertook the execution of the warrant. The Earl of Kent, Earl of Shrewsbury, Beale, and Paulet, and Dr. Fletcher, Dean of Peterborough, made the passage from life to death as

bitter as fanaticism and hate could make it; but these were met and annulled by the saintly meekness and submission of their victim. Like stripes upon water, they fell and made but momentary mark. The fabled rage of Xerxes against the Hellespont was hardly more futile than the torments of these executioners upon the settled soul of Mary, who, wearied with a quarter of a century of wrong, misery, and suffering, hailed and welcomed the liberating blow which was to redeem her from unmerciful foes, and commit her to a merciful God.

On the scaffold the Dean of Peterborough began to address her. She interrupted him: "Mr. Dean, trouble not yourself nor me, for know that I am settled in the ancient Catholic and Roman faith, in defence whereof, by God's grace, I mind to spend my blood." *The Dean*: "Madam, change your opinion, and repent you of your former wickedness." *The Queen*: "Good Mr. Dean, trouble not yourself any more about this matter; I was born in this religion, and am resolved to die in this religion." *The Earls*: "Madam, we will pray for your Grace with Mr. Dean that you may have your mind lightened with the true knowledge of God and His Word." *The Queen*: "My lords, if you will pray with me I will, even from my heart, thank you; but to pray with you in your manner who are not of the same religion with me, were a sin." The earls then bade the dean say on, according to his own pleasure; but he began a bitter polemic composition; the whilst Mary, heeding him not, prayed from her own psalter the 31st, 51st, and 91st Psalms, and extending her crucifix—*Kent*: "Madam, it were better for you to eschew such Popish trumpery, and bear Him in your heart." *The Queen*: "Can I hold the representation of the sufferings of my crucified Redeemer in my hand without bearing him in the same time in my heart?"

• One more anecdote. There were two executioners who went through the vain formula of praying her forgiveness; they were answered with sweet propriety. But as she disrobed, and gave her "pomander, chain, and rosary" to be conveyed to the Countess of Arundel, the executioner snatched it as his perquisite. Jane Kennedy snatched it in his hand, and struggled for it. "Friend, let her have it; she will give you more than its value in money," said Mary. "It is my perquisite," responded the executioner.

Suffice it further to say, that she died emulating, so far as mortal may emulate divine, the spirit of our Saviour on His cross. She died, as her noble grandson died by an equally fanatic Parliament, equally a victim to feudal errors he had not power to change, and to whose pernicious tenets he was the heir.

The Roman satirist, and the English moralist translating him, bid us turn from the lives, and regard the end of the worldly great ones. Reader, turn from the placid deaths of Mary and her grandson Charles, upon their scaffolds, in firm and sure hope of the resurrection, to the deaths of the regicides, Elizabeth and Cromwell, upon their beds, with racked and tortured spirits—nor daring, in the hour of death, to invoke the name of the Redeemer, whose laws they had, in worldly pride and presumption, set at nought. If Juvenal and Dr. Johnson be right, the ends of Elizabeth and Oliver Cromwell are condemnations of their respective lives.

"Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all;
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,
And let us all to meditation."

CHAPTER IV.

AND let us, having read the history, seek the causes and analyse the facts for the effects: to derive, in fact, a moral from the tale. Why did the "invisible powers" fight with Elizabeth, and fight against Mary with a pertinacity which shakes one's soul with horror? Do human errors imperatively demand human victims, as the old pagan laws demanded human blood? Are the errors of the fathers, in this world, visited inexorably on their children to the third and fourth generation? Or does the strong stream of time and of progress flow irrespective of individual life and suffering? Are the machinations of kings and ministers but as bubbles which float on the huge tide of human events, visible to the eye but forceless in effect?

Kings go mad, and their subjects weep; but the madness does not appear to stop the irresistible ebb and flow of mundane prosperity. The machinations of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth—their wills, their appointments of successors—were swept away by the succeeding hour, and left no mark save that of blood of victims.

Thus Henry the Eighth settled his succession, and placed the issue of the Marchioness of Dorset nearer to the throne than was their due. It cost the lives of Lady Jane Grey and Lord Guildford Dudley. Neither did the succession, as willed by Edward VI., depose Mary as his successor. Mary's desire to appoint Philip her heir, nor her hatred of Elizabeth, intervened not to prevent the succession of the latter. Equally futile were the tamperings with the succession by Elizabeth and the Queen of Scots. Lady

Catherine Gray and her husband Lord Hertford were new victims. Nor did it stay with the succession of James I. in his due order to the united thrones ; but Arabella Stewart was doomed to a life of imprisonment and early death for her proximity to the throne. Misery, imprisonment, and the block, as Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots both proved, were the only practical results of determining successions by will. How Mary Stewart could reconcile her own dogmas of right divine in her own favour, with power to will the crown of Scotland away from her son, is an enigma amounting to an aberration of intellect. But Mary's intellect was rather refined, impulsive, and intellectual than strong or deep. She was swayed from first to last by argument, luring her away from the course which she had chosen. Murray and Maitland, Burleigh and Sadler, alike turned her from her prior resolutions, when, after a flood of passionate tears, she yielded to their hostile arguments.

The stars in their courses, which fought against Mary, Queen of Scots, were twain—

1st. The political evils, to which she was heir ; and

2nd. Those she created with her own hands.

The first and greatest was her religion — Papistry, against the Calvinistic and puritanical bigotry of the day : it ranged against her the masses of the towns, and was always ready to cast its democratic element in her path.

Second, the unfortunate position she held as the rightful heir to the English throne. The illegitimacy of Elizabeth's birth ; and her own indisputable claim on the score of divine right—was a stumbling-block in her way to the day of her death.

3rd. The assumption of the title of king and queen of England by Francis and herself—no doubt prompted by

England having quartered the arms of France, and Elizabeth having written herself queen of France: with a princess of unblemished claim, it would have been but an insult; to Elizabeth it was an unpardonable wrong: in vain was the assumption retracted and denied, it rankled incurably.

4th. The rude and feudal manners of the time, utterly dissonant and discordant with her own feelings and aspirations. Every lord of Scotland followed his own will: there was no combination of peers, or unity of purpose upon the royalist side; they were scattered abroad, not as sheep who had no shepherd, but as wolves to prey on sheep, each one snatching all he could.

5th. A base-born kindred, in whom she trusted, and who were as false as false could be; they should have been named Erskine from their mother, although they bear the name of Stewart from their father: they number thus—

James, Earl of Murray;

John, Lord of Coldingham;

Robert, Commendator of Holyrood;

Jane, the Duchess of Argyle;

Erskine, Earl of Mar, brother to

Margaret Erskine, Lady Douglas, the mother of the above illegitimate offspring of James V.

When Lord John of Coldingham died, his widow, Jane Hepburn, married Archibald Douglas, one of the perpetrators of Darnley's murder.

Add to these the evil genius of the age—

The Earl of Morton, a Douglas, and

Maitland of Lethington,

and we have the rebel, Calvinistic, English clique, who hunted Mary, their sister and queen, to death upon the block.

Meantime, Mary, herself, disunited and scattered the heads of houses friendly to her and Romanism. These

come under the second head of hostile stars in their courses, which fought against her. We might add another head to the above; the open, honest, and impulsive nature of her own heart, opposed to the crafty, secret, midnight set—Elizabeth, Burleigh, Maitland, and Murray: Mary played her cards with open hand; the others were secret, not only from her, but from one another.

Mary cast in her lot with Murray; and he led her first to ruin the house of Huntley, her own stronghold. Huntley and his realm beyond the Ness, countervailed England beyond the Tweed; each gave sanctuary to the royalists or rebels in their hour of need. This realm, and this sanctuary of her adherents, she destroyed, and gave it up to Murray, her false friend and head of the rebels.

The next step further shattered her party. The Duke of Chatelherault and the house of Hamilton stood next to Mary in succession to the Scottish throne; next in succession to the house of Hamilton came the house of Lennox, between whom and the Hamiltons there existed a death feud and deadly hate. Mary illegally and wrongly placed the house of Lennox before the house of Hamilton in the succession, and so alienated the head of the house of Hamilton, who was ever lukewarm and careless of her cause from that political blunder.

Argyle, married to the daughter of James V.,* alienated

* Mr. Froude calls Lady Argyle "Murray's loose sister," when she was found at Mary's side at the time of the murder of Rizzio. It is most true that Mary herself had entreated Knox to take to task, not only her ladyship, but her lord, "Argyle, the central pillar of the protestant party;" and Knox took the lady and her husband in hand. Thus we find Mary working towards the purity of her court, and Lady Argyle her friend to the end of her life. It is therefore she is branded with the epithet "loose" unnecessarily, since Mary chose not her illegitimate sister for a companion, but only accepted her as such.

the territories under his sway from her to the rebel Morton, at that time administering the estate of Angus and the Douglas—hostile ever to the kings of Scotland.

Bothwell, ruling the Marches, was her evil genius; rash and uncontrolled, he wrought her ruin, whilst he thought to promote her weal.

Mar held the fortress of Stirling; and a Douglas, his brother-in-law, the fortress of Edinburgh.

And against these evil influences Mary had her own enchanting queenly grace, the scattered royalists still outnumbering the rebels, but lacking a leader—for though Lord George Gordon still led the men of his house of Huntley, and Lord Claud Hamilton was followed by retainers of his house, it was despite the ruin inflicted on them as clans.

There is one more element peculiar almost to Scotland—unless we find a similar point in the Lama of Thibet. It was the rage for kidnapping the persons of the royal minors, and ruling in their name; which evidently was thought equally feasible in the case of a young queen.

From this state of dependence on the two parties, her loyal lords, and her unloyal, base kindred, Mary emancipated herself by marrying Darnley; and had he not been an uncontrollable fool, who desired to be despotic himself, and thwarted the queen in lieu of aiding her, there is no reason to believe that their Scottish reign would not have been a happy and successful one: nay, if Darnley had not been cut off by the rebel clique and their tool—Bothwell—Mary would have redeemed him from folly, and would have royally ruled the kingdom; this was counteracted by a series of deeds of craft successfully perpetrated by Murray, Morton, and Maitland, which involved Mary and themselves in ruin.

They firstly tried to separate man and wife; and caused

mercies of England, after a reign which may be said to have commenced with Darnley's marriage, and ended by crossing the Frith of Solway; between July, 1565, and May, 1568. Say two years and ten months, including ten months of captivity.

We are called on by the enemies of Queen Mary to believe that in those two years, Mary, whose previous life had been one of adulation, transcending praise, and whose subsequent life was one of saintly martyrdom, winning the hearts of her jailors, and sought in love and matrimony by unnumbered admirers, was a base and abandoned woman, who committed murder on her young and handsome husband, to live in lust with a boisterous ill-mannered border chief. The monstrosity of the proposition must needs yield under evidence, but happily the evidence all lies the other way; innumerable and indisputable are the testimonies exonerating her,—foul and midnight are her accusers, with forged documents which fled the light, but were brandished in air, like the fabled Diræ, and having affrighted the mortal eye, were straightly reconsigned to the infernal pit of oblivion. It is a task to enumerate her redeeming witnesses, I know not with whom to commence: Firstly, let me say that no domestic friend or servant, none with whom she lived in habits of intimacy, ever accused her; they one and all knew not only the falsity, but the impossibility of the truth of her accusers.

Six servants of Bothwell, actors in the deed of murder, were hurried by Murray to the scaffold; four of them, at the market cross, proclaimed Mary innocent.

Bothwell has left his own confession on his own death-bed, equally exonerating his royal victim, to supplement those of his servants.

Those accused by them died sudden and violent deaths. Murray and Morton in the first, and Lennox and Mar, in

the second degree; and Morton acknowledged his complicity and the innocence of Mary.

Maitland and Grange died repenting the part they had borne against her, and were her devoted knights. The old Countess of Lennox lived fully to exonerate her; the Countess of Mar brought up Prince James in filial love and respect for her.

Buchanan, his tutor, lived to repent his calumnies, according to Sir Richard Baker, who would have known—but what the pedantic, mean-minded scholar did, or did not, signifies little.

Lady Scrope, sister to Norfolk, and Lady Knollys, of the Boleyn line of the Careys, suffered bitter persecution for their friendship to their royal prisoner.

The old miser Shrewsbury bore honourable testimony to her truth and honour. “Madam, I believe, whatever the Queen of Scots may promise, she will keep her word.” And Elizabeth herself reiterated that truth to the Scot rebels, when she said she had better accept Mary’s word than theirs.

The Scottish nobles, the Court of France, the Court of Spain, Henry of Anjou, Don John of Austria, Sir John Gordon, and the Duke of Norfolk, names highest in the roll of chivalry,—I will not class Leicester in the list,—wooed her in love and honour.

Elizabeth herself gave judgment that “there had been nothing sufficient produced nor shown by the Scot commissioners against their sovereign, whereby the Queen of England should conceive or take any evil opinion of the queen her good sister, for anything she had yet seen.”

Murray thereupon declared professions of penitence and affection for Mary, protesting that “she was the creature he loved best on earth, and wished most honour to,” and proposed to return to Scotland and convene the nobles to

claim her back and marry her to some prince of France, Spain, or Austria; but I believe that Murray was only "hoisting the engineer with his own petard," measuring his strength as kingcraft with Elizabeth.

It was a great drawback to Queen Mary's cause, that she had no one of her many friends or dependents to write contemporaneous memoirs. Her records are contained almost exclusively in the correspondence written by her ambassadors, keepers, and herself, and preserved in France, Spain, Barleigh Papers, and the State Paper Office. Had Providence accorded to her a Sully or a Clarendon, to have recorded her career, it would have prevented much of the scandal which has oppressed her memory. It is much to be marvelled at, that not one of her five Maries, nor the Bishops of Ross or Glasgow, nor Lords Herries, Livingstone, nor Fleming, should have left memoirs written in her favour. We find a troop of dependents drawing their salaries from her scanty dower-money, which was much reduced by peculation of the tenants and the expenses of the law, worse than the loss of the rents—but it was not in the spirit of the age to commit their knowledge to paper, even in cipher, when the Star Chamber, Tower, fines, and the block, were the rewards of such acts of offence against feudal despotism: the age of memoirs awaited a sequent period of personal freedom and of law.

From the above evidences of innocence, let us look to the evidences of guilt.

1st. The silver casket and its contents! Reader, was there such a thing? It was at best a will-of-the-wisp to mislead—a midnight owl to affright; which escaped on being pursued, and hid itself in night—only professing to be translations of translations, Latin, Scotch—no original French or cipher. Morton produced it not until he had murdered Dalgleish—Mary was refused a sight of the

translations to contradict their authority; Lord and Lady Livingstone would have known whether documents of such incredible bulk were written at their house at Callender, in addition to her regal and domestic duties, which pressed heavily upon her. The silver casket and its Buchananic contents may be consigned to the deepest limbo of false evidence; and it was so consigned by everybody whose eyes or ears were polluted by its touch or sight.

But there is one thing which has presented itself to my mind,—if Bothwell did leave papers with Balfour in Edinburgh Castle, they might have been the bonds with the signatures of the conspirators to the death of Darnley, and the marriage with the queen; for there were such bonds, and Bothwell boasted that with these in his possession they dared not assail him: yet they are lost documents, nor were they in his portfolio, when taken from him in Denmark; it is a question if Morton might not have captured those bonds from Dalgleish, destroyed them, and improved the incident into the clumsy fiction of the libels in the silver casket.

2nd. We have the sworn depositions of two servants of Lennox—Crawford and Nelson—the latter the sole survivor of the explosion; but these witnesses could not be “coached” to examination points, their depositions were drawn up for them, and they personally were withdrawn from examination.

Besides, what could these two servants know of Mary’s proceedings? Crawford met the cavalcade, of which the queen was the cynosure, on its way to Glasgow: he might have seen as much of the queen, as, standing at Charing Cross, he might our own queen when on a public procession.

Nelson was in attendance on Darnley at Kirk-of-Field, and remained until death the servant of the old Countess of Lennox; but he could only be turned to account, by

signing a drawn-up deposition, which would not be presented by the most daring barrister at our law-courts.

Then there was the abduction by Bothwell, done in the face of day, and of thousands of spectators,—was it an abduction or a collusive plot? I have not the slightest doubt but that Mary was the victim of this trap laid to catch Bothwell, and to ruin him, as Huntley had been ruined, and to rob Mary and her party of that powerful border baron's aid. It succeeded in what we call "less than no time," and Mary was the victim; her eyes first opened to her own position when the barons invested Borthwick. Bothwell fled, leaving her his prisoner there; she escaped from the thirty-feet window, to flee to Edinburgh Castle, to Balfour, her—as she thought—trusty governor; but, after rambling over the trackless moor eight hours of the night, the stubborn pony took the law into his own mouth, and led her to a well-known stall of his master's, where she fell again into Bothwell's hands, and was led off his prisoner to Dunbar and Carberry Hill.

If it is asked why Mary did not join the rebels, the reply is prompt: in Borthwick Castle, she had for the first time heard herself assailed as a murderess and an adulteress by them. The banner, with her son raising his hands to heaven, and praying over the corpse of his father, was there for use, having been submitted through Drury to Cecil for the English sanction, which sanction had been obtained. The troops, some two thousand, were prompted to utter execrations. She heard them, and she fled the rebels, equally as she fled the abhorred Bothwell; but Balfour, in Edinburgh Castle, was not to be the lucky rebel to catch the royal fugitive,—that was to be effected by more perjuries and injuries on Carberry Hill. Bothwell fled, equally at her command, as by the coercion of Grange, who led him aside, and gave him the hour to escape. From

that flight, not parting—for Bothwell *parted* from Grange, not from Mary's side,—he fled, leaving her to the victors; and from that hour, she never called him husband. Lady Jane Gordon was again, in her figure of speech, the Countess Bothwell; and her own husband thenceforth, for whom she never quitted widow's dules, was Henry Darnley.

For twenty years that course was held by her unswervingly, in word and deed; she indeed desired to be buried by Francis, at St. Denis, or, failing that, at Rheims, with her mother; but of Bothwell she never voluntarily spoke, or considered herself his wife. She shook with dread in passing one of his holds after Falkirk Field, and resolutely refused to seek shelter there. The only tie betwixt her and the name of Bothwell was on behalf of her godchild Francis Stewart, son of Lord John of Coldingham and Jane Hepburn, Bothwell's sister, who at her request, received from James the title and domains; but Lord John's blood turned out vilely—he died a vagrant abroad. He left a son, another Francis Stewart, who, as Serjeant Bothwell, is enshrined by the magic pen of Scott in 'Old Mortality,' who falls, in that story, to the sword of Balfour of Burley, in single fight; and so ended a series of four Bothwells, vieing with each other in daring abductions and indecent life. With the blood of nobility they conjoined the spirit of ruffianism.

I think there is no doubt the attempt of his ancestor with the royal widow of James V. was a precedent which prompted this step to Bothwell's acceptance. After this, I know not what there is in Mary's character to defend or to be defended; no one pardoned offences more truly and until seventy times seven than herself; her pardons to her political foes were amongst her political blunders. Elizabeth pardoned none—the block, and drawing and quartering alive were the fate of Babington and his thirteen

fellow-sufferers, which Nau and Curle were compelled to witness before being led to the Star Chamber for examination. No one really loved or loyally obeyed Elizabeth; her favourites were daring rebels, and Cecil and Walsingham laboured with the sword of Damocles hanging over them. I think, had Elizabeth known how they were hoarding, ticketing, and docketing letters intercepted and sent, most damnatory to her lasting fame, that sword would have fallen; but equally as she practised secrecy of intention with craft of purpose, so she was met by like weapons. It was assuredly the imprisonment of Mary, and the disloyal procedure of Elizabeth, which involved her reign in endless plots, domestic and foreign, leaving her no moment of peaceful reign; and could she have survived to see the fruits of her crooked policy, she would have found them collapse utterly, whilst her overstrained prerogative laid the train to the succession of events which culminated in the murder of the noble Charles the First, who could no more sway the tide of events towards weal, than she could towards ill: they both were indexes of the invisible workings of the realm, more than mainsprings of its power. We create our heroes, and laud their faults and follies to the skies; we condemn our victims, and range their virtues as faults to their condemnation. The curse of prerogative was never more hardly and oppressively used than under the lauded Elizabeth; but she ruined prerogative by overtaxing its power, and the last act of her reign, in receiving the lavish subsidies of the Parliament, shows that the sources of power had flitted from her hand to the Parliament. King James yielded to the times, relaxed prerogative and reigned peacefully for his appointed term; but the storm reached its climax, the conflict of prerogative with constitutional government, under a king sincerely disposed to progress and civil and religious liberty, who fell the

victim to the democratic element by which the reformation was carried out, and who may justly be considered a martyr to faults not his own. No greater paradox can I find in history than the laudations heaped upon the queen who strained prerogative to its full vent, and the condemnations heaped upon her second successor, who fell a victim because he could not sufficiently quickly loose the reins of prerogative, or grant the claims of democracy, in justice to the duties he owed equally to the Cavaliers and to Round-heads.

During the nineteen years of Mary's imprisonment in England, her political conduct was thoroughly honourable and consistent. She withheld herself and all assent or participation in the many plots against Elizabeth's government, whilst at the same time she avowed and exercised her right to treat and negotiate with foreign kings and princes, of which august body she herself formed one; and thus she had her foreign secretaries, Rizzio, Roullet, and Nau, ever in her train, whilst her domestic correspondence, during almost all that time, was done through her secretary Curle. Her own sovereign rights and position were ever asserted with dogmatic persistence, and she would at any time in her captivity have died in preference to renouncing those sovereign rights. It was a delusion in practice, her correspondences, her ciphers, her intercepted despatches; but they cast no shadow of shame on their royal mistress;—there is nothing in any despatch she ever wrote, which is not written in purity and truthfulness. The charges of chicanery and falsehood lie wholly on the side of Elizabeth and her ministers, who sowed the wind and reaped the whirlwind. The many plots which troubled the reign of Elizabeth were all of serpent-seed sowed by herself; the many plots to liberate Mary were all the result of her imprisonment,—an imprisonment which was ever disavowed

by Elizabeth in words, and cruelly exacted in fact; and the constant fears of the Catholic powers of Europe were the result of her crooked and insulting policy—the ill-success of our arms in Holland, and the danger and war with Spain, were the direct results of Mary's murder. Whilst the last conspiracy—that of Babington—in which she participated so far as to regain her own freedom, but not in the rebellion against the English Government, was prosecuted against Mary by the most disgusting and filthy political tricks ever laid to the charge of statesmen. Walsingham sending correspondence through his tools, Gifford and the brewer of Burton, to entrap her. Nau and Curle, examined in the Star Chamber, after having been forced to witness the drawing and quartering alive of Babington and his fellow criminals. Nau himself rebelled against this treatment, and addressed Elizabeth in a memorial exonerating himself and his queen from ever having practised against Queen Elizabeth's life; the more remarkable testimony upon his part, as Mary had thwarted his love escapade with Miss Pierrepont, and whose friendly relations with his royal mistress were not of so warm a kind, as would have induced her to have trusted him in a case of treason, as abhorrent to her own nature as it would have been unwise; but the whole matter was a vile and detestable plot of Walsingham and his minions, forging and cheating in order to entrap their prisoner in treason, which the innate nobility of her soul annulled, and obliged her persecutors to assume the crime of her murder on their own heads. That murder which three Regents of Scotland had assented to perpetrate, and were prevented by the hand of God in their own cutting-off—that murder with which the Regent Morton had refused to stain his hands—that murder which, at the eleventh hour, her keepers Paulet and Drury were urged to undertake, and were

urged in vain—Walsingham, Burleigh, and Davison were at last obliged to commit by their own warrant; they had irritated the kingdom of England against their captive, laying on her shoulders the difficulties and dangers their own policy had brought upon the realm; they had made her death a political necessity, so far as their tenure of office with the people was concerned, and, by a righteous judgment, they were forced themselves to commit the crime which has cast a withering shade over their reputations; for although they made their mistress, Elizabeth, bear the brunt of the catastrophe of the murder equally with the wrong of the nineteen years' imprisonment, whilst she herself did not intend the death-warrant to be carried into execution, yet she cannot be exonerated from the crime, although it was perpetrated by the hands of the triumvirate names of Walsingham, Burleigh, and Davison.

The following letter, giving Mary's own version and opinion of the explosion of Kirk-of-Field, should have been inserted in page 41; it was written to the Archbishop of Glasgow, the day after the explosion:—

“Of the hail logging, wallis, and other, there is nathing remainit, na, not a stane above another, but all either carreit far away or dung to dross in the very ground stane. It mon be done by force of powder and appearis to have been a myne.” “We assure ourself it was dressit als wel for us as for the king; for we lay the maist part of all the last week in that same logging, and was thair accompany'd with the maist part of the lordis that ar in this town that same night at midnight, and of very chance taryit not all night, by reason of some mask in the abbaye; but we believe it was not chance but God to put it in our hede.”

LINES

Written on visiting the Tomb of Mary, Queen of Scots, in Westminster Abbey, by E. M. R., ann. æt. XV., 2nd January, 1868 :—

“ She lies there as the years roll past ;
Of Scotland's queens she was the last.
They lie, oppressor and oppressed,
Where she most wished her dust to rest.
The lion crowned couched at her feet,
Roses and thistles o'er her meet.
She lies there as the marble cold,
Her virtues on her tomb enrolled.
True to her country she had been,
True, though a captive, to her faith,
True to her falsest sister queen,
True through her life, true unto death.”

POSTSCRIPT.

Since writing the above, I have been induced to look again into Mr. Froude's eighth volume, to see wherein the huge discrepancies betwixt us exist.

I find them to be mainly in his adopting and relying upon documents which we reject, as they were rejected three hundred years ago by the Commissions hostile to Queen Mary. These documents accepted by Mr. Froude are,—the Buchanan forgeries of the silver casket; the depositions of Crawford and Nelson, servants of old Lennox, and the confessions of Nicholas Hubert, which were the forgeries of the Regent Murray.

It is depressing to those who read history to seek the truth, to find exploded documents again pressed forward; it makes it necessary to repeat that those letters averred to have been captured on the 20th June, 1567, were not produced until the 4th of December, in one shape, and again in another shape in September, 1568. That, in the reply to Mary's complaint, they were firstly ignored; but upon Elizabeth insisting on their putting in proof of their charges, copies were put in—which Sir Ralph Sadler and Buchanan re-modelled, and which, so re-modelled, were kicked out of court. That Queen Mary never saw even the copies, and vainly demanded to see the originals; that no one knows what became of them, and that they were never mentioned afterwards, and were discredited at the time, equally by her friends and foes.

So also the depositions of Lennox's servants—Crawford and Nelson—are utterly devoid of truth. The men were there, but their intellects were too obtuse to be capable of sustaining a *viva voce* examination on a fictitious tale, and

Lennox only dared to put in their written depositions, which were also kicked out, and he himself nonsuited by the Commissioners. Nelson's testimony of the two or three hours between the departure of Mary from Kirk-of-Field and the explosion will not bear criticism: he tells all that Darnley did—his prayers, his ejaculations of the 55th Psalm—but he himself was absent; "he went to bed and slept when he left his master, and knew nothing till he found the house falling about him." Whilst Darnley and his page, who slept with him, escaped, and were strangled by some hands unknown.

My own impression is, that Nelson was a truant that night from Kirk-of-Field, to see, perhaps, Sebastian's wedding, and have a share of the midnight feast. It is utterly incredible that he could have been in the explosion and escaped without a singe: *he was absent*, and by his absence became sole survivor of that explosion, and lived to perjure himself in vain, for his perjuries were rejected by the Commissioners.

And Crawford's deposition and account of his conversation with the queen, on her approaching Glasgow, bears the impress of thorough untruth. He was Lennox's servant, sent to meet the royal cortège, and bear his, Lennox's, excuses for not coming to meet her—that cortège consisted of the lords and ladies of her court, and five hundred of the hot and jealous nobles and gentry of Scotland in her train. That Crawford, a servant, could bandy words and rebukes with the queen, is not credible; he would have been cut down where he stood. Nor was Mary's deportment so unregal as to have provoked or permitted it; the whole is an incredible piece of brag, which served no purpose. He doubtless simply delivered his message, and fell back into the rear.

Again, the confessions of Nicholas Hubert are the

forgeries of Murray. Murray being called upon by Elizabeth and the Countess of Lennox as to the truth of Buchanan's 'Detection,' he on the 15th and 16th of August, 1569, murdered the two witnesses who could have disproved it, —one being cognizant of Bothwell's confession, and the other an actor in the tragedy: therefore, Sir William Stewart was burnt for witchcraft, and Nicholas Hubert was hanged without public process at St. Andrew's; he was an illiterate man, and could neither read nor write. Murray having murdered him, produced his confessions; which Elizabeth refused to accept, in her indignation, and we are bound to reject as forgeries.

Mr. Froude accepts an anonymous absent testimony, that Mary and Bothwell parted like lovers on Carberry Hill, ignoring the evidence of three men of honour, who were present, who tell us just the reverse tale.

He speaks of Jane Stewart—Lady Argyle—as the "loose sister of Murray," when she is one of the court of Mary, ignoring the fact that Mary had taken both the lady and her lord, "the prop of Protestantism," to task by means of John Knox.

He considers Queen Mary as a consummate actress and deceitful woman; whilst we hold her as a generous, passionate, impulsive nature, that carried anger only as a flint bears fire.

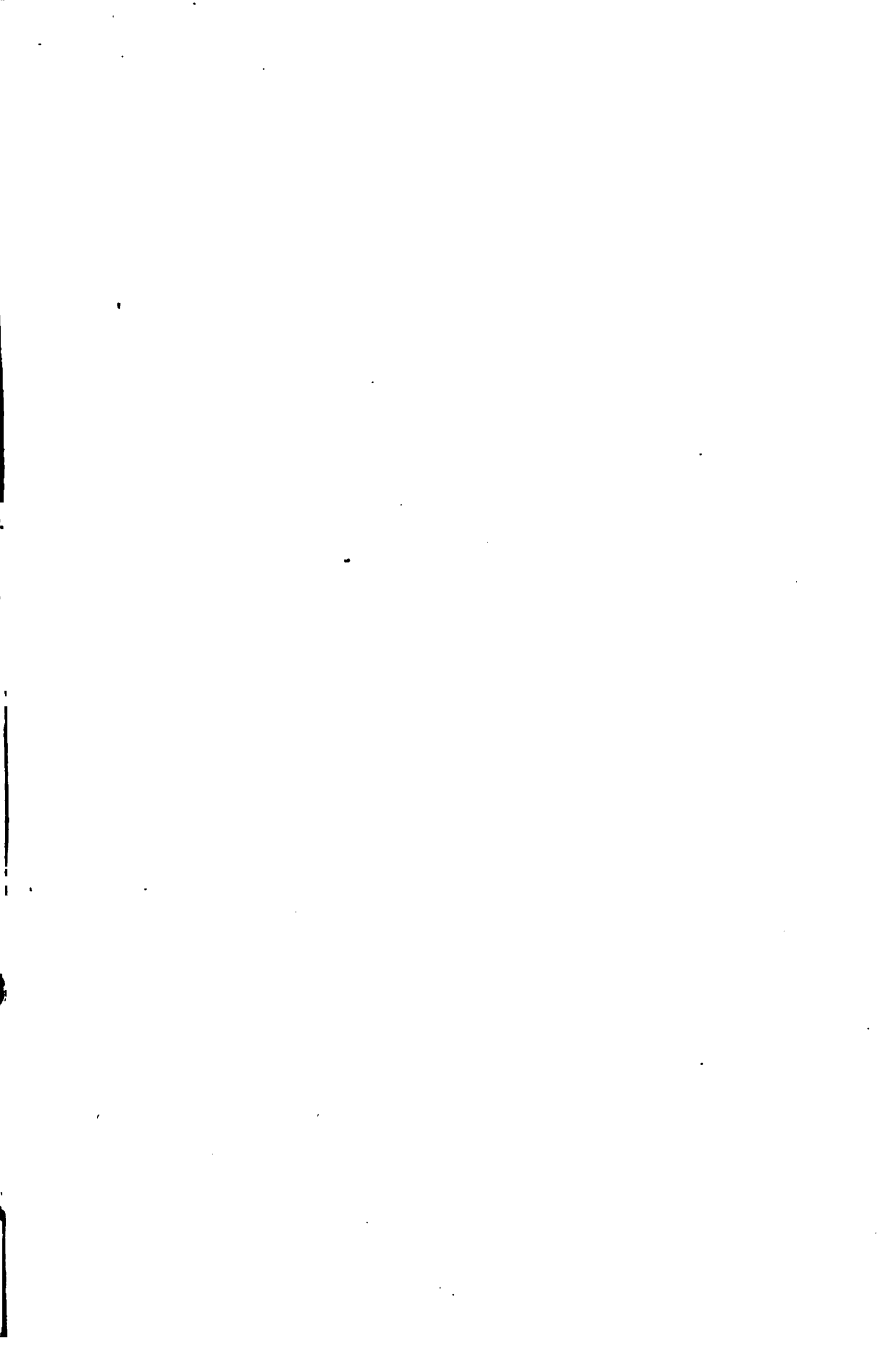
He considers her as a crafty monarch, inciting the Catholic powers of Europe against the crown of Elizabeth, whilst we reverse the view, and see the Catholic monarchs of Europe desirous to avail themselves of Mary, which they never succeeded in doing, in their unhappy dissensions, whilst her own silent prayer was for religious indulgence, and her claim was to be acknowledged as the rightful heir, after Elizabeth, to the English throne.

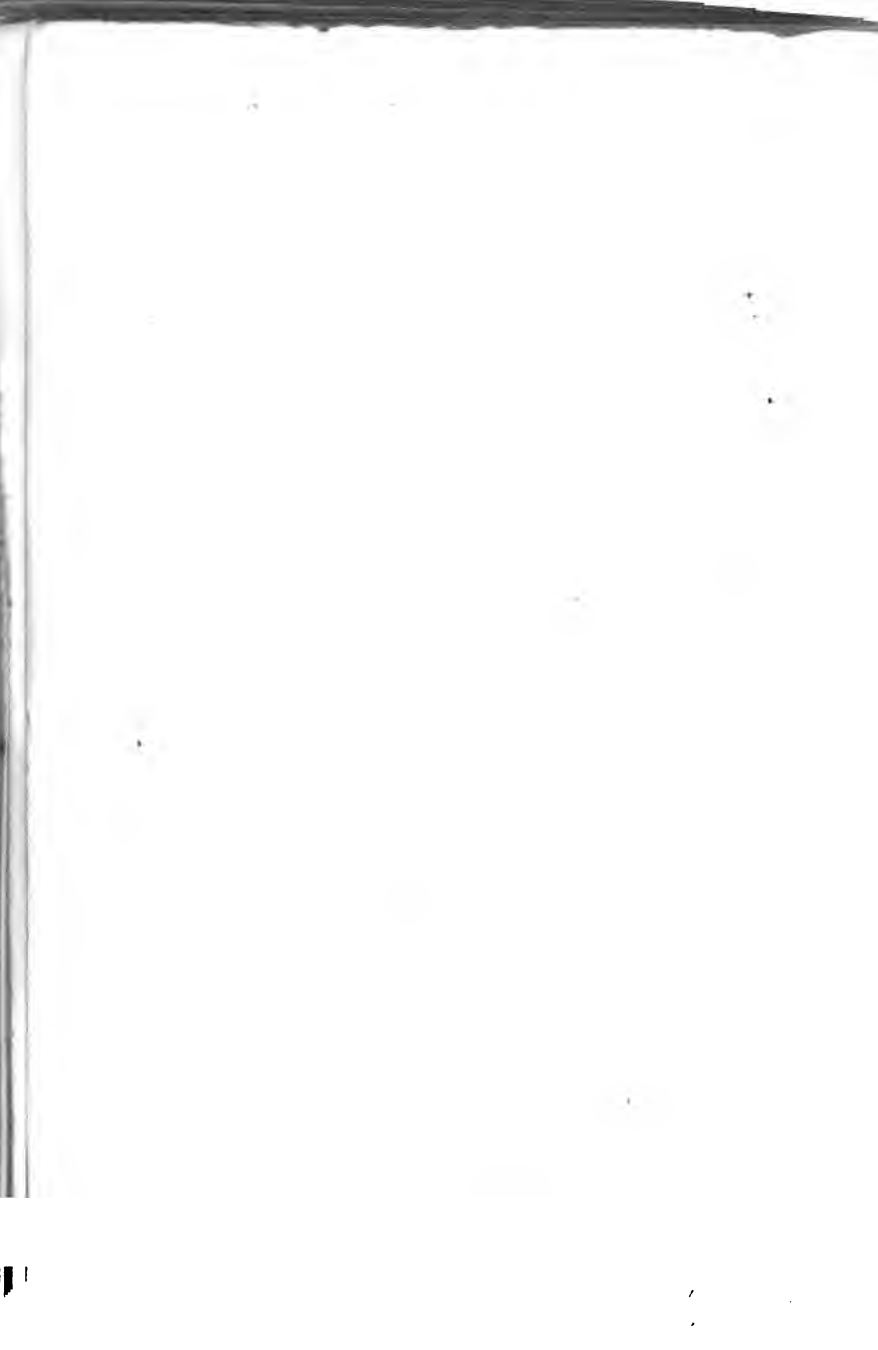
Mr. Froude requires no corroboration of any libel

against Queen Mary, an obscene joke—such as one of Throgmorton's—becomes evidence in his hands; whilst we abhor and abjure the libels and calumnies which a base age and base persons heaped upon the head of one superior to themselves in virtue and in worth: such are the main causes of the discrepancies between Mr. Froude and ourselves.

One strong conviction impresses the mind that the Salique law, in those wild feudal days, was a wise law. The vagaries of Elizabeth in her power, and the sufferings of Mary in her weakness, prove that the throne was not the place for a female hand, nor for a female intellect, and that the strength and weakness of the respective queens were equally baneful to their realms.

THE END.







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